# The Sunday Oregonian.

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## TRESPASSES.

I see by a paper which arrived by the last California steamer that the sloop-of-war Hartford, Farragut's old flagship, has been having very bad luck on the south coast of California. She was ordered out for a cruise and her officers had to leave behind all the delightful society events which usually take place at Mare Island at this season of the year. They got down as far as San Pedro, about 340 miles south of San Francisco, when it was discovered that one of her cylinders was cracked and unable to perform its share of work in the propulsion of the ship. She was then headed for Wilmington, where she arrived safely, and is awaiting a chance to repair damages. We pity these poor naval officers, who take bigger chances on their lives every time that they go to sea than a man who tackles a grizzly bear with a gun loaded with mustard-seed shot or a newly married man who tells his mother-in-law just what he thinks of her. The only time that they have an even chance for their lives is when the rotten old ship goes to the bottom of the ocean and they get a chance to leave her for a seat in their metallic life-boats. But great is Roach of Pennsylvania, and Chandler is his profit.

The last remaining actor in the Uhler-Haverstick tragedy at the Vienna Flats in New York, last December, paid the debt of nature in San Francisco last week. This was George W. Conkling, a brother of the unfortunate woman, who shot her paramour dead and indirectly drove his sister to a suicide's grave. He brought her back to California with him, but she would not remain there and preferred death in an outcast's lodgings to such a career as awaited her in her future life. Since his sister's death, young Conkling has never held up his head, and being naturally inclined to pulmonary consumption, he hastened his death by heavy potations of strong drink. In all the familiarity with family tragedies which twenty-five years of experience as a journalist has given me, I have never heard of such a tragedy as this, but the only wonder is that there are not more of them under like circumstances. The ambitious parents of a pretty girl bring about her marriage with a man nearly as old as her father. She tires of him and deserts him for a guilty lover, who is assassinated in his own rooms by her brother. Then she commits suicide to end her misery, and her brother goes to his grave in less than three months later. It is a sickening thing to reflect upon, and a sad comment upon modern society in America.

Sam Ward, the noted lobbyist and *bon vivant* died in Europe during the fore part of this week, but his age was not given. It was more than 65 beyond a doubt, for he was a gray-headed man when he left California thirty-three years ago. Mr. Ward married, in 1846, a daughter of the noted Louisiana lawyer, John R. Grymes, by whom he had one daughter, who married an Italian count named Guerrabella. It appears that estrangement and divorce ran through the entire family, for old Grymes ("he's dead, that good old man") was estranged from his wife, who came to New York to live; then his daughter Medora was divorced from Sam Ward, and her daughter has since become divorced from Guerrabella. Old Sam was an alleged merchant in San Francisco in partnership with Rodman M. Price, afterwards governor of New Jersey; and they ran the steamer Constitution to Panama for a while, but it did not last long. Mr. Ward "bucked the tiger" and Mr. Price indorsed for Mott, Talbot & Co., of Mazatlan, which two circumstances conspired to break up the firm. Price went back east in 1852, but Ward went up into Mariposa county and ran a ferry on the old Fremont grant for a while. One night he reached San Francisco by the Stockton boat, and next morning he was off for Panama without a word to his legion of creditors.

How he lived from that time to the close of the great civil war the good Lord alone knows; but he bloomed out into Washington life along about the early days of reconstruction. Some time about May, 1868, the impeachment of Andy Johnson was red hot, and George Wilkes was betting on the removal of the president. Ward got a lot of money in New York to take Wilkes' bets. The consequence was that Wilkes lost $108,000 and became demented over it. Andy Johnson served out his term and Ward became a fixture in Washington life. Wilkes, smarting under his losses, wrote some of the most scurrilous paragraphs about Ward that ever were printed in America, but Ward never challenged him as Wilkes had hoped he would. Wilkes went to Paris and consoled himself in writing a book about Shakespeare's bacon being cooked or something of the sort, while Sam Ward remained in Washington where he gave rich suppers and trafficked in the elastic conscience of the average congressman. No caterer ever surpassed him in knowledge of how to eat and drink; and somebody was always found to pay for it. Hence it was all the same to Sam.

It is impossible to reckon up this old man's extravagance and compute the money he squandered in excesses of every sort during the four score years of his life. He knew every choice lot of wine that was stored in the ancient cellars all the way from Boston to New Orleans, and when he gave a dinner party he used the telegraph quite freely in ordering what he needed. He has been known to pay $[illegible] a bottle for sherry when he had a senator to dinner whose vote he needed. As a conversationalist he was without a rival, speaking French and Spanish as well as his native tongue, but as he grew older, his flattery of women became absolutely ridiculous. He was a man of middling hight, but very stout, which made him look shorter than he really was. He was of dark complexion and his eyes were very expressive. There has been probably no man in Washington who will be more greatly missed in the future. He was a man of great suavity and a remarkably good judge of human weakness. During his lifetime he probably made not less than six or seven million dollars, but he spent it lavishly and never knew the value of money to the hour of his death. During the boom of O. R. & N. stock Mr. Ward is reported to have made some $120,000 all of which he lost in the collapse of the Transcontinental bubble. He died at Pegli, Italy, surrounded by loving friends. His life was a remarkable one, but not worthy of imitation, to my idea.

The bank panic in New York has about subsided and the world of finance begins to breathe freer. Old Amos R. Eno, the honest old dry goods merchant, gave up four big millions to save his son from going to the penitentiary, and it's a great pity that Mr. Ward, of Grant & Ward had not been sent there already. There is just this difference between them and Jim Keene—the latter failed because he couldn't pay any more, and they failed because they couldn't borrow any more. Disreputable as I have always deemed the vocations of milkman and stock broker—and that's all the way Jim ever got his living—I must say he contrasts most favorably with Grant & Ward. If half is true that is printed about young Ward, he is one of those fellows whom you scarce know whether to pity them as fools or curse them as rogues. As for the Grant boys, they deserve no sympathy, for they had means enough to have engaged in some reputable business that would have given them a good living, while stock brokerage is really no better than dealing faro.

Just now we learn that a subscription of one dollar a head has been started in some town in central New York to make up a subscription for the national pauper who is the father of these interesting lads. If there is one bigger farce than another, it is this making up a subscription for General Grant every time he gets a bad scratching from the Wall street tiger. The "man with the cigar" does not stand in a very enviable light in those matters. A brief retrospect of his life shows that he has been honored as no other American citizen ever has been. At 39 years of age he was a private citizen, having resigned out of the army to avoid a court martial. At 40 he was in the army again, and at 43 was virtually commander-in-chief of its forces. At 55 he concluded his second term as president of the United States, and at 58 he had made the tour of the world and been feted and honored as no other private citizen ever was. He has been too ready to lend the use of his name to all kinds of stock-jobbing enterprises, without stopping to inquire into their fairness, and at this late day, the cry of "a penny for Belisarius," grates harshly upon the ears of a liberal though offended people.

I have never yet been hauled up before a court a defendant in anything but a civil action, but I cannot help feeling myself just the least bit accessory to the crime of arson. In last Sunday's paper I said that the Clarendon hotel was lucky to have escaped so many fires as had taken place in its immediate neighborhood, and on Monday night the once stately old pile burned down "flatter nor a flounder." There was nobody in the old shell at the time, and, for that reason, there could be no loss of life. It burned down so slowly and sadly that it seemed to have to go away and dissolve in smoke. The fire was the first chance that Portland has had to show what really excellent fire defenses she has along Front and First streets. The Hydraulic Elevator Company turned on four streams in rapid succession, and then came the engines with their supply. Tom Jordan stood by and watched the fire with characteristic coolness, remarking to a friend of mine as he did, "Well, it's a big fire and a hot one, but, thank goodness, I've got the tools to whip it out." And he did make short work of it, sure enough. I don't know who touched it off, but I fear he never would have thought of it but for my suggestion of last week.

The pugilistic craze, after a well deserved slumber of nearly twenty years, has broken out afresh and set our people worse agog than in the days when Sir John of Benicia crossed the big pond to size up manleys with Sir Thomas de Sayers at Farnborough. To read the talk of the New York papers over the defeat of Edwards by Mitchell, you would think that a calamity had befallen the nation. Twenty years ago these same papers did not make half as much lamentation over the defeat of Banks by Stonewall Jackson, or of burly old Burnside by Longstreet. This Edwards is said by one of those papers to be a special policeman for Mr. Stokes' elegant bar-room at the Hoffman House. This means, I suppose, that he is a "scrapper" for the house, and throws men out when they have spent all their money and got helplessly drunk. I am glad that Mitchell has whipped him, and hope he may whip Sullivan also; for if ever this city was visited by one drunken brute, who was lower than another, Sullivan was that one. John Heenan tried to be a gentleman after he got money. He married a highly educated woman and tried to be worthy of her. Morrissey, too, after going through a quarter century of vice, found himself seated in congress and voted like an honest man, while highly educated gentlemen about him were selling their votes to all sorts of corrupt propositions.

But Heenan and Morrissey were exceptions to the rule, for they were men of manly instincts who had "got in wrong" in the first place and did their level best to become men among men. But the majority of these fighters are brutal ruffians, and in nine times out of ten they are either thieves themselves or the abettors of thieves and receivers of stolen goods. This is particularly true of the so-called light weight fighters, most of whom have done the state some service—in the penitentiary. Chris Lynch, Nobby Clark and Jack Leith were all good fighters at their weight, and had served their adopted country in this way. Sullivan shows not the slightest inclination to imitate the example of Gully in England, who became member of parliament for the borough of Pontefract, or of Heenan and Morrissey in America. His behavior in Portland contrasted strangely with that of Heenan, as old Californians remember "the gentleman from Solano." And if the telegraph should flash across the continent that Mitchell had whipped Sullivan, I don't think any of our people would be inclined to cry over such intelligence. Twelve years ago prize fights did not average two per month in America, but now they are of almost daily occurrence. If they could be stopped, and the illustrated flash papers which publish their details could be suppressed by congressional enactment, the country might derive some good from it. As it is, every 9 year old boy knows Sullivan's age and weight, even though he couldn't tell you when Washington was born or how old he was when he died.

Another thing in need of suppression is the circulation of the photographs of notorious criminals. In former years photography was called in to the aid of justice, in order that thieves and murderers could be identified by their portraits. So long as these portraits were not circulated outside of police circles the scheme was a good one, but when these pictures are given to illustrated journals of crime for publication, the effect on the community is a very bad one. Each number of these papers has the portrait of two or three notorious safe crackers or pickpockets to inspire love of crime in youthful minds that have been brought up in ignorance by parents who are wholly irresponsible. In this connection let me mention that when Henry McDonald was convicted of the murder of George Myers in Idaho and escaped from the Boise jail, a photograph of him was sent to the *Police Gazette* for publication by a gentleman of the territorial capital. In due season the picture made its appearance, and on the 14th of October, 1881, McDonald was launched into eternity. Since that time the self-same cut has been twice used to represent other criminals, once by the self-same paper and once by another journal of equally disreputable clientage. Now I am confident that the person represented by that picture has committed no crime since the date above given, for I saw him die. I therefore hope that, unless pictures can be restricted to a circulation among detective authorities, photographing criminals may be done away with altogether.

I have always admired the Indian policy of the British colonies. It always presumes that every man, white, black, red or yellow, knows right from wrong, and, so knowing, will be deterred from the commission of a crime. Let an Indian commit a crime at Walla Walla or Pendleton, and before the county authorities can take his case in hand, the federal authorities interfere, and in more cases than one, defeat the ends of justice. There is too much mock sympathy for these dirty savages. The English style of doing is to treat them just as white men are treated, recognizing no tribal relations whatever. If an Indian commits a crime against the person or property of a white man, he is punished as would be any white man who committed a like offense against the same property or person; and if a white man commits any outrage against Indians, he is punished just the same as if he had outraged white people. The case of Edward Lemon, under sentence of death at Victoria for wantonly killing an Indian, is a good example of this policy. Every appeal that could be made in behalf of the prisoner has failed, and the law must take its course. This Lemon will be squeezed to death a week from yesterday, and nobody but himself will be the worse for it.

I dislike to write much about amateur theatricals, as it wakes up an obstreperous element in this community. But as what I have to tell about occurred in New York, and not in Portland, I trust I shall incur no enmity by referring to it. Mlle. Rhea has made a great part of Rachel's old play, "Adrienne Lecouvreur," and all the young ladies of New York went to see her when she appeared in that city on her way to these Pacific shores. On the recent occasion of a public charity an amateur dramatic club played the same piece, and all the fashionable young ladies of New York were in the cast. The part of Comte Maurice de Saxe was played by a Miss Leavitt, whose tights displayed a most exquisitely shaped pair of legs, while the part of the heroine was entrusted to Miss Lucy Work, in whose father's stable the piece was played. The question that now arises, is the morality of our girls to be improved by allowing them to sustain parts in a drama in which two or more of them unsex themselves, so far as dress is concerned, and in which the leading character is an acknowledged courtesan? These young ladies are unquestionably well born and presumably well educated, and for them to select such a play in which to aid a local charity is to argue themselves acquainted with things of which the minds of refined men would suppose them to be ignorant. Refinement of feeling is the sheet-anchor of a woman's hopes of influence over the sterner sex, and the seeming absence of that trait in young ladies of high social culture is not calculated to lead men of discernment to court their society. And certainly no man with a grain of love for domestic life in his composition wishes to hear his future wife, or even the woman he loves but hesitates to marry, made the subject of discussion (like that upon the "points" of race-horses) in the club rooms and other places barred to feminine ingress. But this may be productive of good results indirectly, by creating such a degree of astonishment among the more conservative people in our society, as to preclude the possibility of such exhibitions in the future. Old-fashioned people, who are not always fools, even in this progressive age, think this sort of work is carrying the thing a little too far; and most reasoning people will be apt to coincide with them to such an extent that the example of these New York girls is not likely to be imitated in other American cities.

The recent libel suit against the *Standard* for statements made by that paper concerning the late fire on Front street, near Washington, claiming damages at $25,000, is one of the most striking events that has illumined Mr. Noltner's editorial career in Oregon. It will be the means of building up his paper financially and making it a grand journalistic success. Of the merits of the case I have no positive knowledge, hence I leave the case to the adjudication of the courts. My own idea is, there is too much of reckless insurance in this city. When the united companies sent up their manager to this place, a year or so ago, there was a general rise in rates, which was said to be a protective measure for the companies. So far, so good. But once they got this rate established, they became wholly reckless as to the amount of the policy issued, and carry values that are not calculated to protect the companies. Of course it is tolerably cheap to talk about arson when a store burns down that is filled with broom-corn and other combustibles that ought not to be insured at less premium than 12 per cent. per annum; but the fact is, that competition, while it has not cut rates, has led to a great deal of hazardous insurance.

Frank Pixley of the *Argonaut* was wild upon this subject about a year ago, because there had been a large number of fires in the interior of California; and in most cases the said fires had originated in stores occupied by Hebrew merchants. Pixley flew to extremes in this, as he does in everything else, and made the suggestion that insurance companies should discontinue all risks on stores and stocks of goods owned by Jews. This movement, he argued, would lead to the incorporation of insurance companies owned and managed wholly by Jewish capitalists, who would prosecute every man for arson before they would pay him a cent. All this is extreme and absurd. There are Jews and Jews. And to judge all of a race by a single standard, would be cruel and unfair. That there are those among them who would set a store afire to get the insurance money, I do not doubt; but there are Americans who have done, and will continue to do, the same thing. A fire means a suspension of business, a loss of custom that cannot easily be regained, and a host of other misfortunes to the merchant. There is not a man of right purpose in the city of Portland, be he Jew or Christian, but fondly hopes when he takes out a policy of insurance that he may never be obliged to demand its payment. I've written this as a word of caution about the reckless over-insurance now in vogue. It serves as a temptation to men whose affairs are not prosperous, and jeopardizes the security of those who have met with success as the reward of industry. There are some insurance agents in Portland who would insure a red hot stove if they could find a cool enough place to stand while writing out the policy.

GRIZZLY.

### A TEXAN QUEEN.

Worth a Million, and Quiet in Manner, who Weds a Parson.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

There is a genuine cattle queen in the person of Mrs. Rogers, who lives between the King ranch and Corpus Christi, about fifteen miles from the latter place. Her first husband was a cowman named Rabb. Right here I should explain that a decided distinction and difference exists between a "cowboy" and "cowman." The former is a hired man who rides after the herd; the latter is his employer who owns the cattle. Well, after Rabb, from a small beginning and good management and thrift, had accumulated a herd of 40,000 cattle, he died, and left all to his wife, who had been a helpmate in every sense of the word, and not only understood the cattle business, but had managed it successfully during her husband's illness.

Widow Rabb was not only thrifty, but she was pious, and belonged to the Methodist persuasion. A young preacher by the name of Rogers came along, under whose ministrations she grew in grace, and the result was a matrimonial one, although the odds in age were in favor of the parson by something like twenty-three years. She had no children and he had seven, but she took the motherless bairns under her wings, and the alliance has turned out in every way successfully. Rogers had not long been married to the widow and her cattle when he acquired a bad case of bronchitis and was compelled to give up preaching. Such cases are frequent, but the widow gave him notice that she was competent to run the ranch and has kept the cattle in her own name. Rogers knowing no more about them than any of the neighbors. He took to politics when he found that his services were not needed at the ranch, and is now the democratic member of the legislature from Nueces county.

Mrs. Rogers, although worth a round million, lives in quite a humble house and appears to have no ambition further than to carry on the business her husband left her and accumulate money and cattle. She goes to Corpus Christi every week or so to sell stock or purchase supplies, but has no taste for dress or society. She is 50 years old, but rides a horse like a cowboy, and does not own a carriage. She never entertains any one except the few people who visit her place on business, and lives in the plainest possible manner.

### Shooting Money Away.

"About the quickest way to use up money is in a shooting gallery," said the keeper of a summer garden in the suburbs. "I mean one of those places in which one can shoot at a target for so much a shot. One little range here actually coins money in the busy season."

"Is it more profitable than billiard tables?"

"Yes, indeed, it is. Just make a comparison. A billiard table never brings us in more than 50 cents an hour, and out of that must come the wear and tear and cost of four gas lights. In the shooting gallery, where powder cartridges are used, the usual price is six shots for 25 cents. Under ordinary circumstances it takes less than three minutes to shoot six times. I have seen six shots fired in half that time. That would bring in $4.50 an hour, however, at the rate of six shots in three minutes. The cost of the cartridges is trifling. An excellent target rifle can be bought for $25. A good billiard table costs $300, and there is less wear and tear on the rifle. From this you can see that one target, with equal business, brings in as much as five billiard tables."

"Who are your best customers?"

"It is hard to say. I believe, though, that a German picnic brings in the most money. Germans are very fond of shooting."

## TURF TOPICS.

The two great events in Kentucky—the Derby and the cup—are over, and while it cannot be said that either of them fell to the lot of an outsider, yet it is equally true that both these golden prizes were borne off by horses that were regarded as fit to back for a "place" rather than for actual victory. Buchanan, the Derby winner, is by the imported stallion Buckden, which died about a year ago at Danville, Ky.; and his dam was Mrs. Grigsby by Joe Stoner, a son of the great southern four-mile horse, Wagner, the conqueror of Grey Eagle. Buckden was by Lord Clifden, winner of the St Leger of 1863, out of Consequence by Bay Middleton; and as Lord Clifden was by Newminster, also a Leger winner, it will be seen that Buchanan inherits speed on one side of the house and gameness on the other. He is a rich chestnut, of good size and high form, but has hitherto shown a good deal of temper, a fault that usually does not abate with age. He was trained by Bill Bird, the aged darkey who came out to this coast with Lodi twenty years ago. A great pot was placed over Audrain, winner of the Blue Ribbon stakes at Lexington, on account of his having defeated the English colt Admiral in that race. There were eleven starters, and Admiral led for a mile, when Audrain and Loftin passed him, only to be passed in turn by Buchanan, who won a handsome race in 2:40¼, the last mile having been run in 1:43¾. Since then Buchanan has won the Clark stakes, mile and a quarter, with Loftin second and Audrain third, as before. On the Derby race an average pool sold as follows: Bob Miles $250 Audrain $220; Buchanan $200, Loftin $80, and the field $120, making a total of $870. Paris mutual tickets paid $21 straight and $11 35 for a place.

The race for the cup was something of a surprise to the talent, not so much because it was won by an Ohio horse as from the fact that the distance was considered too great for the horse that ultimately proved the winner—Barnum, by Bonnie Scotland, out of Charlotte Thompson. This horse is owned by a Buckeye turfman named Ellsworth, also the owner of Brad and Bob Sedam. He had wintered in the south but did not run during the holiday meeting at New Orleans. He came north with the swallows and won several short events in the spring races, his trainer extending the distance as the season advanced. In the books and the pool-selling he sold as fifth choice, April Fool by Intruder and Aretino by Aramis, were both heavily backed, the latter because he had won the longest race run at the Lexington meeting, which was supposed to afford the speculators "a line" as to the result of the Louisville Cup. Then again there was "the coming horse" Wallensee, son of Waverly, who had done his two miles at New Orleans in 3:36 with 116 pounds up and his head pulled around to the saddle. The pools sold: Harry Gilmore, $400; April Fool, $350; Aretino, $300; Barnum and Wallensee, $250 each; and the field, $75. Wallensee made pace so strong after they had gone a quarter that all hopes of his winning were extinguished, and Harry Gilmore moved up to dispose of Fosteral, Taxgatherer and H. B. as he liked. Then came the final race between Barnum, Aretino and April Fool, but the first named was the only one able to overhaul Gilmore, who was a close second with April Fool third. The time of the race was 4:07, the track being stiff from the rain of the previous day. Paris mutuals paid $295 for each $5 invested. Had the track been good Gilmore must have won the race.

No definite conclusion can be reached as to the merits of any of the two-year-olds that have shown up so far this season, and while Buchanan is a good deal the best of the three-year-olds, when he does not get angry and bolt the track, still he is far from being any such colt as was Leonatus last year or Luke Blackburn in his Derby days. Nothing so far saddled up has shown anything like the form displayed by General Harding last year, to say nothing of the performances of George Kinney in 1882 or Spinaway in 1881. The two best two year-olds out so far are Captain Cottrill's O. B. by Buckden, out of Carrie Fish; and Thomas J. Megibben's b. c. Orlando, by Billet out of Eolia. Both of these have won at Lexington and Louisville and yet have not beaten one another. Still another good colt is Favor a dark brown son of Pat Malloy and Favorite who won the two-year-old stake at Lexington and pulled down $2,420 for his owners inside of a minute. He does not appear to have been engaged in the Alexander stakes at Louisville which were clearly won by O. B., beating Troubadour and Vassiter. Orlando has won a race or two from good fields although beaten by Favor at Lexington. Of the fillies of this age always risky and uncertain, we prefer Blue Eyed Belle, daughter of Blue Eyes and Tabitha, by Great Tom out of Valeriana. Both of these have won already and are likely to repeat their victories at Chicago and St. Louis.

The three year olds of this sex have shown nothing above the grade of Vera last year, the nearest approach to her being Modesty, a daughter of the dead hero War Dance, the only son of Lexington that ever could lay any claim to his sire's crown as a breeder. Of the all aged division for long races our opinion is pretty well divided between Harry Gilmore, April Fool and old Barnum, and will continue so until the end of the season. Gilmore is own brother to Buchanan and there are many who won money on Barnum in the cup race, and did so on the strength of that time-worn maxim, "A Bonnie Scotland to run in the mud," who would turn right around and back Gilmore against Barnum or any other horse to go two and a quarter miles over a good track. The trainer of Gilmore is George H. Rice, well known in California as the trainer of Norfolk in his memorable two mile race with Lodi at the old Ocean House track. By the way, they do tell a funny story in connection with the race won by Zamora the other day in New Orleans. She was ridden by a little mite of a white boy, and it was his maiden effort in a public race. He was apparently out of the hunt going down the back stretch, but on commencing the run for home, was up in the ruck, while some of the leaders were falling back, beaten. Here the tiny rider lost his whip, and realizing the desperate situation, yelled out to some of the already beaten jockeys: "Boys, give her a few belts behind," which was promptly done, when Zamora fairly flew from the punishment down the stretch, winning the best short race of the whole meeting.

One of the most useful horses in America at distances varying from one mile to a mile and three-fourths is the bay horse Freeland, own brother to Long Knight, being by Longfellow out of Belle Knight, and a one year the elder horse. He has won several of the richest of the all-aged stakes in the south, so far, among them the Distillers at Lexington and the Dixiana and Merchants' stakes at Louisville, in each of which he has had his brother for the second horse, and in no case has he had much to spare. Freeland belongs to Corrigan, of Colorado, who also owns that speedy and beautiful mare Pearl Jennings. Long Knight is the property of Perry & Walker, of Kentucky, who purchased him of T. B. Harper for $7100. Last year, for races at this distance, the two great horses were Boot Jack and Meditator, but both of these appear to have broken down and gone to the wall.

Along the Atlantic seaboard the games have already begun, Washington all last week and the monumental city next Monday. At the national capital the fields of horses have been made up of rather mediocre cattle, there being a notable absence of the more aristocratic stables of the Lorillards and Mr. Belmont, while the [illegible] class of horses appear to have been very numerous. Of course Governor Bowie was around as usual, but Crickmore had broken down and Compensation was sick, so that the Fairview stable made no great showing. The 3-year-old race on the opening day had but three starters, Mr. [illegible]'s colt, Bullfield, being a hot favorite; but Emma managed to beat him. Then came the Brentwood stakes for 2-year-olds, with eight starters, Florio winning from Tole Doo by a head. Then came the race for the Washington cup, two and a quarter miles, there being four starters, Blue Grass Belle, Ella Warfield, Nettle and Duke of Montalban, the same horse that won this stake last year. He had been prepared especially for this race, and it was his first appearance this season. Blue Grass Belle was liberally backed, and these two favorites sold for $200 each, the field bringing $75.

When the flag fell the quartet got off well together, and came down to the stand running so closely together that a ripple of applause ran along the stand as they passed by. Nettle, with a slight lead of Ella Warfield, ran in front for the first mile, with the Duke and Bluegrass Belle running head and head behind them. As they came to the stand the second time, Ella Warfield and Montalban moved up fast. As they rushed past the stand, Warfield led by a length. Rounding the turn the real racing began and by the time the half was reached the Duke had his head in front, Bluegrass Belle now a close third. The race along the back stretch was fast and hot. At the three-quarter pole Bluegrass Belle began her run, and from the head of the stretch a desperate race, that fairly electrified the vast assemblage, was run, the Duke barely winning by a short nose. He was plainly failing, and in a few lengths further Scott's elegant mare would have been in front, for she seemed able to go on any distance. However, the Duke got under the wire in time, Bluegrass second and Warfield third. Time, 4:08¼. French pools paid $11 50.

The mile and furlong race that followed was a good illustration of the uncertainties of racing. Blue Grass Belle, distressed by her defeat in the race for the cup, was saddled up for this in twenty minutes after her defeat by Duke of Montalban. Of course, she sold low in the pools, the Texas horse Glendower being deemed almost invincible at this distance. In the pools he brought $250, against $120 for Joe Mitchell, $75 for Mike's Pride and $40 for the field, in which Blue Grass Belle was included. The start was good for all but Joe Mitchell, who was left at the post, to the intense disgust of his legion of backers. Glendower, the other favorite, ran away before the race, and, to add to his difficulties, was badly kicked by Blue Belle, and went lame in the race. Battler led most of the way round, but gave way at the head of the stretch to Blue Belle, Mike's Pride and Ghost. Blue Belle won easily by three lengths, Mike's Pride second, Ghost third. Time, 1:57. French pools, $117.55.

Millard O. Lownsdale arrived from New York on Friday's train, looking as young and fresh as ever. He says that there are at least 400 racehorses in training at the three tracks near New York, and the sport begins on Decoration Day at Jerome park. Jim Renwick, owned by Levi Knott, but now leased for the year to Walter Walsh of New York, is engaged in the great Metropolitan Handicap on that day, and is said to be going well, although his trainer, Buchanan, told Mr. Lownsdale that the big fellow did not like the New York hay and was not eating as much as he had done before he left California. He is looking finely, however, and creates a great deal of excitement whenever he appears upon the track with his jockey in the saddle. In our belief, the race is too far for him, in the company in which he is engaged. With 118 pounds up and a good rider like Holloway or McLaughlin on his back, we don't believe any horse in America can beat him a mile dash. But it is only five days to wait, and as Father Ritchie used to say, "We will see what we shall see."

The trot at the new driving park, below town, was well attended yesterday, and large loads went down both by stage and steamboat. Long before the hour of starting had arrived the stentorian voice of the eloquent Chamberlain announced that the pool-box was open and he was ready to receive propositions. The race was mile heats, three in five, for which L. B. Lindsay entered ro. m. Cora H.; O. Smiley named bl. h. Black Hawk; John Pender entered b. m. May Wintler; and J. Taylor entered br. g. Osgood, but the latter horse was drawn before the start. The black horse sold first choice, with the roan mare next in favor. May Wintler won the first heat by a length in 2:48, but this was not sufficient to dethrone the stallion from his position of favorite. He justified the good opinion of his backers by taking the next three heats, one after the other, the best time being 2:41. The big black fellow has a good deal more speed than he has ever before shown, and this, added to the fact that he is a very handy breaker, makes him a dangerous horse in the future. He is by Rockwood, as is also the beautiful May Wintler, and Messrs. Smith & Redmond must feel well pleased at the way that horse's colts are turning out.

M.

### Barrett in London.

John E. Freund, in his Weekly.

According to reports and telegrams my predictions have been verified in regard to the estimation of Lawrence Barrett in London. The tragedian has obtained a fair share of attentions as yet, and no more. It was ridiculous to outherald the *Herald* in advance praises of Lawrence Barrett, because London will always judge itself when it suits it. The taste of London cannot possibly always agree with the American taste, nor the American with that of London. Whoever goes to New York or London has there to gain his or her reputation, and, to my idea, it was an uncalled-for course to give Lawrence Barrett such a send-off as it pleased Mr. Wilson Barrett to give him on his arrival in the English metropolis. After all, the American tragedian has now to make his name and career like everybody else; in fact, the great "send-off" made it harder for him to gain a firm footing. Weeks ago I said in this paper that nothing could be more injudicious than beginning with "Yorick's Love," a play that would never carry Lawrence Barrett through, and which he actually thought at one time would take up the whole London season. He has found that it has lasted him a week and no more, and he has now to have recourse to "Richelieu," and finally will have to give "Francesca da Rimini," the play which will certainly draw best. Henry Irving had to earn his reputation here, whatever he brought with him, and Lawrence Barrett has to do the same on the other side. Irving gave a dinner this week to his friends, after he had gained his laurels here, and Lawrence Barrett should have done the same in London. He should have refused every demonstration till his debut was made and he had consolidated the impression he made. He will now have to do it with his "Francesca," after all. Even now the talk about social recognition is nauseating. Lawrence Barrett did not go to London to breakfast, lunch, dine and hobnob with the gentry and nobility, but to give dramatic entertainments of a high-class character and show himself as one of the leading tragedians of America. Anybody with much money in his pocket and a fair name can be taken up socially, but it takes genius, character and ability to gain a standing in the artistic world.

### The Growl Philosophy.

Sir Walter Scott tells a story of his childhood which well illustrates the unreasoning hatred felt by the everlasting growl school for the doctrine that conduct should be directed to the increase of happiness. One day his healthy young appetite made him enjoy very heartily the brose or porridge of the family breakfast. Unluckily, he was tempted to say aloud how good he found his food. His father at once ordered a pint of cold water to be thrown in, to spoil the taste of it. Possibly he meant to inculcate what he regarded as a high moral habit, but, rather more probably, Mr. Walter Scott, Sr., objected to his son's enjoying what he had no taste for himself. Much of the sourness of the growl philosophy may be thus interpreted:

## OFFUTT'S MEADOWS.

The sun shone hot on the river last Saturday afternoon, as the Thompson swung out of her dock for Kalama, with nearly 200 passengers on board, of whom more than two-thirds were new arrivals by immigrant train from the east. As all these are ticketed through to Tacoma, they have to go and view the terminal city whether they can find work there on their arrival or not. The boat was crowded, and among her passengers were thirty or forty clerks and bookkeepers who took advantage of the early closing movement to get out of town for a Sunday in the woods. Arriving at Kalama at 5:20, we got aboard the train at 6 and were soon flying up the Cowlitz valley with the setting sun lighting up the foaming torrent and gilding the tops of the tall firs. And how those firs are disappearing before the woodman's ax, to be sure. Five years ago there were a few little dairy farms and logging camps along that stream, and as soon as you got back from the bank a half mile you were in a dense forest. But now the demand for logs has led to roadways cut away up into the hills through which the Toutle and Coweman go dashing along as they bear the snows of St. Helen's crest to the bosom of the gray old sea.

Twilight shadows deepened over the valley as we crossed the bridge at Olequa, once known as "Pumphrey's Landing" in the days of dead-ax wagons and Indian canoes. We rattled by Winlock and Napavine, down through the valley of the Newaukum, past Chehalis and Skookum Chuck, and at nine o'clock the panting engine halted at Tenino station, where our party with rods and baskets alighted from the train. The day had been sultry in the extreme, but a cool breeze was blowing from the Sound which caused recollections of the salt air from the Olympia tide flats. Huston, the boniface of that locality, was to be our guide to the fishing grounds, and we placed ourselves under his convoy for the night. He said it was a trifle early to go to bed, so we would go over to the lyceum which is held every other Saturday night in the school house. Accordingly we dropped in and heard a variety of dialogues, songs and recitations. There was a vocal trio announced, it being the old negro ditty of the "Camptown Races," in which all three gentlemen expressed their willingness to bet their money on the bob-tailed nag regardless of whose money might be wagered on the bay. Nobody told us the touching story of "Mary Had a Little Lamb," and a similar oblivion seemed to surround "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," and as we could not hear anything old and familiar our party toddled back to the hotel, where we were soon under the blankets and bound for the land of Nod.

Half-past 5 o'clock of a cloudless morning, with evidences of a hot day ahead, saw us four seated in a little thoroughbrace wagon, whirling out of town for the fishing grounds. The idea had been to go up the river toward John Ruth's or Tom Linkletter's, but Huston had heard, just before we all went to bed, that Julius Thielsen and a party of friends from Portland were camped in that neighborhood, and we were liable to come into collision with them. Hence, after a brief consultation over the matter, it was decided to try Offutt's Meadow, six miles distant. The drive occupied a trifle over an hour, and as we rattled down the old familiar lane toward the Des Chutes, memories came back from an old party of which I am the sole survivor. Dan Bigelow, George Coggan and Jim Pray were the other three, and on this same ground we were camped thirteen years ago. I began to realize the deep wisdom of the Sioux brave whom somebody met in Washington and asked him if he was not lost. His reply was: "No; wigwam lost—Injun here."

The deep braying of a dozen monstrous deerhounds woke the stillness of the early morn as the wagon rattled past the bachelors' cabin, where they had spent over a quarter of a century in their peaceful life. The brothers Offutt are frontiersmen for nearly seventy years. Born in the nest of mountains, where a corner-post marks the intersection of Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee, they have lived a border life for the greater part of this century. Moving westward with the great army of civilization, their tent has been pitched beneath the star of empire for fifty long years. Men who came into Washington territory long after they did, have got rich and gone elsewhere to wreck the results of their ambitious schemes; while these two plain, old gentlemen have lived on in tranquility, contented to be known merely as honest men and good neighbors. For them the great world of politics had little or no allurement; for them no fortunes made in bonanza stocks or wrecked in blind pools, bore the slightest interest; for them empires might topple and thrones crumble into dust, all in vain. They have lived in a house hewn from the forest logs by their own hands, have produced their own milk, meat and vegetables, cooked their own meals and sold a few horses and cows to pay off their monthly debts. Other men have found wealth while they have found peace; and when the King of Terrors comes, as come he must to one and all of us, he will find these two brave old men not only willing and ready to go, but far more fit to look their Creator in the face than half the sages and heroes who have filled the pages of history during the same period of their quiet and modest lives.

The stream was high, and swollen with the melting snows from Rainier's hoary crest, but I dashed into the rapids with bamboo in hand and a leader covered with hawthorne, brown hackle and jingle cock flies. At the end of an hour I had killed but five fish, and concluded they needed a more attractive lure. So I put on a professor, grizzly king and yellow drake and set them for a while with better success. But the fish were fat and lazy, for the banks were covered with caddis worms of all sizes, and that told the story. The trout will never come to a fly when the stream is as full, as at present, of animal food. At noon I dropped into camp to find that Mr. Worth and Mr. Rickey were both far ahead of me in count, and as for Huston, he came near catching as many as all the other three. The lunch basket was opened and the Milwaukee beer brought out from the creek, where it had been cooling for hours. Cold fowl, hard-boiled eggs and ham sandwiches were dashed down with the sparkling malt, and then out came the pipes for a quiet smoke. As the weather had become intensely hot, we spread down the buggy robes under a vast spruce and snored until 4 P. M., when we got up and took another whack at the fishing. At 7 P. M. we had driven across the prairie again and reached Tenino with 228 fish, Mr. Huston heading the list with ninety-eight, while I was at the foot of the docket with forty-four. At 9 o'clock along came the train, and we started back for Portland, where we arrived at 3:10 next morning.

The running of the trains and boats on Saturdays so as to leave here at or about noon on that day, gives the clerks and operatives of this city a chance to spend Sunday in the country, and they should not omit to take advantage of it while the fine weather lasts. By the Oregon and California road, there are the Molalla and the Pudding river from Dutchtown, and the South Santiam from Turner's, all of which will be better in June than they are to-day. By the Kalama boat you can reach any point between here and Puget Sound, the Des Chutes and Tenalquot being particularly good just now. And by the eastward bound train for The Dalles, you can fish any creek between here and the Gate City. Just now I recommend the White Salmon, in Washington Territory, and Phelps creek, near Hood river, as affording more than ordinary good fishing. Go and enjoy them, as I have done.

M.

Messrs. Breitung and Houseman, the two wealthy German representatives in congress from Michigan, were born in the same town in Bavaria, and afterward were poor clerks in stores at Kalamazoo and Battle creek.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Marechal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

Weak Back, Rheumatism and Local Pains are relieved and cured by Allcock's Porous Plasters. One trial will convince you, but see that you get the genuine, as all other so-called Porous Plasters are, without a single exception, worthless imitations.

Brown's Bronchial Troches will relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumption and Throat Diseases. They are used always with good success.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Sexual Debility cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

# NAST AT HOME.

## A Glimpse at the Great Caricaturist in His Own Workshop.

### HE TELLS HIS LIFE-YARN.

### The Rise and Progress of Caricature in America—Are Women Likely to Supersede Men in the Work.

New York Mail and Express.

Just back of the village of Morristown, N. J., on the summit of a slight hill, stands a two-story French roof frame building. A broad, inviting and substantial veranda extends before and on its two sides. The grounds cover an area of nearly an acre, enclosed by an elaborately designed rustic fence. Carefully rolled walks lead up to the main entrance of the house as well as to the side doors. A neat carriage way affords approach to the house for horses, and a large fountain stands in a central position immediately in front of the building. This is the home of Thomas Nast. There is no name on the door. A ring of the bell brings a black-eyed maid to the visitor, and, in answer to his question she says, with a pretty curtesy, "Yes sir, Mr. Nast is at home. Step in," and away she trips with the visitor's card. Here in the hallway is a richly carved, leather upholstered settee, and curiously wrought chairs made of deer's horns and oddly shaped woods, which invite one to sit and survey the surroundings at ease. Over the settee hangs Nast's famous painting of "Sherman's March Through Georgia." Niches in the wall are occupied by bronze statuettes, while a wealth of etchings, steel engravings, bronze medallions and like ornaments are arranged with artistic negligence upon the sides of the hall.

SOFT PERSIAN RUGS

Break the sound of footsteps on the highly polished floor. Opening immediately to the right is the reception room. No two chairs in the room are alike. A center table of inlaid work gives support to an oddly fashioned lamp and a few standard books, placed so as to give the appearance of having been only just laid down by an interrupted reader. An immense cabinet, provided with numberless little cells, with French plate glass doors, contains a stock of bric-a-brac and articles de vertu that Mr. Nast has collected in his various ramblings round about the world. Portfolios full of rare prints, bookcases, perfectly appointed, and the other little furnishings usual in a home of elegance and culture abound. A head of Shakespeare stands over the doors between the reception and the drawing rooms. This head is a fac-simile of the one at the great dramatist's tomb at Stratford-on-Avon. The most noticeable of the appointments of the reception room, however, is the mantel and head piece, which was designed and finished by Mr. Nast himself. Two large and rarely executed panels constitute the uprights on either side of the open fireplace. The subjects of these are characters from Shakespeare's 'As You Like It'—Touchstone and Audrey. A piece of English walnut, on which is carved the Bard of Avon's crest, occupies a central position, between two more tiles representing scenes from 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' Above this, between two tiles representing Comedy and Tragedy, is an engraved panel with the epitaph of the world's greatest dramatist. Over the shelf of the mantel, rare woods, with six panellings of scenes from 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' have been built to correspond with the cabinet containing the bric-a-brac. Highly polished audirons of brass and Japanese plaques occupy the glazed space of the fireplace proper. The drawing room is similarly furnished. Every little nook and corner has been filled up with some curiously designed cabinet or framework, which has in turn been rendered more ornate by the deft fingers of Mr. Nast or some member of his family.

MR NAST APPEARS.

There is a foot-fall on the stairs, and almost immediately a gentleman of medium hight appears, and says, as he grasps the visitor's hand, "You are welcome." There are no indications of the old paralysis that some time ago forced him into retirement, nor has his recent attack of pneumonia left any traces on his handsome face. His hair is as carefully trimmed to-day as it was once permitted to grow wild. His beard is neatly dressed, while his moustache, worn a la Napoleon, gives him that commanding air for which he is noted. A full suit of Scotch tweed constitutes his dress, and the only article of jewelry seen is a small scarf pin that shows just over the top of his four-button tally ho.

"Come to see how I work? Well, come right upstairs. You know I never talk with newspaper men as a rule, but this time I will make an exception."

Out through the wide hall, up a winding staircase, which is also remarkable for its ornamentation, and the great caricaturist's workshop is reached. It is also a large room immediately over the parlor. It is a grand combination of studio, sitting room, workshop and play room. A lady of commanding presence, attired in a neatly fitting dress of dark color, with a jaunty little undress cap surmounting her peculiarly gray hair, rises to welcome you. This is Mrs. Nast, the wife of the famous Tom. On the floor at the foot of the low rocker, where Mrs. Nast has been sitting darning stockings, a baby is busy with a pair of scissors and a piece of brown paper. At sight of the father he starts up with a cry and submits a not badly cut paper figure of a dog. A glance at the corner of the room and it is seen at once the child's model is from nature. For two noble specimens of the Irish grayhound are there stretched out at full length, fast asleep. It is in this room that for years Mr. Nast has worked out

THOSE WONDERFUL CARTOONS

And illustrations that have struck such terror to the evil doers and helped to formulate opinions and develop ideas that have moved the world. Mrs. Nast is his constant companion. While he draws she sews. An immense cylinder-top desk stands at one side of the room, and here is where the great artist's work is done. There are no restrictions as to noise or interruption. The children can come and go, romp and carry on as much as they please, it matters not to Mr. Nast. His desk is a veritable gallery of celebrities. Photographs of kings and queens, priests and popes, lords and generals, actors and actresses and persons in every walk of life that are at all noted can be found herein contained. A peculiarity of Mr. Nast is that he has always been fond of collecting photographs of persons whose faces pleased him, and many are the cards of persons now celebrated that were picked up by him when they were comparatively unknown. As an instance of this he has a photograph of Mrs. Langtry, taken twelve years ago. A head of Henry Irving, taken at [illegible] years ago, is among his collection. A large glass case, within which stands a human skeleton, occupies one corner of the room, in part with old scimeters, cutlasses and shields.

HOW THE ARTIST WORKS.

"I am not the ideal artist with the bedaubed jacket, vile pipe, etc., etc., am I? Nor is my den a scene of picturesque confusion."

"No, indeed," interrupts Mrs. Nast, "I attend to that."

"Precisely," continues the artist, "that Mrs. Nast does my work. She writes my letters, I only sign them. My drawings are my own work, however. Where do I get my ideas? From bright newspapers. I read the daily papers through very carefully. As ideas come to me I jot them down. Not in the form of notes as you men of letters do, but in lines and curves. I will show you."

Here Mr. Nast took down several large scrap books filled with sketches made during his Italian tour when he was with Garibaldi. Also sketches of his English tour when he went to Europe to produce the great Heenan and Sayers campaign. The famous war book containing the original sketches of his trip with Lincoln, and his subsequent life at the front, were also shown.

"Do I ever receive hints of ideas from other people? Oh, yes, thousands of them. I never use them. Not because they are not good, but because I have to keep up with the times and always have under way enough original ideas to work on."

"Do you follow any system as to time or manner of work?"

"Not at all. I work when I feel like it. That is generally after breakfast. When I feel tired I quit. Is my work arduous? No, I am not like you newspaper men. I cannot draw contrary to my convictions. You can write your leaders in a strain in accordance with the salary you receive for it. I must feel I am in the right to do intelligent work."

"What are your ideas as to the future of American caricaturists?"

"I believe they will take a place among the first in the world. You know we rise to the top in other matters, and I cannot see why in matters pertaining to art the same rule should not follow. The trouble is,

AMERICANS ARE IMPATIENT.

They do not do as foreigners do. They are not content to go in to things at the commencement. They are too superficial. Art has made most wonderful progress during the last ten years, however, and I am sure we shall yet see America among the first in matters of this kind."

At this juncture dinner was announced, and around the cheerful family board of parents and five children the subject was continued.

"Is there any chance for fame as a caricaturist to-day as there was formerly?"

"Oh, dear, no. Had I to commence now, the name of Tom Nast would not be heard outside his own family. The war made me. Fortunately, I was living on the right side—the north. My pictures appealed to the sentiment of the people, and I became, so to speak, famous. My wit and satire, which to-day would hardly rise above mediocrity, was then considered wonderful. Enterprising manufactures copied my style of dress. The Nast collar, the Nast cuff, the Nast hat appeared in rapid succession. Pay! Well, my art has paid me, but I think the labor of artists nowadays is undervalued. Some of the best work to my mind is done by unknown men for these little advertising plaques and pictures that are given away."

WORK FOR WOMEN.

"Is there room for women in the ranks of the caricaturist?"

"Why not? Women are as quick to see as men and as capable of doing good work. Look at Kate Greenaway. What better evidence of it do you want than her pictures? Artists, you know, are born, not manufactured, and they can as well be born of one sex as another. English caricaturists? Certainly they are great. Their forte is attention to detail. There are Sanborn and Keene, who do work for *Punch*. If they draw a slipper, I believe there are shoemen who could tell you by looking at the drawing what firm made the slipper, so careful are the artists. But we have great artists here. Look at *Puck*, the *Judge*, the *Graphic* and other publications if you want proof."

"But I should think caricaturists would make a great many enemies?"

"Hosts of them. There is probably no man in America to-day who has been more thoroughly hated, despised, satirized and caricatured in turn than myself. The number of puns of which my unfortunate name has been made the subject would fill a book. I have kept all of such criticisms of my work as I could secure, and I will show them to you after dinner."

Dinner over, the talk is continued as the visitor is shown over the house.

"The prominent men you have met, Mr. Nast, and the letters you have received from them must have furnished you with an endless variety of subjects, not only for your pencil but for conversation as well."

"That is true. But the men I have not met and the letters I have received from them have furnished me with very many more subjects. I have preserved many of the letters, and they are good reading I can assure you. Certainly, why not? Here they are." and down came a large scrap book, that looked as though it might have been the invoice book of the universe.

POLITICAL CURIOSITIES.

"Here are letters from Lincoln, Grant, old Zach, Chandler, Seward, Burlingame, George William Curtis, General Sheridan, Mark Twain and hundreds of others. Look them over. Here is one in answer to one of my cartoons published just after the Greeley campaign. In this picture I portrayed myself as an artist with his occupation gone, and asked what shall I do now? You see this fellow writes, go west young man. Here is another who sends me my own potrait with a piece of thread in a noose around the neck, while underneath it he says, 'Go hang yourself.' Here is one from my old friend Shepard of Lee & Shepard, Boston. He has cut from some paper, you see, a clipping, crediting me with being worth $75,000. Here is what he says

Glad of it. Wish you could add a few more ciphers to the right of it; but it is comfortable as it is. Until I read above I could not understand your silence. Now, how is it 75 cents, $7.50, $750 or $75,000?

"You have some favorite style of work Mr. Nast, do you not?"

"I can hardly say I have. I am fond of attacking hypocrisy, but beyond that I have no choice. All my work is a pleasure. Do I take any recreation? Of course I do. My favorite pastime is riding horseback. I also derive much rest from my work on a new lecture I am preparing. I intend to take the platform again at no very distant day. I shall present an illustrated lecture, which, while it will be instructive, will be most entertaining. Lectures I think as a rule are very heavy, and should have the educational element so sugar coated that they will be not only palatable when taken, but they shall be desirable in themselves. My illustrations will be in colors distemper work, and I think will work a new era in the lecture world."

Thus the artist talks on until the notes of a piano are heard, and then the family assemble in the drawing room for a social conference until tea is announced, after which the visitor is whirled away in the family carriage to the depot and returns to the noise and dust of New York

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### Blaine and Robeson.

The Blaines and the Robesons do not love each other. No man ever was more absolutely a political bankrupt than Mr. George M. Robeson? He literally know not where to turn to form alliances; everybody was more or less afraid of him. He bethought him of Blaine, and tried very hard to make the fourth in the Blaine-Logan-Chandler syndicate, but really there seemed no niche for Robeson to fill anywhere. Even Chandler, who had been most obsequious to Robeson in the days when Robeson was the big man and Chandler was the little one, now paid back old scores. Mrs. Robeson is a woman of towering ambition and the haughtiest spirit. She had been used to rule and loved it, but after November 6, 1882, she found the people who had been servile to her rather inclined to patronize her. Particularly was this so with the Blaines and Chandlers. If there are two families on earth whose lofty airs would be intolerable to her, they are those of the late Landreaus-claim secretary of state and advisory board secretary of the navy. She has stood a vast number of exasperating things from both of them unflinchingly, with a view to Mr. Robeson's advantage—but it looks as if it would be in vain after all. Robeson has always longed for a foreign mission. The disappointment of his life was not getting the English mission. There are now two first-class missions vacant—Berlin and St. Petersburg. Perhaps—hope springs eternal—he may be working for one of those, but he never will get either; his days as a public officer are ended. But he has not let his plighted desires prey upon him physically, like Falstaff. Sighing and grief have blown him up like a bladder—he is redder than any lobster that was ever boiled, and is getting more and more the shape of a Dutch churn.

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### Whisky Saving Washington.

Philadelphia Press.

The story has often been told, but I do not know that it was ever verified. Montgomery Blair told it to me himself a year or two before he died. We of Washington can never forget the threatening days in July, 1864, when the city was defenseless, and a large force of rebels under Early and Breckinridge was not ten miles distant from the capital. No one denies now that the rebels could have marched in and taken Washington almost unimpeded. The Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac was en route to defend the city, but it was not quick enough. The enemy was halted at Silver Springs, the country residence of the elder Blair, and very near the residence of Montgomery Blair. Upon the approach of the army the families of both led to Washington. The rebel officers searched the houses, and found in the cellar of Frank P. Blair's house a barrel of whisky. This did the business. Nearly all the officers became drunk on the whisky, and many of the men were in like condition. Such an orgie was never known. The dresses of the ladies were taken possession of and in them the officers masqueraded and held a jollification all night long, falling into a drunken slumber in the morning, and unable to do any duty whatever. Early and Breckenridge, riding up in the morning, saw the situation and merely said: "It is too late," and so Washington was saved.

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The people of Lyndon Corners, Vermont, remember Lawrence Barrett as one of the gamins of the street between 1840 and 1850. His father was a tailor, having his shop in a little room on the first floor, while his family lived in the rickety basement below him. His two boys were George and Lawrence. Lawrence was a belligerent chap. When other boys were running away from rhetoricals Lawrence was on hand and seemed to enjoy it. A little before 1850 the family disappeared from the village, and that was the last heard of them till Lawrence began to appear in the theatrical world.

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Kentucky's hemp crop will be a failure this year, but then there's the revolver.

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# CHARLES READE.

## Personal Recollections of the Great Novelist and Dramatist.

### HIS SINCERITY OF FRIENDSHIP.

### His Great Personal Magnetism and Bodily Strength—His Earnest Sympathy with Younger Men in the World of Letters.

Robert Buchanan, in Pall Mall Gazette.

It was in the summer of 1876 when I first made the acquaintance of Charles Reade, at a little dinner party given by Mr. John Coleman, the manager of the Queen's theater. The occasion was one especially interesting to me, as the great novelist (for great in some respects unparalleled he will be found to be, when the time for his due appraisement comes) had expressed a desire to meet my sister-in-law, who, though still a very young girl in her teens, had risen into sudden distinction by the publication of the "Queen of Connaught"—a work attributed in several quarters to Mr. Reade himself. Pleasant beyond measure was the night's meeting; pleasanter still the friendly intimacy which followed it, and lasted for years; for of all the many distinguished men I have met, Charles Reade, when you know him thoroughly, was one of the gentlest, sincerest and most sympathetic. With the intellectual strength and bodily hight of an Anak, he possessed the quiddity and animal spirits of Tom Thumb. He was learned, but wore his wisdom lightly, as became a true English gentleman of the old school. His manners had a stateliness of the last generation such manners as I had known in the scholar *Peacock*, himself a prince of tale-tellers; and to women especially, he had the grace and gallantry of the good old band of literary knights. Yet with all his courtly dignity he was as frank hearted as a boy, and utterly without pretence. What struck me at once in him was his supreme veracity. Above all sham and pretences he talked only of what he knew; and his knowledge, though limited in range, was large and memorable. At the period of our first acquaintance he was living at Albert Gate, with the bright and genial Mrs. Seymore as his devoted friend and housekeeper; and there, surrounded by his books of wonderful memoranda, he was ever happy to hold simple wassail with the few friends he loved. Gastronomically, his tastes were juvenile, and his table was generally heaped with sweets and fruits. A magnificent whist and chess player, he would condescend to spend a whole evening at the primitive game of "squales." In these and all other respects he was the least bookish, the least literary person that ever used a pen; indeed if the truth must be told, his love for merely literary people was small, and he was consequently above all literary affectations. His keen insight went straight into a man's real acquirements and real experience, apart from verbal or artistic clothing. His sympathy was for the living world, not for the world of mere ideas; and as his sympathy to was his religion—not a troubled, problem-haunted, querulous questioning of truth unrealized and unrealizable, but a simple, unpretending humble and faithful acquiescence of those divine laws which are written in the pages of nature on the human heart.

He read few books, and abominated fine writing. I well remember his impatience when, taking up a novel of Ouida, and being pestered with a certain abominable iteration about "an Ariadne," he sent the book flying across the room before he had reached the end of the first chapter. For the literature of pure imagination he cared little or nothing, perhaps not quite enough. Among the letters of his in my possession is one in which, referring to certain conversations we had had on the subject of poetry in which he utters the following dicta, following them with the charming playfulness which was his most pleasant characteristic.

"Even Tennyson, to my mind," he says, "is only a prince of poetasters* (I think with the incidents, in whose view the poets Majores were versifiers who could tell a great story in great verse and adorn it with great speeches and fine descriptions; and the poets Minores were versifiers who could do all the rest just as well, but could not tell a great story. In short, I look on poetry as fiction with the music of words. But divorced from fiction, I do not much value the verbal faculty, nor the verbal music. And I believe this is the popular instinct, too, and that a musical story teller would achieve an incredible popularity. *Reflechissez y!* Would have gone in for this myself long ago, but can only write doggeral. Example:

> "You and Miss Jay
> Hope to see my play;
> I hope so too.
> Because—the day
> You see my play
> I shall see you.
> "Vive la poesie!—Yours ever very truly,
> READE."

Here may I appropriately refer to his habit of signing with his surname only those letters which he reserved for intimate friends. In all his personal relations he was completely frank, charming and gay hearted. On the back of a photograph before me, taken at Margate, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health, he wrote as follows:

Dear Miss Jay: I inclose the benevolent imbecile you say you require. It serves you right for not coming down to see me.—C. R. All previous attempts were solidified vinegar. This is the reaction, no doubt.

This was written not long before he encountered the great trouble of his later life, when the good and gracious friend who had made his home delightful to all that knew him was suddenly and cruelly taken away. "Seymour," as he used to call her often, possessed much of his own fine frankness of character, and knew and loved him to the last with beautiful friendship and devotion. From the blow of her loss he never quite rallied. His grief was pitiful to see, in so strong a man; but from that moment forward he turned his thoughts heavenward accepting with noble simplicity and humility the full promise of the Christian faith. Fortunately, I think, for him, his intellect had never been speculative in the religious direction; he possessed the wisdom which to so many now-a-days is foolishness and was able, as an old man, to become as a little child.

Any personal recollections of Charles Reade would be incomplete without some reference to his connection with the stage. From first to last he followed with eager pertinacity the will-o'-the-wisp of theatrical fame, descending into the arena to fight with wild beasts—among men who, neither in manhood nor in genius, had any right to be called his equals. Only in his later days did he reap much pecuniary reward from the theater, while to the very last he received scant respect from the ephemeral criticism of the day. But his love for the stage amounted to a passion, and more than once have I heard him say that he would rather earn five hundred pounds a year by writing plays than five thousand by writing novels. Unfortunately, he came upon a period when the dramatic art is without honor, and when the only standard of its success is commercial, and in his eagerness to meet half way an uninstructed public—monstr'—inform'—ingens—horrendum—he had to call in the aid of the low comedian and the master carpenter. But if any reader would perceive how good work in this kind differs from bad, let him compare the literary workmanship of a play like "Never Too Late to Mend" or "The Wandering Heir" with any printed specimen of what is called in America the "nailed up" drama, or set side by side with that of Charles Reade any other translation or adoption of the French piece known as "Courier of Lyons." Even in his worst plays Charles Reade was a master of style.

Far away and above his achievements in the acting drama stand the works by which my dear and lamented friend first made his reputation. The time is not yet ripe for a fit judgment on these works; but I am quite certain that if a poll of living novelists were taken it would be found that a large majority of them recognize Charles Reade, as Walter Besant some time ago nobly and fearlessly recognized him, as their master. Yet I read in your columns the other day that Trollope considered Reade "almost a genius," and I am informed by the *Observer* that "to speak of the author of 'Never Too Late to Mend' and 'Hard Cash' as a man of genius would be an exaggeration." O *saeculum insipiens et infacetum!* Trollope, whose art was the art of Count Smalltork plus the bathos of vestrydom. Trollope, who could write a book about the West Indies without putting into it one poetical thought or line, passes judgment on a literary giant and pronounces him a genius—"almost!" The Sunday newspaper, which would doubtless canonize the author of "John Inglesant," measures this Colossus, and finds him of a tall man's hight—"no more!" Some of us, on the other hand, who are not to be daunted by bogus reputations, or to be awed by the idiocy of unproven literary godhead, hold to our first faith that one man alone in our generation mastered the great craft of Homeric story-telling, and that this same man has created for us a type of womanhood which will live like flesh and blood when the heroines of Thackeray, Dickens and George Eliot are relegated to the old curiosity shop of sawdust dolls. For my own part I would rather have written "The Cloister and the Hearth" than half a dozen "Romolas," and I would rather have been Charles Reade, great, neglected, and misunderstood in his generation, than the pretentious and Pedagogic Talent which earned the tinsel crown of contemporary homage, to be speedily dethroned, and, in the good time that is coming for Genius, justly forgotten.

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* This remark must be taken cum grano salis, and only in reference to the argument which follows. Reade was a warm admirer of the Poet Laureate.—R. B.

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# A MANAGER'S TROUBLES.

## A Comic Opera Company which Could not Stand Prosperity.

In the last number of *Freund's Weekly*, we find the following little sketch of an opera manager who found himself stranded in the town of Alliance, O., with a company of twenty-two people on his hands. It shows a good picture of human nature that is not confined to the theatrical profession:

The company held a meeting in the hotel parlor and resolved unanimously to stand firm by their beloved manager. They had stuck to him for forty weeks and would, if need be, "go down with the ship." Mentally (though not financially) encouraged by this mark of fervid and undying confidence he drew his duster tight about him and started out to visit, in turn, the hotel proprietor, the railway ticket agent, the hall manager and a few of the leading citizens. All to no avail. In his despair he went to the telegraph office and took the operator (whom the day before he had won over by the gift of two tickets) into his confidence.

"That's a good fellow," he said persuasively, "and send for me a collect message for $60 to a friend of mine—a manager—in Buffalo."

With some reluctance the operator finally consented. He started to. He stopped. The wire northeast of Alliance was down. There was a break on the line. The manager sank collectively into a chair.

There was a ticking of the instrument. It was repeated. The operator listened. "Something to interest you," he exclaimed.

"What is it?" asked the manager unconcernedly.

"Some one up in Cleveland has been disappointed in an attraction. He wires to Pittsburg to secure an opera company. The wire is down that way, too. The message can't be delivered."

"What will the delay be?"

"Till to-morrow, I fancy."

"Good! Splendid! Wire back—collect—that the wires are down but that we are here—stranded—and can fill the time. What are his terms? We accept them, whatever they are."

Men and women have grown gray in a night. It seemed to the manager whole weeks of time before he got an answer. Then it came: "Seventy per cent. Have advanced you $100 to get on."

The manager radiant and delighted, left the telegraph office. He detached one by one the monetary clasps which held the organization in Alliance. He left the town in what he called "good shape" and he reached Cleveland on the floodtide of prosperity. The company, ignorant of the true cause of their extraction, were joyful. They vowed they would stand true as steel to the manager.

The opening house in Cleveland was $900; the second night, $840; the third, $660. The manager, after repaying the $100 advanced, had $1,580 for his share. He had never before seen so much money together. But he earned no more. The season closed. The company struck.

"What sort of scheme is this," said the tenor, "we working for nothing, and the manager with $1600 for his share? I, for one, won't stand it; I was willing to be reasonable so long as business was bad, but this thing is entirely unexpected. I insist on having my name first on the bills. I must be starred." The baritone: "It is objectionable to me and must be discharged. The present opera must be replaced by another which gives me a better chance."

"As for me," said the soprano "I am going back to New York. My hundred dollars a week salary is insufficient."

The comedian raised his voice to say: "I have all along mistrusted this here manager. He has been scheming against us from the very first."

The chorus demanded palace cars and the property man a six-weeks' guaranty of future salary. The advance agent, on hearing of the company's good luck, deserted it and the contralto took affectionate leave of her old associates. No words of the perplexed and despairing manager would suffice. He paid over to the company $1500 with a heavy heart. The "Jolly Masqueraders" went to pieces in Cleveland. Inured to hardship, privation, ill-success and unrequited effort from the first, good business proved too much for them. The novelty was too overpowering.

On Union Square any sunny afternoon you can see a desolate and dejected man. He is the ex-manager of the 'Masqueraders." The fame of his success has preceded him and has locked hearts, clenched hands, and turned all sense of confidence against him. While he was poor hundreds of professionals would have flocked to his tattered standard. Now that he is solvent they shrink from his offers of engagement.

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### LORD AIRLIE'S GRAVE.

#### Inscription on the Tomb of the Man who Built the Oregonian Railway.

The Dundee *Advertiser* gives an illustration of the monument erected to the Earl of Airlie, and says: "The subjoined engraving is from a photograph of the noble and impressive monument erected by the Countess of Airlie to the memory of the late Earl of Airlie, at Cortachy. The workmanship is of the most enduring character, and the design is admirably adapted to the locality and its surroundings. Excavations were made some six feet deep, and massive foundations, inserted of cement concrete and walling in cement, thus forming a base for the superstructure and an enclosure to the sarcophagus. Above the ground level the monument takes the form of a baldichino or canopy of stone, supported by four cylindrical shafts standing on a plinth of two steps, and on the face of the upper one is cut: "Grant him, O Lord, eternal rest, and let light perpetual shine upon him." The place within the plinth is filled with an immense slab of freestone, on which runs the simple and touching inscription:

"The Pure in Heart Shall See God."

HERE LIES

DAVID GRAHAM DRUMMOND,

VIII, EARL OF AIRLIE.

He Died September 25, 1881, in His 56th Year, at Denver, alone with His Son, Lyulph Ogilvy, while travelling in a far country.

DEEPLY MOURNED

By His Wife, His Children,
His Friends and His Countrymen

This Monument is Raised

BY HIS WIFE

BLANCHE STANLEY,

COUNTESS OF AIRLIE,

With Tenderest Love and Devotion.

The masonry about the ground line is put together with mortar, the beds and joints of each stone being carefully fitted and rubbed and joined by dowels of brass let in and dovetailed into each stone, following in this the example of the Colosseum at Rome, and the amphitheater at Verona where metal cramps are similarly used. Monuments of this kind are not uncommon in Italy, and this one to a certain extent has been suggested by the Scaliger monument which was erected in the year 1329."

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The death of the Scotch sculptor George Edwin Ewing, in New York, before he had quite finished his medallion of Miss Ellen Terry, has stimulated Mrs. Whitman of Boston to go to work upon a bust of that most picturesque actress. The sculptors and medallionists of both Irving and Terry in this country have been numerous, so that these favorites present the paradox of going home with their pockets full of money and yet completed busted.

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The hair and beard of James Campion, of Rochester, Minn., which have always been so black as to give him the sobriquet of "Black Jim," suddenly began to turn gray, and in less than one week became as white as the driven snow. Mr. Campion is about 45 years old, was in perfect health at the time, and can assign no reason for the strange occurrence.

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# AROUND THE WORLD.

## What Moncure D. Conway Saw in the Jerusalem of Hindostan.

### A CITY OF TEMPLES AND IDOLS.

### The Sacred Well of Fate—The Famous Monkey Temple.

Correspondence of Philadelphia Times.

BENARES, February.

"Why say, 'I will go to Benares?' Why long for the sacred wells? How shall the true Benares be attained by the evil-doer? Though we roam the wilds, sanctity is not in them; nor is it in the sky, nor on earth at the confluence of holy streams."

"Convert thyself into a temple."

"Darkness is not dispelled by a painted flame."

"Though he roam to sacred Coucan, no dog will turn into a lion going to holy Benares will make no pig an elephant. No pilgrimage will make a saint of one whose nature is different."

"Be thy creed or thy prayers what they may, unless thou hast a little truth thou shalt not attain the path to happiness. He who possesses the truth is the twice born."

"Why should you collect stones from the hills and build fine temples? Why torment yourselves so while the God as a living being constantly dwells within you? Better the house dog than the inanimate household goddess; better than all demi-gods is the Lord of the Universe. That light, like the morning star, which dwells in the inmost heart of every man, is our refuge."

These verses from Vemana, coming across seven centuries, for me breathe all along the alleys—they cannot be called streets—of Benares, the Hindu Jerusalem. They start out in letters of light on the shrines, with their consecrated degradations, which created and still virtually constitute the City of Temples. It seems a perpetual pious orgie. At every turn my guide and I are pressed up close to the shops by outlandish pilgrims from afar, carrying their beds, tents, cooking utensils and, sometimes, their noisy tom-toms, all included in the never ending procession which, for thousands of years, has steadily sought the all blest river as the fountain of living waters. My guide is a Moslem with an exoteric detestation for the exoteric institutions, by exhibiting which he makes his living. At sunrise to-day we sat together on a barge, moving slowly up and down in front of the Ghats at which thousands of people were performing their pious ablutions in the Ganges, and he interspersed information meant to excite my interest or admiration with such remarks as:

A GUIDE'S COMMENTS.

"This is all humbugs." "See that man saying his prayers and throwing water at the sun. Poor sun, he is just now very dry!" "See those women; they are widows; they used to burn themselves on those log fires over there. Now they have taken to water instead of fire." See, they all make a point to drink some of it; all the filth of Benares pours into this Ganges, and, of course, becomes pure. What they are drinking is cholera (*sotto voce*)." Not long ago the widow of a distinguished Hindu, forbidden to burn herself on her husband's funeral pyre, committed suicide. In speaking about it an intelligent Hindu gentleman told me that he did not wonder at it, for the position of a Hindu widow was still very miserable; she could have no society and no pleasure. His view was not quite borne out by the crowd of widows whom I saw enjoying their morning bath in the Ganges, some of them with a sportiveness, not to say coquetry, that recalled Ostend. The places where the bodies of distinguished men, their widows, have been consumed are becoming points of pilgrimage. One of these which I saw near Calcutta has been curiously adopted by nature; the roof made of many stones has been grappled by a tree which, fed into strength by the ashes of the perished couple and offerings to them, has lifted the whole structure several feet into the air. To be burnt beside the Ganges is still the dearest hope of the Hindu wherever he goes. The tree beside the widows' Ghats never goes out. As we floated past three forms were stretched on floating rafts, their limbs and features half visible beneath their thin, white shrouds; an hour later they were burning on the pyre, my guide holding his nose and turning his eyes away in disgust. "We Mohammedans," he said, "do no such thing as that. Like Christians, we bury our dead." He was somewhat astonished when I told him that I, with many others in Christendom, desired to restore cremation. For some time he seemed to regard this as an indication of Pagan tendencies and spoke with more consideration of the ceremonies that we beheld. His impression was confirmed by certain small investments of mine in brass and stone deities and symbols. He was, however, to be soon undeceived. I could not easily repress utterances of disgust at certain rites. This gave him much relief. Thenceforth he called my Pagan purchases curiosities.

A CITY OF IDOLS.

The population of Benares must by this time be amounting toward 200,000, apart from the pilgrims, who keep half as many again there during a large part of the year. All these pilgrimages and the innumerable shrines and temples of the place are literally the creation of superstition. It is a city wholly given up to idolatry. Its merchandise is idols. The people one meets there are organisms of supernatural terrors. Symbols painted in ashes distinguish them as war-paint distinguishes savage tribes. There seems from immemorial time to have been here a survival of the abjectest, accompanied by an arrest of every kind of development which would have brought them into relation with the secular world. A learned Hindu said to me: "Religion is the constant, never-ceasing interest and occupation of a Hindu in a sense that Europeans cannot understand. Their eating and drinking, their sleeping and waking, their marrying and dying, all are interwoven with their religion. At Benares I re-felt that only in a euphemistic way could the term religion be applied to the coarse, obscene, degraded performances, void of solemnity, earnestness or beauty, which make this vast embodiment of Hinduism—the city of Benares. Siva is now the Mahadeva or Great God of Benares. Temples are here raised to each and all of his bodies, parts and passions. In the once Vishnuite temple of Bhaironath Siva has encroached, and is thus becoming the patron deity of Benares. There his official mace is seen, a big stone bludgeon. His image is of stone with a face of silver. Behind him is an immense dog. Among the offerings to him are alcoholic spirits, generally absorbed by his priests, one of whom died recently from excess of this kind of devotion. This is the only temple into which dogs are allowed to enter freely, and they are daily fed within its precincts. Those who have visited Russian churches may remember with what great care dogs are excluded from them, whereas cats are welcomed. The Russian legend is that when the devil tried to enter the first cathedral in the form of a mouse the dog on guard at the door allowed him to pass, but a cat pounced upon him. Such is the explanation by the "Folk" of a fact which probably might find its origin in the Hindoo notion that dogs are unclean. Near this is the shrine dedicated to Sitla, goddess of smallpox. A person who has died of smallpox must be buried, not burnt, lest the goddess be hurt, for she is in every person so afflicted. Many are the sacred wells. The "Well of Fate" seemed to fascinate a number of people.

THE WELL OF FATE.

At noon when I visited it, the orthodox time, there was water in it, which is said to disappear until the following noon. If one looking in at that hour sees the reflection of his face, all is right, but if not he will die within six months. Having seen my face in the well, I was warmly congratulated. Those who do not see their faces may obtain a kind of preventive against their fate by getting a certain priest to beat them with a bunch of peacock's feathers, in the name of and beside a stone Fetish called Dandpan. There are several things about this ancient well which I might have examined had I not been informed that a rajah's wife was waiting outside in a palanquin for me to leave in order that she might get a peep into her future. After this I repaired to the "Well of Knowledge," in which Siva himself is supposed to reside. If ever I saw a manifestation of ignorance it was around this "Well of Knowledge." Although a fearful stench was proceeding from it, hundreds of Hindus were crowding to drink its defiled waters. Near it was a sacred tree (Pipul) around which a man and woman were walking and sprinkling it with water or something, I did [illegible] a ladle. As usual, they were praying for offspring. Another well is the Serpent well, in which the "Naga," or serpent is worshiped. To this day, however, serpents are believed to guard wells in certain parts of Germany. So here I had to restrain contempt, or send it westward. Benares itself is deified in the goddess Kasi. Her temple is supposed to be the center of Benares. These are a few of the temples I have visited. The last that I came to was the famous monkey temple, one of the largest and most famous in the city.

THE MONKEY TEMPLE.

It is dedicated to Durga, in her ferocious aspect, and the pavement in front is red with the blood of the sacrifices offered to her. She has a face of silver, a necklace of gold coins and generally gaudy dress. Along with Durga in this temple monkeys are worshiped. When I entered the precincts a priest came and threw a wreath of marigolds around my neck, informing me that I was now sacred enough to enter and behold the goddess. I was also by this consecration fitted to pay him a rupee. But I found the monkeys more interesting than Durga or her priests. There were more than a hundred of them amusing themselves in the sunshine. They gathered around me and ate leisurely, as if used to the treat, some sugar cakes which I had purchased for them at the door, that being the custom. When the crowd of monkeys had retired a patriarchal monkey, whom I had observed sitting apart in the sunshine, approached me and having received a particularly large cake rewarded me by some information while my guide was conversing with the priest. I gathered from our interview that my surprise at the temples, shrines and ceremonies which I had witnessed in Benares, though natural, was due to my not understanding that these are all survivals from the time when man did not exist, when the banks of the Ganges were occupied by the simial race. It was the religion of monkeys I had been witnessing, though man since he came upon the scene has misunderstood much of that original faith and philosophy and embodied his errors and dogmas along with them. Nevertheless the religion of Benares to-day preserves an unbroken continuity with the religion of animal antiquity, and the priests and apes dwelt together in unity. After our interview the ape gave me a wink and walked away munching his cake, a little bit of which he threw to the Goddess Durga. Back of the temple I saw an aged and large Tamarind tree with a hollow, which is the lying in home of the sacred monkeys. Formerly there were thousands of these monkeys dwelling in and about this temple, but they became so troublesome and mischievous that the authorities of Benares had to interfere and all monkeys found outside of the enclosure were transported for life. In some mysterious way the monkey population has largely decreased, though whether this has been through the impiety of man or the influence of some simial Malthus my philosophical ape did not inform me. There are some curious old legends connected with Benares. Siva is the supreme god of this region. One of his sacred garments is the elephant's skin, about which it is related that it belonged to a demon named Gaya.

THE TEMPLE OF SIVA.

This demon by his virtues and austerities acquired a power in the universe above that of the gods and the holy Munis fled in terror to Benares, where they took refuge in the temple of Siva. In answer to their prayers Siva destroyed this virtuous and pious demon and stripping off his elephant's hide henceforth wore it himself as a cloak. If one will read carefully Dr. Mitra's great work on the ruins of Bodha-Gaya he will discover that this so-called demon (Gaya) is no other than the great Buddha himself and that the elephant's hide is taken from that white elephant which has passed from the dream of Maia his mother, all the way to Barnum's menagerie in New York! Vicisti, O Siva! Buddha has indeed been banished, and it looks as if it might be many generations before the worshipers of the Phallus and the Cobra, which make thy brutal glory, shall say: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Light of Asia. Yet is the true sage not forgotten. At Gaya intelligent English architects are repairing the temple where Buddha sat beneath the bo tree, and here, just outside of Benares, I find the tent of the Englishman engaged in preserving the ruins connected with the first ministry of India's great teacher. Here it was that a few gathered round the young prince, who had laid aside his glory and wealth to save mankind from such degradations and sanctified obscenities as those that still hold sway in the temples of Benares. As I moved about the deer park of Sarnath, picking up here and there carved relics of the golden candlestick, long removed from its place, I for the first time felt the full meaning of that grand Buddhist movement. I could see the sorrowful face of the wise and faithful friend of man turning away from the hideous idol the reeking altars, the lust, worship and blood worship of ignorance and fear, and repairing to the peaceful grove, there to uplift his mind to light reason and his heart to divine love, though it might be with only two or three beside him.

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### A PEEP IN JAIL.

#### An English Baron Commits a Base Outrage and Gets Locked Up.

Another lordly libertine has come to grief. Edward Burtenshaw Sugden, Lord St. Leonards of Slaugham Hall, Sussex, was arrested to-day at Brentford, charged with committing a criminal assault upon Miss Emma Cole, a pretty young domestic in the service of a family friend of his lordship, whom he has been visiting. The circumstances of the assault were outrageously brutal, and the Brentford gentleman, whose hospitality had been so shamefully abused, was foremost in bringing the titled scamp to justice. The preliminary examination was conducted at Brentford to-day before two magistrates, who were so horrified at the details that were proved against Lord St. Leonards, with hardly an effort on his part to deny them, that they instantly ordered him to be fully committed for trial at the next assizes and firmly refused all offers of bail.

Lord St. Leonards' two solicitors, who had been brought down from London, offered any amount of bail, and protested in horrified tones against the enormity of sending a baron of England to jail, but the magistrates were inexorable, and his lordship now languishes in Brentford prison. His lawyers propose to apply for a writ of habeas corpus and a change of venue to London, but it is very doubtful if either effort will succeed. Lord St. Leonards has been notorious as a drunken libertine ever since his succession to the baronetcy, in 1875, despite the fact that he has a young and lovely wife, nee Marianne Caroline Dashwood, to whom he was married in 1876, and a beautiful daughter, now six years old.

He is the direct successor in the baronetcy of the first lord of St. Leonards, who was one of the most eminent of English lawyers and legal authors, and was twice lord chancellor of Ireland, and once lord high chancellor of England.

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### The Brakeman Described.

The Boston *Transcript* thus deals with the brakeman: "No, my son, that gentleman in the azure clothing and gilt buttons is not a naval officer. He is a gentleman of leisure, of no profession, and without and above occupation. He spends his time on the cars, because he can there best serve his fellows. He is always doing some good act. One moment he is looking the stove door to prevent the fire from going out, at another he is turning down the lights to prevent the passengers from reading, and thereby injuring their eyesight, and at the same time furnishing to all that rich perfume which the partial consumption of kerosene oil always affords, and anon he is playfully mystifying his fellow-mortals by calling out the names of stations in language unintelligible and unknown; but his principal and pleasantest labor is to assist young ladies off the cars. It is estimated by statisticians that the average brakeman squeezes the arm of 4,798,341 young ladies per annum. It is very pleasant to be a brakeman, but only the sons of millionaires can afford to aspire to the position."

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### Ears and Ear-Rings.

American Queen.

A pretty ear is a great beauty, and finds many enthusiastic admirers. We could name many a noted man first attached to the girl he loved and married by her pretty ear; and we have heard some men say, "The first thing I see when I am in the company of ladies is the ear." We need not tell you that such men, and all, indeed, who admire pretty ears, abhor ear-rings. Jewelers need not frown; for if fewer ear-rings were sold, more finger-rings, lockets, brooches, etc., would be sold, and they would not be the losers if ear-rings disappeared from fashion to-morrow. Besides, our aim is to preserve beauty when possible, and ear-rings destroy it by lengthening the ear and destroying its symmetrical outline. We say nothing of the barbarity of the custom of wearing ear-rings. You might just as well wear rings in your nose as in your ears. We merely say that, setting the barbarous custom aside, ear-rings lengthen the ear and spoil its shape and symmetry. Therefore, if you would preserve your ear, small and pretty, as nature makes it, never wear an ear-ring.

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A New York house was so thoroughly fumigated Thursday that it burned down.

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NEW YORK STOCK QUOTATIONS.

New York, May 22.

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|---|---|---|---|
| N. P. common | 20½ | Western Union | 8[illegible] |
| N. P. Preferred | 44⅝ | Pacific Mail | [illegible] |
| Or. & Trans. | 13 | North Western | [illegible] |
| Or Imp. Stock | 39 | Lake Shore | [illegible] |
| Or. Imp. Bonds | [illegible] | New York Central | 109⅛ |
| O. R. & N. stock | 70½ | Erie | 14⅝ |

CLOSING QUOTATIONS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Western Union | 5 ¾ | Transcontinental | 12⅝ |
| O. R. & N. stock | 73½ | | |

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"The stratively pronounce it the best Food in the market."—W. H. Barrett, M. D., Boston, "It is the best substitute for mother's milk."—R. J. Francis, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Will be sent by mail on receipt of price in stamps.
HORLICK'S FOOD CO., Racine, Wis.
Also Dr. Horlick's Dry Extract of Malt.

Inclose 10 cents and the address of an eastern friend to this office for the statistical OREGONIAN. The best medium to circulate in the east.

[illegible] If allowed to continue very serious results may follow. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT is a pleasant, sure cure. Also for Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Barbers Itch, Blotches, all scaly crusty Skin Diseases. Sent by mail for fifty cents; 3 boxes $1.25, in stamps. Address DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists.

The boy to whom he spoke was puffing the stump of a cigar, and having a few cents in his pocket felt that he was an incipient Jay Gould, so instead of responding with alacrity he drawled out languidly, with some hauteur:

"Is that such a rip roarin' hoss that it takes two men to hold him?"

"What do you mean?" retorted the swell young man.

"What do I mean? I mean if one man can hold him why don't you hold him yerself?" and he resumed his labors on the stump of the cigar.

### WHY HE WAS SO INDEPENDENT.

Kentucky State Journal.

"Is Colonel Prouder in?"

"Yes, sah; an' if dat is a milk bill, yer better not present it to-day, sah."

"Yes, but I want my money. Now, this is the fifth time I've been put off here. He has been owin this bill for six months."

"Good Lawd, boss; dat's nuffin'. Dat's too young yet for de kurnel to pay. He am got some foah-year-ole bills yit what got to be paid befoah dat, sah."

"That's discouraging."

"Can't help it, sah. I'm de kurnel's pribate secretary, an' dat am de condition ob affairs in dis house. You see de kurnel's property is all in his wife's name, an' dat's why he am so independent."

### BANKING IN THE WILD WEST.

Wall Street News.

A Baltimore man who started a bank at Custer City a year or so ago, failed within a week, simply because he didn't know western human nature. His place had not been open an hour when a man in buckskin slouched in and presented a note for $100 running for sixty days and asked to have it discounted.

"I don't know you," replied the banker, who was his own cashier.

"Stranger, that's my name thar at the bottom—Bill Riggs."

"I see."

"And that note is backed by Jim Madden."

"I see, but I don't care to discount it."

The man picked up the paper and walked out, and in the course of ten minutes a chap with a pistol in either hand danced into the bank and cheerily called out:

"Here's Jim Madden, and he want's to set eyes on the galloot who won't discount a note when he backs it!"

He popped the banker in the shoulder, a plunk through the hip, and then fired away at the fixtures until some one called him out to drink. The next morning the banker was missing, and, when he afterwards turned up in Denver, he acknowledged that the banking business had some painful features that no one but a cowboy was able to wrestle with.

### OLD CLOTHES MADE NEW.

Texas Siftings.

Major Sam Miller came home not long since clad in a new coat.

"Where did you buy that coat, Sam?" asked his wife, as she critically examined it.

"Splendid coat, ain't it?" replied Sam. "Only gave $5 for it. I bought it at Mose Levy's second hand clothing store."

"Why, Sam, that's your old coat I sold him for thirty cents. He has fixed it up a little and palmed it off on you as new."

"Is that so? By thunder, now I know what the hyena meant when he grinned and said it fitted me just as if it had been made for me."

"Well, he only told you the truth."

"Yes, but what makes me mad is that I thought he was lying, but I see I was deceived in him."

"Well, I'm not deceived in you. I always knew you were a fool. Five dollars; just the money I needed for my spring bonnet and other household expenses."

### ON THE NEXT BLOCK.

Detroit Free Press.

After walking up and down several times past a Gratiot avenue clothing dealer's yesterday, a stranger halted and said to the man at the door:

"Do you remember me, sir?"

"Not shur, exactly, my frendt; who vhas you?"

"I'm the man who paid you $28 for a suit of bottle green clothes last October, and inside of a week the moths ate 'em up."

"You doan' say so!"

"You bet I do, and I'm here to get satisfaction."

"My frendt, you made a dreadful mistake. All der moths in dis store vhas in der sky blue suits for $14. If dot man on der next block keeps his in der bottle green suits for $28 dat vhas all right. No two men do peesness alike. Only, if you go up there I vhish you to tell him for me pefore you punch his head dot if he keeps his moths in der bottle green suits he will soon haf to shut up shop. Der shade makes efery insect color blind in ten days."

### THEOLOGICAL ITEMS.

Reverend Whangdoodle Baxter has considerable trouble in collecting his salary from the delinquent members of his flock. Uncle Mose, in particular, shows a great deal of delicacy in paying his pew rent. Not long since Whangdoodle met Uncle Mose and tackled him on the subject.

"Uncle Mose, you hasn't paid up for de last two munfs. Doesn't yer know dat dose who serbs at de altar must lib by de altar?"

"Dat's so, my belobbed pastore, but dar am anudder text in de bible what am in conflic' wid dat ar."

"Whar d'd yer find dat?"

"I searched de scripters an' foun' 'em. I'se one ob de sheep ob your flock, ain't I?"

"You is, Uncle Mose, but I feels you am one ob de black sheep."

"You ain't no strawberry blonde yersef, but isn't de commandments gibben to de shepherds and pastures ob de flock, 'Feed my sheep,' and here yer comes ter me—one ob de sheep—and wants ter be fed, you ole blackened sepulchre. Ef yer means ter bide by de Bible, why doesn't yer lead this heah sheep inter an ice saloon and set up a dozen on de half shell? De good book say, 'Feed de sheep;' but you don't do nuffin but shear 'em. Whar did you read 'Shear my sheep?' Go home, ole man, and search de scripters, 'stead of nosin' about me fer a stray quarter what I'se arned by de sweat ob my brow, holdin' mules and whitewash'n' fences."

### FISH BEGIN TO BITE.

There were eight or ten men in a saloon near the Eastern hay market yesterday morning, when a dried up little old man entered and edged his way up to the stove without saying a word to anybody. Those who gave him the second look wondered why the winter winds had not blown him into Hudson's bay. In about ten minutes a second stranger entered, but he was broad shouldered and fat and talkative, and he was scarcely inside before he called out:

"Well, now, but isn't it cold! Come, gents, what'll you take? Walk right up and nominate your candidate. I just won $5 betting on a man's weight and I can afford to treat."

All walked up to the bar and took something, and the stranger continued:

"I kin generally hit a man's weight purty close—purty middling close. Drink hearty, gents."

"How do you do it?" asked the little old man as he wiped off his chin.

"With my eye."

"Well, some folks is awful smart and some isn't. How much do you reckon I weigh?"

"Just as you stand?"

"Of course. I ain't going to peel off my duds to be weighed."

The big man stood back and took a long squint and replied:

"Feller sinner I reckon you'll pull down 145 pounds."

The crowd laughed derisively, and one man said:

"If he weighs 145 pounds then I weigh 200."

"He'll do better," mused the man. "I say he'll pull down 147."

"Bosh! he won't show over 150!"

The fat man laid down a five dollar bill, and it was covered in a York minute. Then the whole crowd walked down to the butcher's and the dried up man mounted the scales.

"Just 148 to a hair!" said the butcher.

There was wondering and wailing and cussing, but the weight was there and the stakes were passed over. Ten minutes after the dried up man and the fat man had left the place a boy came in and said:

"I was in the grocery when they were strapping thirty pounds of iron and lead on him, and I thought they were going to drown him."

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Mutsuhito I., emperor of Japan, who is now 32 years of age, is the one hundred and twenty-third sovereign of that country. He has reigned since the death of his father in 1867. His is the only dynasty that has ruled in Japan, and began 660 B. C. There is no other monarch in the world who can boast so unbroken a descent from an ancient stock.

## CHILI COLORADO.

The Mississippi river is very low and cannot leave its bed.

Does death end all? No, but the lawyers do if they can get up a suit about the will.

A Chicago alderman is voting independently, the railroads having neglected to send him a pass.

A noiseless piano has been invented, and a monument is already talked of for the inventor.

Ruskin says, "Never buy a copy of a picture." The same advice holds good with regard to Ruskin's picture books.

A fellow screws his courage to the sticking place when he puts a postage stamp on a written proposal of marriage.

Fifteen lightning rod agents struck Stanford, Ky., on the same day and the people suspended work and cleared the town.

The latest dude kink is the finger nail cut, trimmed, scraped and polished every morning, the operation occupying but an hour.

They are building an Evangelical church at Devil's Lake City, Minnesota. That is carrying the war into Africa and no mistake.

There is no truth whatever in the rumor that Niagara Falls is about to stop running nights on account of a scarcity of water.

A college crew has lately been beaten on the scull, and old professor remarks that this is the most direct way of getting into their heads.

An old gentleman having been invited by an acquaintance to go and see his country seat, went, and found it to be a stump in a large meadow.

"When in society never talk of yourself," is the injunction of an authority on etiquette. People in society never do—they run down other people.

The man who prepares a patent office report must be immensely cheered while at work by the thought that nobody could ever be hired to read the thing.

"Yes, sir," said Jenkins, "Smithers is a man who keeps his word; but then he has to." "How is that?" asked Jones. "Because no one else will take it."

The big diamond, cut in Boston, is nearly an inch long and over five-eighths of an inch deep. It is not yet known behind what hotel counter it will shed its rays.

There seemeth a conspiracy to ruin the standing of many of our most distinguished citizens by printing hatchet engraved woodcuts of them in the papers.

"Master's away from home, sir. Would you please leave your name?" "Faix, and what should I be lavin me name for, bedad, when he knows me quite well?"

A scientific writer says the American of to-day is not the bilious man of fifty years ago. No, the bilious man of fifty years ago succumbed to the doc or ere this.

The Harpers have sued a Swedish newspaper in Chicago for publishing a translation of "The Bread Winners." Good enough. The Swedish population should be protected.

A Cincinnati Episcopal rector announced a few days ago that hereafter he "would base his salary on the power of God, and that his parish would in no wise be responsible."

"Did you put it in with tacks or putty?" asked a merchant traveler for a Pittsburg glass house, as he gazed in an absent-minded way at the hotel clerk's diamond.

The published report of a benevolent society says: "Notwithstanding the large amount paid for medicine and medical attendance, very few deaths occurred during the year."

Good men continue to get into trouble. A Connecticut man has had $1000 worth of live stock driven off by a sheriff, on a suit for $800 subscription to raise a church debt.

When a man who has corns violently stubs his toe, nothing but profanity will ease his mind, and it isn't reasonable to expect that he won't blaspheme all he knows how to.

The house of representatives was supplied with four hundred and fifty spittoons last year. It is perhaps likely that many members "know what the darned things are for."

A law has been passed prohibiting the manufacture of tenement house cigars. Good enough; let's have 'em built with bay windows and swell fronts, and a hired girl to carry the ashes out.

Congressmen should do what they can to protect the American forests. A time may come when they will want to take to the woods, and they will be captured if there is nothing but open fields.

A temperance advocate charged the editor of a western religious paper with drinking whisky. The editor, in some astonishment, replied: "Why, you wouldn't expect me to eat it with a spoon, would you?"

The American who has proposed to tunnel Vesuvius and let the lava flow into the sea, has been frowned down as a practical wretch who would disfigure one of the most interesting landmarks in Italy.

Some of the churches in Montreal use the electric light. It does take a power of lightning to keep people awake in some churches. In our happy land the usual way is to shock the people from the pulpit.

Robin Hood, says the Augusta *Chronicle*, never robbed the poor, but when he got a rich man in his power he plucked him well. The bold archer cried "Stand." His modern disciples say, "Be it enacted."

Flippant young hairdresser to fearfully irascible old gentleman: "Ah, sir, the life of a barber is very like that of a mill horse—always going round and round the same old stump." [Alarming results.]—Judy.

"There are eight circuses in Rome," says an ancient history. And do you know that when Forepaugh came out and said his was one of them, Barnum came right after him and said that his was the other seven.

Tying a man's hands behind his back and placing him so that he can snap at doughnuts tied on a string held on a level with his mouth, the thing being agitated by a friend, is a new holiday game in some localities.

It is said that places can be found in New York where what are called genuine oil paintings, 3 feet by 4½, are painted in twenty minutes. They find ready sale, and are made exclusively for the American market.

If the style in bathing costumes continues to progress as it is now doing, it will be but a few seasons until the equatorial bathing suits will be all the rage. The equatorial consists of an imaginary line drawn around the middle.

"Don't cry over spilt milk," says the old adage. Don't laugh, either, unless you wish to hurt the milkman's feelings, when he slips on the doorstep and loses two quarts of as good pump water as ever was a gallon of milk.

"Doctor," said a grateful patient, seizing the physician's hand, "I shall never forget that to you I owe my life." "You exaggerate," said the doctor, "you only owe me for fifteen visits; that is the point which I hope you will not fail to remember."

A big Yankee from Maine, on paying his bill in a London hotel, was told that the sum put down didn't include the waiter. "Wal," he roared, "I didn't eat any waiter, did I?" He looked as though he could, though, and there was no further discussion.

A young man recently bought a copy of "Grandmother's Clock," at a music store, and was at the same time supplied with a bullet-proof undershirt. The clerk explained that such articles always went with certain songs, by order of the board of health.

His customers were glad when the market man said he should not raise his prices on strawberries this year. But, alas! he kept the word of promise to their ears and broke it to their hope. He didn't raise his prices, but he raised the bottoms of his boxes.

A man on trial for murder in San Jose pleads that the act was committed under the influence of epileptic neurosis, with a homicidal tendency. A sure cure for this disease is to tie a rope around the patient's neck, tie the other end to a beam, and spring a trap door from under his feet.

An article taking up about three-quarters of a column in one of our exchanges is headed, "How to reach young men." The former way to reach them was with one foot, but fathers of families, who cannot afford to take undue personal risks, have adopted the method of reaching young men by means of a competent bulldog.

"The newspaper that fulfills the highest functions of journalism must be owned by the men who make it," says Mr. Smalley. All right, then; that just transfers about nine-tenths of newspaper property in America to the intelligent compositor, who prints not what the editor writes, but what the [illegible] thinks he ought to write. The gentleman at forge [illegible] the man who "makes the paper." Just put on this one, George, and we'll have it shod all round next week.

Going through a tunnel near Hazleton a practical joker in a car knocked off a friend's hat, ran his hand through his hair and kissed his own hand and slapped his own face. This was done to make it appear that the friend, who accompanied a young woman, had snatched a kiss from her and was slapped by her. When the train got out of the tunnel all eyes were on the young woman, who seemed much embarrassed. The three persons got off at the same station, where the escort gave the joker a sound drubbing.

### FLORIDA PRAWNS.

Driving Shrimps out of the Market—Cheaper and Larger.

New York Sun.

"Yes, these prawns from Florida are driving the shrimps out of the market," a Fulton market dealer said. "Shrimps used to be very popular. What are they used for? Some people eat them plain; others use them for soups, salads and sauces. I have sold 'em by the barrel to the Delmonicos, and thousands of times to the stewards of the big clubs. But their day is gone by."

"Why?"

"Prawns are handsomer. A shrimp to some people looks like an objectionable insect. They've got little prickles all over 'em and that makes some persons think they are not good to eat. Prawns are larger and better flavored. A pint of prawns makes a better salad than a quart of shrimps; and, besides, they're cheaper. If a cook is allowed twenty-five cents for shrimps and can do the same thing with ten cents' worth of prawns, she buys prawns. Yes, ma'am," turning to a colored woman who leaned over the counter, "here you are. A pint? Thank you. That woman is one of those I just spoke about. She'll make a soup out of them prawns that will beat the deck."

"Where do they come from?"

"Shrimps come from all over. They don't run together much in big crowds, and so most of the catching is done by boys and girls. I've seen 'em as far east as Maine and south to Norfolk. Those prawns came from Florida. The waters down there are alive with them. Two men can catch more than a barrel of 'em in a day. Most customers like 'em cooked. When they're alive they're not very nice to look at, but just cook 'em once and they are stunners. Half peel a dozen of 'em and put 'em on the top of a measure, and they make the handsomest show a man can have on his counter. I begin to like 'em myself. I used to eat shrimps a good deal, and when prawns came into the market I didn't take to them. That's ten years ago. Nowadays I sell ten times as many prawns as shrimps. It's funny, though, how many names they have. People call 'em prawns, and shrimps, and crawfish. Some high-toned chaps order cameronies, and now and then a foreigner wants a cameronia. It's all the same thing, though, that they want."

### SHAVED WHILE ASLEEP.

How Some Tired New Yorkers Have Utilized a Barber's Chair.

New York Daily Times.

Loud and harmonious snores were heard last evening in a little barber's shop on Broadway, not far removed from the region where Delmonico, the Hoffman house and the Brunswick spread their festive tables. The somnolent individual was a stout, red faced man, and was leaning back on one of the red cushioned chairs, while the meek barber relieved him of his superfluous hirsute appendages. The man slept peacefully, though noisily, while the razor grated over his chin. The barber shaved away energetically, as though perfectly accustomed to performing the operation on slumbering patients.

"Are you not frightened lest the gentleman should move in his sleep and thus cause your razor to slip?" asked a gentleman of the placid barber.

"I might be if I thought he would move," was the answer, "but I know he won't. He's good for a quarter of an hour yet, and I shall charge him thirty cents for having occupied the chair twice as long as he ought to do."

"You speak as though you were accustomed to shaving sleepy gentlemen," suggested the inquirer after useful knowledge.

"You bet I am," was the reply. "That comes from living near to big restaurants, where the gents fill themselves more'n they ought to do, and then come over here to be refreshed by a shave. I shave half a dozen men asleep every night. When they wake up they're like people who've a tooth out with laughing gas. They generally feel their chins, and wonder to find them so smooth. Then a light dawns upon them and they seem rather ashamed. If they don't mind it I don't," said the barber, philosophically. "I always charge 'em extra, and they feel too sheepish to kick."

### Miss De Broen's Soup Kitchen.

Paris Dispatch to the London Standard.

A remarkable and touching sight is to be daily witnessed by any one visiting the Buttes-Chaumont at Belleville. At the foot of the grassy slopes of that pleasure ground of the Paris east-enders may be seen between midday and dusk a crowd of men and women, formed *en queue*, in front of a kind of shed. This shed is nothing else than a free soup kitchen, and the crowd besieging it are some of the unemployed of Paris, whose hollow cheeks and sunken eyes but too plainly tell the misery of their situation. If the visitor forces his way into the crowd he will be able to get a glimpse of the interior of the "kitchen." A lady standing over a steaming cauldron is lading out soup as fast as she can, and around her are some twenty young ladies passing the filled bowls to the famished multitudes as they pass around the wooden tables. The lady is Miss de Broen, long well known for her philanthropic efforts among the poor of Paris, and her assistants are British girls, whom she has enlisted in this work of charity. Besides the soup each man and woman receives a plate of vegetables and half a pound of bread. Miss de Broen and her various coadjutors have for some time presided over a dispensary, a little orphanage, and a children's school in Belleville, but the soup kitchen has been set up for a month only. As some 800 persons are fed there every day without any payment whatever, it will be understood that the expense of keeping it open is very great. Miss de Broen much fears that unless help beyond her usual resources is supplied there will be no alternative but to close the kitchen prematurely. To appreciate the good work done, it should be borne in mind that soup kitchens are not in Paris an established institution like they are in England. I may add that Miss de Broen is a Protestant, but it need hardly be said that all the needy are welcome without distinction of religion or nationality, to her kitchen.

### Ben Butler as an Author.

Detroit Times.

Says a publisher: "Not long ago I wrote to Gen. Butler, asking him if he would write a book for me, and suggested as a title, 'Thirty Years of the Ups and Downs of Political Life.' Here is a somewhat interesting letter I received from him: 'I am very much obliged to you for your proposition to write a book, but I should find difficulties in treating the subject you propose, "Thirty Years of the Ups and Downs of Political Life," because I certainly could not treat of the latter clause of the title, as I have never been down. Seriously, however, I have contemplated at some time the writing of an autobiography, but I suppose that will pass by with a thousand other matters of good intention before I find the opportunity to do it. At any rate, I could not at present come under any obligation to furnish so many pages upon any subject by contract.' On receipt of that letter I wrote offering him $20 000 for a book of 700 pages, but he answered saying he had no time to write a book.

### Boynton and Keifer.

General Boynton is usually the coolest, most level-headed of men—but when Mr. Keifer introduced his assortment of jail birds to swear away his character, the general naturally became somewhat riled. His friends, who saw the absurd side of Keifer's attempt, would try to induce General Boynton to subside when there was danger of his boiling over. "Keep cool," they would hiss at him, dragging him by the coat tails. "Don't you see," General Boynton would shout, shaking his fist and fairly dancing with rage, "that I am keeping cool?" It must be acknowledged that not all the certainty of innocence and the ability to prove it which General Boynton had could help an honest man from flying into a rage under such provocation. Some of the bold, bad newspaper men tried very hard to exasperate the general into using a bad word, but they didn't succeed. He did not waste time cursing Keifer, he first slaughtered him in cold blood.

### The Junior Judge.

Justice Grey is the Benjamin of the supreme court. He is a bachelor, too, and has to stand a vast number of grave judicial jokes perpetrated by his fellow justices on his solitary condition. He wears the nattiest gown among them—a stylish affair in black satin de Lyone—and is regarded as quite a giddy youngster by his judicial brethren. The judges of the supreme court look upon receptions and balls and such like frivolous diversions with lofty contempt. They go in for good dinners with rich old port and a little solemn whist afterward.

## SOME NEWSPAPER MEN.

How Some Notable War Correspondents Met in the Greek Capital.

Justin Macarthy, in Belgravia.

That evening we had a sort of extemporised parting celebration at our hotel. Our little camp was all breaking up. The war correspondents, the soldiers of fortune, and the amateur students of revolution and battlefield, were all about to leave Athens. The crisis which had gathered them together was clearly all over; there was nothing more to be seen or done in Attica. So we happened to fall together some of us this evening at dinner, and we somehow dropped into the notion of making a farewell occasion of it. Most of us staying in the same hotel, and others who were in other hotels were sent round for and got in, to join in the half melancholy conviviality. I felt myself quite a small personage, a freshman, a raw recruit, among some of these renowned and long experienced historiographers from England, and France, and Germany, and the United States. Most of the Englishmen I knew—I mean the men who wrote for English newspapers—for good sooth they were not all Englishmen, nor even the majority of them. There was MacFerrier, for example—he came, I think, from Aberdeen "awa'"—a man who had seen service in the army as a trooper before he became a war correspondent; a rough-hewn, fearless creature, full of multitudinous resources in his own craft; with the eye of a general for a battlefield capable of realizing a whole military situation at a glance; not much of a descriptive writer in times of peace, but developing into color and brilliancy and movement amid the roar of the cannon and the rush of the ranks; his genius clearing and brightening as the battle smoke thickened and darkened the air.

A very different sort of personage was my good friend Captain Fitzjoyce, for example, who came originally from Dublin, and had served with distinction in the Crimea and in India before he found it a better paying business to take up the regular craft of war correspondent. Fitzjoyce could describe a battle, too; odd if he could not, having taken part in so many a campaign—but his interest was in the political workings which led up to and followed the battles rather than in the battles themselves. The mere battle was only to him as the experimental explosion is to the lecturer on chemistry; a thing interesting as it bears upon, or illustrates, or establishes, or demolishes some previously described theory. On the rough edge of battle itself, in the grey morning hour of the first active movement, Fitzjoyce would talk to you in measured undertone about the schemes and plots of the European chancelleries; about the diplomatists who were even now pulling the wires to which four or five hundred thousand men arrayed against each other on the battlefield were present to dance; about the palace intrigues in this capital and the undergrowth of nihilism and anarchism in that. I never talked with Fitzjoyce and listened to his cool and self-satisfied statements without feeling that the very ground beneath our feet must be surcharged with dynamite.

Then there was Lord Rufus Carrick, younger son of a great duke, who had been in a splendid cavalry regiment and led a very wild career, who had had to give up the army finally because of a row he got into by his acting as correspondent for a well paying daily paper against the strict orders of his commanding officer, and who accordingly took to the business of war correspondent, professionally, and was understood to make a good thing of it. There was Colonel Touchwood, whose only interest in the work of foreign campaign was confined to the gunnery. Except where an English army was engaged, Colonel Touchwood cared not a straw who won or who lost, so long as either victor or defeated could supply him with any new ideas on the subject of cannon. Nor must I forget to mention that there were men of the class of Mr. Etches of London, purely literary correspondents, who did not describe the actual work of battles, but who sent home vivid pictures of the life of the capitals near which and about which the battles were fought. Some of these men were as unconcerned about Captain Fitzjoyce's political mysteries and revelations as they were about Touchwood's gunnery or MacFerrier's bivouac adventures. It was their part to paint the life of the street and the palace and the market; and admirably some of them could do it; and I only wish their craft had flourished in olden times. I think I should rather have had such a picture of Rome while the Rubicon was being crossed, or of the streets of Alexandria while Actium was still undecided, than the boldest and most faithful battle piece which ever strove to instruct posterity in the movements of war.

Mr. Lovejoy, the American correspondent, we have met already; and we know something of the lively and ingenious gentlemen who came from Paris, and who never failed, even if put in possession on the best authority of the fullest and most accurate statement of facts, to add many little touches from their own powerful imagination and vivid fancy in order to make reality seem more impressively real, and to add to life itself the striking effects of the theater. We soon became a joyous company. When dinner was over we smoked and drank soda and brandy—some indeed preferred a rich mixture of champagne and curacoa—and we chaffed each other noisily and we told stories, and after a while began to sing songs and even to venture on recitations. We had some choice pieces from opera bouffe and from the music halls of London, the freshest contribution of this kind to the evening's harmony being at least two seasons old. Some German correspondents sang tremendously comic songs, with choruses and refrains the fun of which was not even in the dimmest degree perceptible to any but a German mind. Every now and then some kindly hearted French gentleman sprang to his feet, exclaimed "Je porte un toast" and proceeded to pay a tribute to the sovereign of England or to the British house of lords. We had dined according to the ways of the "table d'hote" at half-past six, and there was a good long night left for revelry.

### AN OUTLAWED GARMENT.

Judge Thompson Makes an Example, and Establishes a Precedent.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., April 17.—The police have been ordered to suppress Mother Hubbard costumes on the streets. Such an order will not be welcomed by the sky-young things who have been in the habit of donning a loose, flowing gown to visit their neighbor, go to the grocery or run to the pump. Especially will its enforcement appear arbitrary to that class of women who have few, if any, other styles of dresses. The precedent was established in the city court Tuesday, when Lizzie Brall, of No. 10 Grayson street, was arraigned and fined $5 for appearing on the street, as the evidence showed, in a pink Mother Hubbard.

When Mrs. Langtry came to this country two years ago, she brought her Mother Hubbard with her. She introduced a style which could only be imitated by the wealthier classes. Mrs. Langtry's maid used to boast that her mistress' wardrobe consisted, among many elaborate and costly toilets, of five beautiful Mother Hubbards, which cost an average of $250 apiece. Whenever the Jersey Lily wished to make an impression upon some great person, she received them in the parlor and always looked lovely in a Mother Hubbard. When she drove out in the evening with Mr. Frederick Gebhard, she sometimes wore one of the $250 gowns, with its loose corsage, lace and diamonds. This style was extensively copied in New York. And so the style increased in popularity until almost every mother, sister and daughter had at least two Mother Hubbards. At a ball at the Capital hotel, given during the last winter, there were sixty ladies present, all of whom wore Mother Hubbards. But while this style of dress has prevailed so extensively there are many who have always opposed it. The opposition has invariably come from the mothers, who remember when they were proud to put on a Linsey gown Sunday morning and walk to church in a pair of brogan shoes. Some of them refused to allow their daughters to wear the Mother Hubbard. About the style and cut the claim there is a loose suggestiveness which should be frowned down. To the average young man there is nothing which so inspires him as a graceful form brought out to a sweet advantage in a Mother Hubbard dress.

Among no class is the Mother Hubbard more extensively worn than among the courtesans, and it is against them that the order of the police is chiefly directed. Already a league has been formed by these women, and they have announced their intention of disobeying the police instructions and to submit to a fine in the city court, and then take an appeal to a higher court and settle the question once for all.

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Artificial lips for moistening postage stamps have been patented by an ingenious man, and the invention is said to be useful in business houses. There are times in the life of an engaged young man when he would cheerfully walk six blocks to find a set of artificial lips for his own immediate use.

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Cashier.......R. R. WETHINGTON

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Paid-up Capital and Reserve.......$3,000,000

Head Office, 28 Cornhill, London.
Branches—Portland, San Francisco, Victoria.

This Bank transacts a General Banking and Exchange business. Loans made; Bills Discounted and Commercial Credits granted. Deposits received on current account, subject to check; also on special certificate. FRED'K TOWNSEND, Manager.

JAMES STEEL, President. | W. H. JOHNSON, Vice Pres't. | L. A. MACRUM, Cashier.

**WILLAMETTE SAVINGS BANK**
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No. 86 Washington Street.

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**LONDON AND SAN FRANCISCO BANK**
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This Bank transacts a General Banking and Exchange business; makes loans, discounts bills and issues commercial and travellers' credits, available in any city in the world.

Portland Branch, 48 First Street.
W. MACKINTOSH, Manager.

THE PORTLAND NATIONAL BANK.
Official Authority to Commence Business.

Pursuant to section 5170, Revised Statutes of the U. S., requiring this bank to publish for sixty days certificate of its organization and authority to commence business, I do hereby cause the certificate authorized under said section to be and it is hereby published in the Daily Morning Oregonian, of which the following is a copy:

Treasury Department, office of the Comptroller of the Currency, Washington, May 13, 1884.

Whereas, By satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that the Portland National Bank, in the city of Portland, in the county of Multnomah and state of Oregon, has complied with all of the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the United States required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of banking; now, therefore, I, Henry W. Cannon, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that the Portland National Bank, in the city of Portland, in the county of Multnomah and state of Oregon, is authorized to commence the business of banking, as provided in section fifty-one hundred and sixty-nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

In testimony whereof witness my hand and seal of office, this 13th day of May, 1884.

Seal of the Comptroller of the Currency. HENRY W. CANNON, Comptroller of the Currency.

No. 335.—Of the publication of which certificate notice is hereby given as required by the Revised Statutes aforesaid. WILLIAM REID, President the Portland National Bank.

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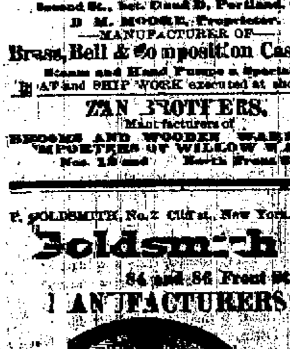

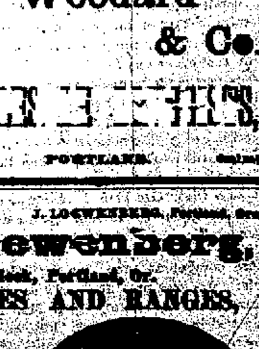

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Do you want THE VERY BEST Quality White Shirt? If so, ask any of the leading dealers in the city for Number

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Weak Back, Rheumatism and all Local Pains are relieved and cured by ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. One trial will convince you, but see that you get the genuine, as all other so-called Porous Plasters, without single exception, are worthless imitations.

Brown's Bronchial Troches will relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases. They are used always with good success.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Sexual Debility cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 25, 1884.

## REAL AND FICTITIOUS VALUES.

It is estimated by a careful observer that since January 1, 1884, the decline in shares and securities dealt in on Wall street aggregates fully $2,500,000,000. This seems terrific—almost equal to the cost of the great rebellion; and it is an evidence of the great surplus wealth of the country, that in spite of these appalling shrinkages, the failures have been comparatively few. No. a bank of any prominence has been submerged by the storm, and it is now the universal opinion that the worst is over, because dividend stocks have reached such a point as to invite capital from investors not only in the United States, but in Europe. At all times there are hoards of reserve capital in the great commercial centers of the world ready to buy dividend stocks when the bottom price is believed to have been reached.

It turns out that many New Yorkers who have had the name of being millionaires earned that reputation by pretending to own that which in fact they owed—banking on their individual indebtedness, as it were. New York is full of these bogus millionaires, and they are by no means all confined to that city. Any fool could be a millionaire if he could make himself so by simply pretending that a boxful of trashy slips of paper which have scarcely any market value, and on which he owes more than he ever paid, represents millions of dollars.

In nine cases out of ten common stock of a railroad corporation represents nothing at all except the capacity for surplus earnings with which, in more or less sanguine states of the public mind, it may be credited. In other words, the bonded indebtedness of a railroad represents all, and sometimes a good deal more than all which can be honestly credited to construction and equipment, while its stock is simply a mortgage on its expected business. The buying and selling of property of this character is necessarily speculative, because it has no ascertainable standard of value; because it is at the mercy of a breath of rumor, the caprice of a great operator or the fright of a number of small ones. Its capacity to pay dividends entitles it to rank as an element of national wealth, yet millions of it can disappear and leave the country no poorer.

## "MOVEMENTS" AND "LEADERS."

A "movement" in politics or in anything else may be judged by its leaders and advocates. So judged, the present miscalled independent effort in this county does not seem to be very influential or very worthy of support.

We have heretofore detailed the manner of its origin in the combination of the shreds and ends of the rings of the two parties who have alternately had their day at the court house. It may be worth while now, since they keep up a steady noise and seem to challenge attention, to say a word about the advocates and orators of the movement.

The chiefs are Yocum, Matlock, Gaston, Beal, J. G. Chapman and George P. Riley. Mention of these names ought to be enough. They are "honorable citizens," of course. But what is the matter that they never succeeded in anything? What is there in their careers that commends them as men qualified to give advice and assume leadership? Doubtless they are well enough in their way, but we take it that their names are not synonyms for influence and achievement.

There is a sort of men who have not ability or character to gain position among those who carve out their own fortunes, but are disinclined to follow pursuits that accord with their capacity. Yet they are envious of men of ability and affairs, and try to get into places and pursuits for which they are wholly unfitted; and the result, it is needless to say, is not the highest success. The professions are overcrowded with men of this class, and some of them are of just the order of ability and just the disposition to become advocates and orators of mountebank undertakings in politics. Their following is not likely to be large or influential.

At a temperance meeting in New York city recently, the Rev. Dr. Pullman said: "In my opinion one of the chief causes of drink is bad food. Women in this country do not know how to cook. A man derives so little nourishment from the ordinary beefsteak and dried up roast beef that our wives cook, that he is almost forced from the very want of a stimulant to go off and get whisky; but if he were given a good, juicy, nourishing beefsteak, he would not feel the slightest need of drink. The temperance people of this country should demand that cooking instead of music be taught in our public schools, and when they do they will have struck a powerful blow at intemperance."

This is one of those smart sayings of ministry which have a suggestion of truth in them, but on the whole are misleading and false. Why do men who dine at Eppinger's or Delmonico's, where the cooking is good, wash down their juicy, nourishing beefsteak with wine and brandy? The seat of intemperance is not the stomach but the heart, not the physical, but the moral nature of man. Dr. Pullman should read the new testament again, and preach that rather than the gospel of the kitchen.

The growing prominence of Postmaster General Gresham's name in the discussion of possible republican candidates is a noteworthy sign of the last month of the canvass. Mr. Gresham is devoting himself assiduously to the duties of his position, and nobody has charged him with having done anything to start a Gresham boom. But the excellent record he which he has made as an executive officer in Washington has impressed the country most favorably, and republicans who recognize the possible necessity of dropping all three of the leading candidates at Chicago, are more and more coming to talk of the postmaster general as a man of marked strength. He was called to Boston the other day for the first time on postal business, and he made an excellent impression as a strong, well balanced man, with clear and sensible ideas on the public service, and especially as to the necessity of keeping it free from political entanglement. The Boston *Herald* expresses a general and growing feeling when it says that "Gresham is undoubtedly a man the independent voters could go for with a good stomach."

No more competent man for the office of county clerk was ever presented as a candidate to the citizens of this county than Mr. I. N. Sanders. And in every relation of life he has proven as honorable and worthy as competent. If worth as a man and fitness for a public duty be tests for office, there is no need to pass by Mr. Sanders. A native capacity gives him at once more fitness for the office than years of employment in it would give to one who pursues it in a merely instrumental and mechanical way.

Democratic principles are making happy progress hereabout. Jeffery buys a "nigger" and sets him up as chief speaker in the name of the democratic party, to instruct the brethren how to vote. From Yocum, Gaston, Beal, *et id omne genus*, there is vast applause, but the enthusiasm among the democratic masses is not prodigious.

## THE DEMOCRACY.

The Atlanta, Ga., *Constitution* is a democratic paper, but it is "all out of sorts" with the democrats in congress. They are not modest, and they are not wise. They have been defeated, as the *Constitution* thinks they ought to have been, upon the whisky bill and upon the Morrison bill. The whisky bill was the child of "that tough old man, Watterson;" and the Morrison bill was simply "a clean, clear confession that the present unjust and improper tariff lacks just 20 per cent of being right." The democrats who are so clamorous for the agitation of the tariff are "ill informed," and it is and was none of their business to assume to dictate the policy of the party; that should have been left to the national convention. The *Constitution* indulges in no prognostications except that it believes that the convention will deal with the tariff question in no uncertain way.

It is more likely, however, and indeed, the signs are already abundant, that before the 8th of July the democrats will, for the sake of the party, be ready to unite on some common ground. This they are beginning to perceive must be something, even if very general in its terms, which will not drive off the conservative tariff support of the east. The Morrison men begin to see that they cannot afford to risk New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, as they know they would on an extreme revenue reform plank. The leaders are beginning to tell them that in case the republicans make a selection that is not very strong in New York the best move for the democrats will be to make a platform that will not disturb eastern voters, so far as the question of the tariff is concerned, and put a candidate on like Cleveland or Bayard, who would be strong in New York and other eastern states. Under such a policy the plan would be to rely mainly upon the east to give the number of electoral votes necessary in addition to the south to assure success. So far as the strength in New York alone is concerned, Cleveland is being urged as the best man. So far as the general tariff record goes Senator Bayard is spoken of as meeting the requirements of the case, being that of a mild protectionist, yet not extreme enough in that direction to prevent any considerable faction of the party from supporting him. He is further held up as a man who would be sure to attract a large independent vote in case the floating republican voters should not be satisfied with the results of the first Chicago convention. The idea of those who believe unanimity possible at the democratic convention seems to be that the "free traders" would more readily consent to such an arrangement, as above indicated, since it would not involve support of Mr. Randall by eastern protectionists, and that after the prominence he has attained by his late victory, the free traders could insist that any concession which left him off the ticket was a compromise which they could honorably accept.

## A SAVAGE SOCIETY.

We commented favorably at the time upon the refusal of Judge Reid of Kentucky to follow the custom of the country by taking private vengeance upon an assailant. He was a member of a church, a devout Christian, and had a good reputation as a citizen. But it began to be whispered that he lacked personal courage, and there was a falling off on the part of his friends and his political supporters. He soon saw that he was doomed to defeat for re-election as a judge of the superior court, and chagrined by this fact and the attitude of his personal friends, he put a pistol to his head and ended the difficulty by sending a bullet through his brain. His courage is said to have more easily [illegible] because his wife sympathized with the brutal code he refused to recognize. It was an ignominious surrender by a man who had opened the battle against popular prejudice so gallantly, but the chief blame, after all, must attach to the community which turned its back upon the man it should have honored. As we have frequently by our contemporary been accused of speaking uncharitably of the south, we will use for our comments on this occurrence the following from the St. Paul *Globe*, a prominent democratic paper:

"The social condition in which all these events could occur is one no better than savagery. Two men are church members. One of them perpetrates a most ruffianly assault on the other and because the other does not challenge the former to a duel he is ostracised and driven to the commission of self murder. The community says to him: 'A ruffian has attacked you without cause and beaten you. You should challenge that ruffian to meet you, pistol in hand, and afford him an opportunity to kill you in your tracks. Failing in thus doing, you have shown the lack of personal courage and are no longer fit for association with gentlemen. We will elect you to no office of honor, we will recognize you in no capacity as a Christian, a citizen or a gentleman.'

The occurrence proves of the community in which he lived and died that it is simply a nest of assassins. Its Christianity is a sham. It is a nest in which murder incubates and hatches out creatures who, if they do not commit homicides, owe it to mere lack of opportunity, and not to lack of inclination. What more utterly barbarous and abominable can be thought of than a public opinion which forces the victim of an undeserved assault to stand up to be shot at by the ruffian who assaulted him? The pitiful suicide of Reid is an emphatic protest against this species of bastard "chivalry," which is born of brutal savagery, which is an assault on Christianity and a crimson shame on the country which is permeated with its existence

The English scientific journal, *Engineering*, is not sanguine as to the Panama canal. The work, it says, is proceeding more slowly than surely toward completion. One thing, however, is beyond question, that the difficulties in the way of the undertaking are far greater than the promoters contemplated at the beginning. As the work is being prosecuted chiefly with French capital, and as M. de Lesseps naturally commands almost unlimited confidence with his countrymen, little uneasiness has, up to the present time, been displayed, "but we believe" says *Engineering*, "that before very long, when fresh subscriptions are demanded for the prosecution of the work, and when it is realized that the original estimates, both as regards the time and money required for opening of the canal, fall far short of the truth, the present trustfulness of promoters will be exchanged for less easy sentiments. We believe that future success is only possible by a vast expenditure in money, and, unfortunately, in life, on account of the very fatal climate through which the canal passes."

The New York *Churchman* publishes the statement of an army officer, that a quartermaster upon one of our frontier reservation posts made an application for a Gatling gun, upon which application the commanding officer placed the following endorsement: "In my opinion, the Indians at this agency are starving to death, and I recommend that a Gatling gun be sent *to compel them to starve peaceably*," and the gun was sent. The six or seven thousand Indians on the "Fort Peck" reservation, Montana, are in a starving condition; the recent appropriation of congress, especially for them, amounts to seventy-one cents each, while those nearest the camp are temporarily sustained by means which are discreditable alike to the government and civilized society.

A democratic newspaper states that every roll of butter sold in the city of Washington is wrapped in a printed bill of the senate or house. Congress seems to be disposing of the surplus in the treasury by treating the people to a feast of reason.

## SOME NEW BOOKS.

Margaret Fuller Ossoli. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Sold by W. B. Ayer & Co., Portland.

"It has long been my desire," says Mr. Higginson, "to write a new memoir of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, a person whose career is more interesting, as it seems to me, than that of any other American of her sex; a woman whose aims were high and whose services great; one whose intellect was uncommon, whose activity was incessant, whose life varied, and whose death dramatic." This biography has been written very largely from new or unused material, and is therefore a positive addition to what was known before of this very remarkable woman. Beside the merely biographical part, Mr. Higginson's estimate of her powers possesses a rare interest. The girl's precocious mental development under the high pressure discipline of her father, her general brilliancy of nature, her rare insight and bold spirit of inquiry, her exquisite susceptibility to the first movements of the intellectual revolution that was going on over half a century ago, her genius for thoughtful, kindly conversation, her friendships with the leaders of the transcendental coterie of New England world-reformers, the romance of her life in England, and especially in Italy, her secret marriage with Marquis Ossoli, the tragedy of their experience in Rome during the revolution of 1848, and her death by shipwreck, together with that of her husband and child, just in sight once more of her native land, all this constitutes a history the romance and the pathos of which do not lose their strong fascination.

Seven Great Monarchies of the Ancient World. By George Rawlinson. Best American edition. Complete in three volumes of over 2000 pages, and over 700 illustrations and maps. Price reduced from $18 to $2 40. Now ready. Specimen pages free. Not sold by dealers. John B. Alden, publisher, 393 Pearl street, New York.

In 1872 Professor Rawlinson published this great work. Eight years afterward he issued the second edition much enriched by the results of archæological explorations meanwhile. This is the American reprint of the second edition. The seven great monarchies of the eastern world were Chaldea, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, Persia, Parthia and the Sassanian empire. This first volume of the three takes up Chaldea and Assyria, but only with such wealth of illustration and profundity of scholarship that the work was recognized from the day of its appearance as one of the few really permanent histories in the world. It travels far beyond the story of history. That is given with sufficient amplitude, but is the secondary feature of the great plan and adds little to the previous stock of current knowledge. The main value of Rawlinson's work lies in the amazing accumulation of material descriptive of the physical geography, the animals, the architecture, the cults, the customs and daily life that characterized the seven oriental monarchies, all of which have now passed from sight, leaving only the debris of their works and lands and a collection of degenerated people.

A notable thing in this edition is that for the first time everything has not been sacrificed to cheapness. John B. Alden of New York announced years ago his "Great Revolution" in cheap books for the people. Thenceforward we have had the cheapness and the text of the books, but they were not clothed in such form that one would care to put them on his library shelves. But he has now reached the point when he gives for a ridiculous price, as it would seem, a standard book like this, in clear type, on fair paper, with two excellent maps and 458 good illustrations in wood for a single volume. When the binding is a little strengthened his "Great Revolution" will be complete.

In the Tennessee Mountains. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale by W. B. Ayer & Co., Portland.

Two young men—the one educated elaborately at a Parisian institute for the medical profession, and the other a young lawyer, who had confessed himself beaten in life's battle for wealth and distinction—resolve "to forsake delights and live laborious days" in the wilds of Tennessee.

The young doctor's face was ever and anon turned towards the inviting and seductive lights of civilization; he reflected on "his costly education, the sacrifices his father had made to secure it, his dying conviction, which was such a comfort to him, that in it he had left his penniless son a better thing than wealth—with such training and such abilities what might he not reach?" He retraced in retrospect "the return from his medical studies in Paris to the western city of his birth, to scores of charity patients, and to a fine social position by virtue of the prestige of a good family, there seemed only a little waiting needed. But the old physicians held on to life and the paying practice with the grip of the immortals." Wrapped in such distracting reflections, his thoughts are busy with his forlorn position and his forlorn prospects, together with "that sense of helplessness so terrible to a man." "There is something so ludicrously contemptible in a great personal ambition and a puny capacity."

His companion, too, "had reared the great scaffolding of an elaborate education, that he might erect the colossal edifice of his future. His hands beat the empty air, and he had no materials wherewith to build. But there was the scaffolding, a fine thing in itself—wasted, perhaps. For the sheep farmer did not need it."

The young lawyer, however, more philosophic than his colleague, has thrown aside ambition and has become so thoroughly naturalized that he finds in a charming etherialized rustic maiden, but grossly ignorant withal, an Amaryllis for whom he may "pipe his slender song." In palliation of her ignorance he ridicules in no measured language the superficial education of the modern society girl. "They learn to write," he remarks, with much truth, "a fashionable hand that nobody can decipher. They take a limited course of reading, and remember nothing. Their study of foreign languages goes so far sometimes as to enable them to interject commonplace French phrases into their daily conversation, and render their prattle an affront to good taste as well as an insult to the understanding. They have converted the piano into an instrument of torture throughout the length and breadth of the land," etc.

This sylvan maiden finally sickens and dies, even under the soothing, tender ministrations of our young doctor; but not before she discloses to him, in her innocent, childish fashion, an unrecognized and smothered love. "Being now dead it is as if he had been beloved by an angel, and one misty night, while returning from a patient's house, he passes her grave. Immediately he either dreams or is pursued by a hallucination that she is by his side. He drives home at a furious rate, arrives all breathless and unnerved, and, drawing close to a table, falls to writing with furious energy an analysis of his mental and nervous condition. The result is a treatise on the "Derangement of the Nervous Functions," which calls him back to civilization and invites him to a lucrative practice.

This little romance, of which we have given a rough synopsis, is beautifully unfolded, and is permeated with a rich poetical sentiment throughout.

"Drifting Down Lost Creek" and "The Star in the Valley" and "Electioneerin' in Big Injun Mountain" are also graphically told, and might be read aloud with much profit and enjoyment in the family circle.

The Woman Question in Europe. A Series of Original Essays. Edited by Theodore Stanton, M. A., with an introduction by Frances Power Cobbe. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

This book is a compilation consisting of a series of chapters describing the condition of women and the progress which the "woman question," so called, has made in the different countries of Europe. The different chapters are contributed by distinguished female writers of the countries to which they relate, with a single exception; the chapter on Portugal is contributed by Rodrigues de Freitas, the lady who was to have written it having been prevented from doing so by illness. Mr. Stanton, the compiler of the work, does not pretend to have had any connection with it beyond that of a careful and conscientious editor.

The portion of the work relating to the condition of women in England is divided into five chapters: "The Woman's Suffrage Movement," "The Woman's Educational Movement," "Women in Medicine," "The Industrial Movement" and "Women as Philanthropists." The chapter on "Suffrage" is from the pen of Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett, wife of the distinguished Henry Fawcett, postmaster general in the Gladstone cabinet. He is totally blind, and much of his labor is performed by the aid of his gifted wife. She attributes the progress which has been made toward the enfranchisement of women largely to the labors of John Stuart Mill, to whom she gives credit for his zeal, his energy and his industry as an advocate. The spirit which he communicated to the movement she considers to be the cause of the moderation, good sense and prudence of its adherents. The first society for promoting the extension of suffrage to women was formed in 1860, and its membership was adorned by some eminent names. Corresponding societies were formed in the principal cities of England in the same year, and in 1867 a proposition to give the suffrage to females otherwise qualified was offered in parliament as an amendment to Disraeli's reform bill, which received 81 votes, including that of John Bright. In 1868 public meetings were held, and addressed by female speakers. In the same year women householders were allowed by local boards to vote in various parts of England under the reform bill. The right of women to vote thus came before the courts, and was disallowed. In 1870 and 1871 bills to permit women to vote were introduced into parliament, but were, of course, unsuccessful, though in the latter year 159 votes were cast for the bill, against 220 adversely. A similar attempt was made each year until 1879. In the present parliament a bill will be again introduced when opportunity offers, and Mrs. Fawcett anticipates that it will receive great additional strength.

The chapter on the women's educational movement is by Mrs. Maria Georgina Grey, widely known from her labors in the cause of education and as a writer on educational subjects. In 1870 she was a candidate for school officer, but was defeated. She attributes the origin of the existing movement for increasing the educational facilities of girls to Rev. F. D. Maurice, a professor in King's College, Dublin, who, with Rev. R. C. Trench, the present archbishop of Dublin, proposed the plan for Queen's College. This was originally a sort of normal school, for the education of governesses, but subsequently its benefits were extended to all young women who would join its classes. It was opened May 1, 1848, and has been very successful. Subsequently both Cambridge and Oxford admitted girls to the local examinations, which simply show the proficiency made by students in instruction in the schools. The University of London in 1882 decided to admit females to all its degrees, and in Cambridge University females have certain important educational privileges. Holloway, the famous pill man, left provisions for a college for females, the amount of the endowment being some $1,150,000; it will be modeled after Vassar College. There is a general movement and a strong public sentiment throughout England in favor of extending to females the same educational facilities that are enjoyed by males.

The chapter on "Women in Medicine" is by Dr. Frances Elizabeth Hoggan (*nee* Morgan), wife of Dr. George Hoggan, a well known physician and medical writer. That on "The Industrial Movement," as it relates to women, is by Miss Jessie Boucherett. Both are interesting chapters, with full information on the subjects to which they relate.

Two articles on the woman question in Germany are contained in the work. The movement there simply relates to the better education of women, and to means for securing them employment. In both these directions marked progress has been made. There is no movement in Germany looking to the extension of suffrage to women.

In the other countries of Europe including Holland, Austria, Norway, Sweden Denmark, France, Belgium, Spain and Portugal, the same general condition of the woman question prevails. Better means of education are being provided. Philanthropic efforts are being made to provide employment for females, and they are attended by considerable success. No perceptible movement is in progress to confer suffrage upon women, even to the limited extent in which it is enjoyed by the restricted male population who are qualified to vote.

In England, which, with all its staidness, is the field where radical ideas flourish best, real progress has been made toward the establishment of female suffrage. The liberals there, in extending the suffrage by reform bills in all directions, have encouraged the enthusiasts who claim suffrage also for women, and the change is making more rapid progress than in the United States, where suffrage was so widely extended at first that but few changes were possible, and where, as a consequence, they were made with great difficulty. But among continental nations, no idea of female suffrage appeared to exist. The liberal female thinkers who are the authors of the chapters comprising this work, so far as it relates to the continent of Europe, do not even refer to the question of suffrage. In those nations male suffrage is so restricted as to be suffrage in name merely, or but little better. There the education of women, the work of fitting them for callings or trades in which they can earn their own living, and their elevation in the social scale, so that they will be regarded as something better than serfs, appear to be the only ends sought by the agitators of "the woman question."

A. J. Jadkins, corresponding secretary of the national prohibition home protection party, has issued from Chicago "The Hand Book of Prohibition." It is a volume of 106 pages, sold in paper covers for twenty-five cents, and is a very timely book. No intelligent man can shut his eyes to the fact that an intense agitation is in progress respecting alcoholic beverages. Whatever may be his opinions of this agitation, he will be glad to know that within the progress of a few pages he can get authentic definitions, statements of the facts which underlie the agitation, a history of the reform in this country, historically and chronologically arranged, full account of the political phases of the agitation, and in short, an answer to about all the questions likely to be asked during this campaign year. Besides sketches of their lives, it contains excellent likenesses of John B. Gough, Neal Dow, Sam D. Hastings, Miss Francis E. Willard, Helen T. Stewart and R. W. Nelson.

The new volume by W. H. Mallock, entitled "Property and Progress," which will be published in a few days by G. P. Putnam's Sons, makes a full discussion of the theories and suggestions in George's "Progress and Poverty," a volume which the writer considers from its ability entitled to respectful consideration, and at the same time to be calculated to very materially mislead students and voters. Some further subjects discussed by Mr. Mallock are: The social problem of persistent poverty; the theory of wages; the question of the pressure upon subsistence on the part of the increased population; rent as a cause of poverty; socialism in England; the real causes of wealth; the statistics of agitation; the growth of wealth since 1840; the increased proportion of this wealth which has been devoted to the poor; the growth of classes with moderate means; the diminution in the individual income of the rich; the relation between economic theories and revolutions; the condition of the English peasantry; the state of pauperism in England; the relation of the rural to the urban population; the present duty of philanthropists in regard to social problems.

"Fifth Avenue to Alaska" (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a diary kept by Edward Pierrepont, an English traveler, during a tour in the summer of 1883 from New York to Alaska and back again. The book is light and easy reading, being mainly a record of personal incidents. The writer says this of Portland: "It is a very prosperous city of about forty thousand inhabitants and increases rapidly. The stores and business houses are large and well built, and many of the private residences are very fine. It is believed that there are more rich men in Portland, for its size, than any other city in America; but there is not a healthy or comfortable hotel in the place. The great Northern Pacific road will surely make Portland quite the largest city in the northern Pacific. Large ships lie at the docks. It is useless to argue that Astoria, Seattle or some other place will be its future rival: it is too late for that; too much capital and enterprise are there concentrated to be diverted; and besides, considering all things, there is no more natural place for a great city anywhere in that region."

### MEETING NOTICE.

Sumner Post No. 12, G. A. R.—Comrades are respectfully requested to assemble at Ross' hall on Sunday, May 25, 1884, at 7 P. M. sharp, to attend memorial services. All honorably discharged soldiers, sailors and marines who served in the late war are cordially invited to participate. Per order

E. MARTIN, Commander.

J. E. MAYO, Adjutant.
Portland, May 2 , 1884.

S. Maynard Lodge, No. 122, B. of L. F.—Meets at 2 o'clock P. M. every second and fourth Sunday, in Odd Fellows hall, East Portland. Officers: [illegible] H. Remington, Master; H. W. Hall, Secretary; C. H. Barnell, Financier; C. H. Remington, Magazine Agent.

### MARRIED.

In this city, May 20, Willie A. Distin of Massachusetts and Kittie E. Murray of Minnesota.

### DIED.

In this city, May 24, of typhoid malaria, Matilda, wife of L. Halbock, aged 23. Funeral will leave residence, on the macadam road, from St. Lawrence church at 12 o'clock to-day, and from there go to the Catholic cemetery in East Portland. All friends are invited.

## NEW TO-DAY.

WANTED—A NURSE GIRL. APPLY AT 201 G street. 25m2

WANTED—TO BORROW $110; WILL GIVE 20 per cent. interest. Address P. O. box 254. 25m2

BE ON THE WATCH FOR A FRAUD TRYING to imitate The Albo Lamp. 17m1

DRINK PFUNDER'S GRATEFUL Vichy and fruit soda water. 18mt

EAGLE SEWING MACHINES.—BUY ONE from LOVERIDGE, agent, No. 9 N. Second st.

WANTED—SITUATION TO DO UPSTAIRS OR general housework. Apply for Swedish girl, 271 Front street. 24m2

HOUSE FOR RENT—ALL OR PART OF FURniture for sale; 8 rooms; all modern conveniences. 270 Stark street. 24m3

MUST BE SOLD THIS WEEK—A NICE CORNER lot in Tacoma; price [illegible]; by J. W. MARSHALL, First and A streets. 21m6*

ROOMS TO LET; WITH OR WITHOUT BOARD; terms reasonable. MRS. E. VAN BORSTEL, 87½ Washington street. 21m6*

WANTED—SITUATION BY A FEMALE GERman as a cook in a hotel. Apply at 30 Madison, southeast corner of First. 25m3

TO RENT—COTTAGE NEAR P. O. AND FURNIture for sale, all new and of the best quality. FRAME & CO., 125 First street. 25m3

THE ENTIRE FURNITURE OF A HOUSE within three blocks of the postoffice, for sale. Address FURNITURE, box 462, city. 25m4

PARTNER WANTED—WITH SMALL CAPITAL and willing to work; business paying $250 per month. FRAME & CO., 125 First street. 25m3

LOST—A SILVER WALTHAM WATCH, AT THE postoffice or near about the Jefferson-street ferry. A reward of $2.50 will be paid for its return to this office.* 25m2

WANTED—YOUNG MAN TO ACT AS ESCORT for organ salesman; must be good organist and singer; liberal salary will be paid. Address P. O. box 74, Salem, Or. 25m6

A NICE LITTLE BUSINESS, PAYING GOOD wages, for sale at cost price; small capital required; owner leaving city. Apply at once to WINCHES & COMFORT.

NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS, ONE OR SUITE; private family, or would rent three bedrooms and large parlor, with use of kitchen, to a party without children. 33 Yamhill. 25m6

FOR SALE—AN ACTIVE AND GROWING IRON and hardware business, with a number of valuable agencies. One partner desires to retire from business and the other to reside in the east. For further particulars apply to WHITNEY & MARSHALL, 22 and 24 Fremont street, San Francisco. 25m10

ENGLISH WATCHMAKER—HARRY A. CARTWRIGHT, Yamhill and First. Watches that others have failed to make go correctly, a specialty.

TO THE LADIES OF PORTLAND—MRS. E. W. Eaton having opened dressmaking parlors, is now prepared to receive her former patrons, at 105½ Morrison street, opposite the postoffice. 4m4*

NOTICE—FRESH IMPORTED SWISS, CREAM, French and Limburger Cheese received by every steamer. German Pickles, Sauer Kraut and [illegible] Herrings; also choice groceries. No. 86 Morrison st., MRS. M. BAUM. sf10*

NOTICE—THE FIRM OF M. W. ISAACS & CO. is this day dissolved by mutual consent, and the business will be hereafter conducted under the name and style of "The Portland News Co.," who is alone authorized to collect all bills due the old firm, and which assumes the indebtedness of the late firm of M. W. Isaacs & Co. Portland, May 23, 1884. 24m

NOTICE OF ANNUAL STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Oregon Southern Improvement Company will be held at the office of [illegible], in the city of Portland, in the county of Multnomah, in the state of Oregon, on [illegible], the 24th day of June, 1884, at 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, for the purpose of electing directors of said company, to serve for the ensuing year, and transact such other business as may come before the meeting.
CECIL H. HOLCOMB, Secretary.
Portland, Or., May 24, 1884. 25m5

SOUTH PORTLAND PRECINCT.
FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
S. S. WHITE.

WILL SELL
SOME OF THE HANDSOMEST PROPERTY IN Forest Grove, in lots varying in size from 25x50 feet to 5 acres, and on terms to suit purchasers. For particulars inquire of O. C. RIDER, at the St. Charles Hotel.

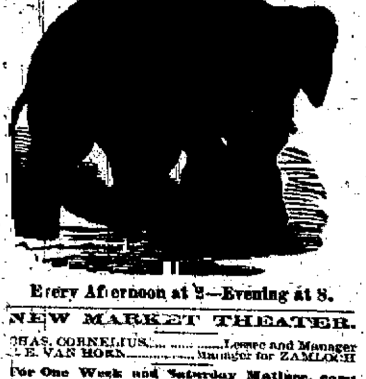
PICNIC, GAMBRINUS GARDENS
A Grand Picnic will be given by the New Northwest Association, at Gambrinus Gardens,
THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1884.
The committee will spare no pains to make it pleasant to all who attend. GOOD MUSIC.
Admission 50c. 23m11

FOR GRAY'S HARBOR!
Via Centralia, N. P. R. R., to Montesano.
DISTANCE 50 MILES—EASY TRAVEL.
Time and money saved by taking this route. Close connections each way. For particulars address
F. MONTGOMERY, Centralia, N. P. R. R.
25mlm

PORTLAND SODA WORKS.
SODA WATER
146 FRONT STREET.
Established 1863. Capacity 1500 dozen per day.

### AMUSEMENTS.

THE
W. P. HARRIS
New, absolutely world-famous
[illegible]



Every Afternoon at 2—Evening at 8.

NEW MARKET THEATER.
CHAS. CORNELIUS ........ Lessee and Manager
E. VAN HORN ........ Manager for ZAMLOCH
For One Week and Saturday Matinee, commencing Monday, May 26,
ANTON ZAMLOCH,
Austria's Premier Delineator of the Black Art, Prestidigitateur and Author of Refined Illusions!
THE GREAT GIFT AUTOCRAT OF THE WORLD!
Giving away more and better presents than any show traveling. Presents can be seen on exhibition in the window of Cornelius' drug store Thursday, May 22d, and during the rest of the week. Don't fail to see them.
POPULAR PRICES.
Dress Circle and Orchestra (including 4 envelopes)...75c
Gallery (including 3 envelopes)...50c
Reserved seats for sale at Cornelius' drug store.
Entire Change of Programme Nightly.

TIVOLI THEATER.
Cor. Madison and First sts.
WALTER KEYES ........ Proprietor
First Night! First Night!
PINAFORE!
Matinee Saturday, May 31—2 P. M.
ADMISSION 25c. Reserved Seats 50c.

Sick headache, habitual costiveness, pains in back and limbs, loss of appetite, bad breath and taste in the mouth, &c., entirely cured by the use of
OREGON [illegible] PURIFIER
KIDNEY [illegible] REGULATOR

SM
E. H. GA
ESTRE
Key W
CIGA
NONE BETTE
BEWARE OF IMITA

Sav[illegible]
BY BUYING
PEORIA (Ill.) STONEWARE
TO PACK IT IN.
This is an entirely different article from the ordinary Stoneware of commerce, and is only made by one Pottery in the United States.
It is Double-Glazed, of perfect shapes, and neither salt brine nor acids will go through it.
The assortment comprises—
BUTTER POTS,
CHURNS,
MILK PANS,
BOSTON BEAN POTS,
PRESERVE JARS,
JUGS, ETC.
Ask your retail dealer or groceryman for it, and he will not furnish it, come to us.
Every piece stamped "PEORIA POTTERY."
TAKE NO OTHER.

HEGELE, CROWEL & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
Crockery, Glassware, Chandeliers, Lamps, etc.,
52 and 54 Front st., corner Pine, Portland, Or.

KELLY, DUNNE & CO.,
—DEALERS IN—
[illegible]
42 FRONT STREET,
Send for our new Price List.
15mTuSh9u

SOL'S
RESTAURANT,
Holton House,
ALDER ST., BET. THIRD & FOURTH.

S. & G. GUMP, San Francisco. | R. COWAN, Manager, Portland.
S. & G. GUMP,
63-69 Third st., P. O. box 517.
Importers, Manufacturers & Jobbers
—of—
Mouldings, Mirrors and Picture
FRAMES.
MIRROR PLATES, ENGRAVINGS, CHROMOS, BRACKETS, CORNICES, ETC.
Bar-Room Mirrors a Specialty.

[illegible]
THE ONLY PRACTICABLE ROUTE AND grade from Thompson Falls (on N. P. R. R.), on old Hudson Bay, Indian Mission and mail trail, 1150 feet lower than any pass in the range), to Eagle City, 33 miles passing through all mining camps, up Prospect creek, N. E. side summit, and down Pritchard creek S. W. side, and positively the only horse trail through, is now open to the public.
The largest outfitting establishments on the N. P. R. R. are at Thompson Falls, from which pack and saddle trains leave daily; Stage Line commenced May 20.
The "Dream" mine is cleaning up $165 each man per day; the "Widow," "Mountain Boy," "Iron," "Flynn," "Richards," "Prospect" and others $40 to $70 per man. The "Mother," "Gold Back," "Paymaster," "New Comstock," and other quartz mines, are yielding ore assaying from $60 to $3,500 per ton. Prospect Creek, on which is located about 100 claims, empties into Clark fork of the Columbia river at Thompson Falls, the most picturesque and beautiful town on the N. P. R. R., two months old, 1000 population—an attractive objective point for tourists, speculators and real estate dealers. Rich discoveries are made in this vicinity daily, as snow disappears.

OREGON
ELECTRICAL WORKS.
Julius Dig, on the first of May, took the entire charge of the Oregon Electrical Works at No. 166 Fourth street, between Morrison and Yamhill. Mr. Dig has had experience of years in this line of business, and is the city electrician.
Spectacles, Eye Glasses, and optical goods of every description.
Patent models and experimental machinery a specialty.

—GO TO—
F. RICHET & BROS.,
Corner Third and Washington,
For FRESH COFFEE, SPICES AND TEAS.
We keep only pure goods. Vegetables fresh every steamer. Country orders promptly filled.

REMOVAL NOTICE.
On and after the 17th of May the [illegible] BAKERY will occupy new quarters, No. [illegible] FIRST ST., near Mill.
J. TANNER, Prop'r.

NEW YORK STOCK QUOTATIONS.
New York, May 24.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| N. P. common | 23¾ | Western Union | [illegible] |
| N. P. Preferred | 47¼ | Pacific Mail | [illegible] |
| Or. & Trans. | 14 | Northwestern | [illegible] |
| Or. Imp. Stock | 19 | Lake Shore | [illegible] |
| Or. Imp. Bonds | 61 | New York Central | 108½ |
| O. R. & N. stock | 73½ | Erie | [illegible] |

[illegible] QUOTATIONS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Western Union | [illegible] | Transcontinental | [illegible] |
| O. R. & N. stock | 73½ | | |

MONARCH SHIRTS
SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS

MANHOOD RESTORED.
A victim of early imprudence, causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., New York.

ZAN BROTHERS,
Manufacturers of
BROOMS AND WOODEN WARE, AND IMPORTERS OF WILLOW WARE.
Nos. 19 and [illegible] North Front St.

Will be sent by mail on receipt of price in stamps.
HORLICK'S FOOD CO., Racine, Wis.
Use Horlick's Dry Extract of Malt.

If allowed to continue very serious results may follow. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT is a pleasant, sure cure. Also for Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Barber's Itch, Blotches, all scaly, crusty Skin Diseases. Sent by mail for 50 cents; 3 boxes $1.25 (in stamps). Address DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists.

## IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND

The State of California arrived here at 4:30 yesterday afternoon.

J. C. Olds, of Olds & Summers, won the Seattle lot, raffled for on Friday night for the benefit of the Widow Day. His number was 201.

Yesterday, the Snake at Riparia and the Columbia at Umatilla was at a stand. At Bonneville the Columbia rose three inches and the Willamette here rose one inch.

Henry Myers, a saloon keeper, was tried in Justice Greene's court yesterday for assaulting James Madden with a deadly weapon. The case was taken under advisement until Monday.

An alarm was sounded from Box 5 last night, occasioned by a slight fire in a grocery store belonging to Patrick McLeer, on Montgomery street, between Ninth and Tenth; damage about $35.

Prof. Sedlak left on Tuesday's steamer to visit his old home in Bohemia after an absence of 34 years. His eldest daughter accompanies him and will remain there to finish her musical education.

The dinner served to the British Benevolent Society last evening was in Eppinger's best style. Much credit for the tasteful arrangement of decorations and the handsome spreading of tables is due to the energetic steward, Thomas Wynn.

### OVERLAND PASSENGERS.

Passed Heron yesterday, to arrive in Portland this afternoon: F. Henkleman and wife, G. A. Bay and wife, A. Booth, J. B. Baldwin and wife, J. A. McQuimbie, V. Beatty, J. Broderick, J. H. Francis, J. D. Flanagan, J. H. Wood, Miss E. A. Hall, Mrs. Rae, D. N. Goldberg, U. S. Grant.

### SHIPPING NOTES.

The steamer Oregon sailed at 3:10 A. M. yesterday.

The Alaska steamer Idaho reached Astoria at 8 P. M. Friday.

The steamer Gypsy arrived last evening from Gray's Harbor.

The Astoria wire was down yesterday.

### NEW FIRE ALARM BOXES.

The four new alarm boxes are now in position and ready for service. They are situated as follows:

No. 17—Fifth and D streets.
No. 26—Fifteenth and S.
No. 27—Fifteenth and B.
No. 34—Seventh and Jackson.

### LIVERY STABLES TRANSFERRED.

Friday evening Acker & Leiby's livery stable was sold to Van B. DeLashmutt, and yesterday DeLashmutt took charge, with B. B. Acker as manager. This transfer includes only the livery and boarding stable, not the United Carriage Company. The Grand stable was transferred yesterday by V. B. DeLashmutt to James Steel.

### AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

To-morrow evening Zamloch, the Austrian conjuror, opens for a week at the New Market with his wonderful sleight-of-hand entertainment. Since his appearance here several years ago, Zamloch has made a tour of the world, adding largely to his stock of illusions.

At the Tivoli, "Olivette" will be given for the last time to-night. On Monday evening, "Pinafore."

Last performances of Harris' circus to-morrow afternoon and evening.

### DESERTER ARRESTED.

Yesterday morning, as one William Norley completed his five days' work under the supervision of Policeman Ewanger, he was arrested by the United States marshal on the charge of desertion from a vessel on whose articles he had placed his name. After hearing what he had to say, he was committed. The day of trial was not fixed. There are altogether too many cases of desertion in this port, causing vexatious delay to vessels depending upon such persons, and it would not be out of place to teach them a lesson on the value of contracts.

### LEG CRUSHED.

Yesterday morning C. H. Tarbox, foreman of the Portland Gas Company's coal yard, on First street near F, met with a serious accident. A wagon load of heavy lumber was being thrown off in the yard. This struck another pile of lumber, which fell upon the right leg of Mr. Tarbox, who happened to be passing at the time. The large bone just above the ankle was fractured and the small bone splintered. He was conveyed to his home in East Portland, where the fractures were reduced. His physician has strong hope of saving the limb.

### ATHLETIC EXHIBITION.

The Olympic and Athletic clubs are making extensive preparations for their coming exhibition and social at Mechanics' pavilion on the evening of Thursday, 29th inst. Some of their members have beaten the best records at the various games throughout the states and Canada, and all are in good trim for the coming event and practising daily. The boys have the reputation of giving the best amateur entertainments on the coast, and the coming exhibition bids fair to excel all previous ones. Tickets are for sale by members only.

### ARRESTED FOR ARSON.

Yesterday, Phil Sheridan, formerly a porter at the Clarendon hotel, was arrested by Policemen Belcher and Collins, charged with having set fire to the hotel last Thursday evening. There were several circumstances which seemed to fix guilt upon him, and the case was quietly worked up by detectives until sufficient evidence was obtained to make conviction reasonably certain. Then the arrest was made. He was arraigned in the police court yesterday, and the preliminary examination was continued until to-morrow. The police authorities have deemed it wise to withhold from reporters and the public the nature of evidence obtained until the time of preliminary trial.

### HORN SILVER.

E. S. Smith, Jr., formerly of New Tacoma, showed us yesterday some specimens of chloride silver taken from a ledge in the Cœur d'Alene range of mountains, about forty miles from Fort Colville. The other owners of the ledge reside in this city and are negotiating for mills and hoisting works to develop the ledges. The rock shows a slight trace of copper, but none of iron or arsenic hence it will be cheap milling rock. The fire-assay shows $651 to the ton, and if it will average one-tenth of that rate by milling process its owners have got a veritable bonanza, as they claim to have 2000 tons of rock already quarried and ten times that much in sight. The richness of the Cœur d'Alene range of mountains will attract an army of prospectors for the next five years.

### SAILOR'S MONUMENT.

When Francis Gordon, of the ship Eskdale, now lying at Mersey dock, was drowned, he was held in such high esteem by all the officers and crew of that vessel that the master of the vessel, Captain S. Murdock, gave his name and subscription for $5 to Chaplain Stubbs to procure a suitable monument to be placed over the young man's grave. He also mustered his entire crew and gave them an opportunity to do something toward the same object. They answered generously and together gave $50. The Aberystwith Castle, Captain B. Harris, who has made numerous voyages to this port and who so nobly received the crew of the fine American ship Leading Wind when she foundered off the Columbia river bar about six years since, donated $18; the Tithonus, Captain W. G. Newson, contributed $14 50; the Norseman, Captain I. Kitchen, gave $14 25; the Itata, Captain T. Gordon, subscribed $6 50; Captain Browse, of the Charles Cotesworth, gave personally $3 and Captain G. H. Flanders contributed $2 50, making a total of $119 75. With this money a fine Italian marble monument, standing six feet high, was furnished by William Young, of this city, for $100, he himself donating $5, and it was set up yesterday over the grave in Lone Fir cemetery, and in the afternoon a photograph of the monument and surroundings was taken by Mr. Davidson, to be sent to the sorrowing parents in his far off desolated home, on the Isle of Bressa, one of the Shetland islands. Surely "the memory of the just is blessed."

### THAT SOUTH PORTLAND SENSATION.

Several days ago, THE OREGONIAN made mention of ill-timed officiousness on the part of some women in South Portland, whose consciences would not permit them to allow a man to care for a sick daughter, and they demanded police investigation. Still they are not satisfied, and keep pestering police headquarters with requests that something be done. The proper thing would be to station a policeman at the gate and arrest one or two of these busy-bodies for disturbing the peace, whenever they put in an appearance. A citizen of that locality publishes a card in the Standard of yesterday, asking the paper to give the other side of the story and demanding for her police investigation. To learn the real facts, an OREGONIAN reporter yesterday visited the house, corner of Third and Meade streets, and was received by the father. His name is Harrison Bibber, and he came recently from Franklin county, Kentucky, to seek out a new home, bringing with him his daughter. His wife and other children are still in Kentucky, waiting to come out whenever he shall have selected a farm. They went to the Sound and finding no locality to suit them started back to the Willamette valley. The daughter was taken sick here and would not go to a hospital. He thought, therefore, that it would be best to rent a cheap house (his funds having run low), and take care of her himself. This is his story. He is about 60 years old, gray haired and, unless every look and action belies him, he is an honest, kind, loving father, though perhaps not so good or experienced a nurse as the noble sisters of St. Vincent. Neither has he in the humble cabin the soft, cheerful surroundings that the sisters furnish to those in their charge.

"I am very sorry," he said to the reporter, "that I have offended these people. It was very kind of them to offer assistance and I appreciate it; but it makes my daughter extremely nervous to have strangers near her, and only aggravates her fever. So I have to take care of her myself. I follow the doctor's directions, and he says I do all there can be done for her. She hears me talking to you now, and when you go away she will ask a thousand questions about it."

"Would it not be well to remove your daughter to a hospital, take a private room and make her believe it is a hotel?" suggested the reporter.

"That is just what I intend to do, just as soon as she is able to be moved," answered Mr. Bibber. "The doctor has advised this, and as soon as he thinks it safe, it shall be done. Perhaps you would care to see her?" and he opened the door of the sick room softly.

The room was very poorly furnished and the floor was bare. The girl is about 18 years old, pretty, and her flushed cheeks indicated fever. She had been very quiet since noon, the father said, and her condition was improving.

There is no question but that the girl would be better off if some woman near and dear to her were at hand to smoothe her pillows, bathe her brow, prepare delicacies and bring flowers and sympathy to her bedside. In her present weak and fevered condition such services from strangers would not have a good effect, and the physician has so recommended. With this statement let the neighbors refrain from further attentions, which however well meant, are not at this time welcome, and for the sake of charity let them cease annoying this old man and his daughter with police investigations. And if death should come, in the name of decency, let them not add to a father's grief with advice as to what he should have done.

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## THE AMUSEMENT WORLD.

The principal attraction during the past week has been Harris' Nickel Plated Circus, which wintered at Roseburg and is now on the road, eastward bound. It has given six performances to jammed houses, notwithstanding the present cry of "hard times in Oregon;" and Mr. Harris may congratulate himself on a good send-off, as far as he has gone. To-morrow night will be the closing performance, and Wednesday and Thursday nights they play in Astoria, thence to The Dalles, Walla Walla and the inland empire towns. The performances have been generally good, or the company would not have drawn such houses as they have done. The advance agent has gone ahead and will bill Duluth for the Fourth of July.

Haverly's Strategists returned from the tight little island of Vancouver and the said country on Wednesday, and have given three performances to fair business when we consider the great attraction elsewhere. Bray's song of "Papa's Baby Boy" has taken the town by storm, and we are informed that the editions sent to our principal music stores have become entirely exhausted.

The fire on Tuesday morning greatly damaged the stage and scenery of the Elite theatre, but Manager Clinton was indomitable and refused to give up the ship. The wreck was cleared away and on Wednesday night the house was again thrown open to the play-going public.

The Tivoli is the only house that advertises itself by being obliged to turn away people nightly for want of seats. The popular opera of "Olivette," having run two weeks, is to be withdrawn after to-night to make room for "Pinafore." Mr. Keyes has had carpenters at work all the week, adding to the ventilation and other conveniences of the house.

Rice's Surprise Party will appear here on the 2nd of June in "Pop," with the veritable Miss Kate Castleton as Sophie Bellasys. She will be remembered as the young lady who played Sally O'Brien in "Fun on the Bristol" here three years ago.

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### THE UNSALARIED OFFICES.

To the Editor of the Oregonian:

SAN FRANCISCO, May 21.

Your able article entitled "Justices of the Peace," published in your issue of the 12th inst., is worthy the careful consideration of all electors. As now operated the justices courts of Portland are the most prolific of all sources of expense to the county. Presumably the justices are not so much to blame as the system which places them in positions in which fees are their only reward. After election they must make fees or they have no income. To make fees they must have cases brought before them. They are placed in competition with each other. Each and all bid for business, and through their respective constables hunt for cases, and who can blame them for so doing, even though the decisions rendered by them and subsequently appealed to the higher courts cost the state twice as much as would pay handsome salaries to double the present number of justices. The evil lies more in the system than in the men. The spoils of office is "the damning spot" of our political system.

This applies to the shrievalty and the county clerk's office as well as to the offices of the justices. The grasping desire for fees is the potent cause of untold corruptions and iniquities, and the most prolific factor of administrative expense existing in Oregon. Were all its public officers paid salaries—handsome salaries—commensurate to the talent employed, and all fees collected and returned to the public treasury, there would immediately be perceived a healthier tone of political morals and the state would realize a saving of at least one half of the expense at present incurred. The method of allowing public officers to collect and appropriate fees is an abomination. It is a standing menace to the properties, liberties and rights of every citizen, an incentive (if not a premium offer) to maladministration on the part of every office holder who derives his income from such source, and the means of at least doubling the cost of paid legal administration.

Oregon is rich enough to pay its employes for all services rendered. It should be wise enough to extinguish all fat offices. It should be generous enough to pay all public servants a full equivalent for services rendered. It should be economical enough to cause all fees collected to be paid into the public treasury. It should be sensible enough to know that the fee or "spoils system" is the most fruitful source of rottenness and corruption at all public elections. I recommend these crude thoughts to the notice of voters at the coming elections and to the representatives of the people who will form the next legislature.

J. FRED. CLARK.

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Mitchell & Dickinson's fine ice cream served with dinner to-day at the Central restaurant, Albina.

### G. A. R.

Rev. T. L. Eliot will deliver a memorial sermon in his (Unitarian) church, at the corner of Seventh and Yamhill streets, at 7:45 o'clock P. M. to-day. All honorably discharged soldiers, sailors and marines who served in the war for the suppression of the late rebellion, are cordially invited to attend said service; and for that purpose will please assemble at Grand Army hall, over Prentice's music store, at 6:30 P. M., sharp.

WM. J. SHIPLEY
Com. Com. of Arrangements.

**Try It.**

When at Sellwood eat lunch at Mrs. Randall's, near the plank road. Her restaurant is convenient to the landing, is clean, homelike, and cheaper than a lunch basket.

PATER FAMILIAS.

**Summer Styles.**

Mrs. Hanover, the popular milliner of 152 Third street, near Washington, has just received several cases of fine Manilla hats, summer styles. Also a full line of plumes, ostrich feathers, in all colors, and French pompons.

"The style in which it's done" is the secret of the success of the "Baldwin," 12 Alder. Attentive waiters, neat appointments, good cooking. The English muffins are excellent. With restaurants like this Portland's reputation will be retrieved.

One hundred copies of "Papa's Baby Boy" just received at Wiley B. Allen's music store, 152 Third street.

Drink Cream Fruit Soda and Grateful Vichy.
Pfunder, First and Ash, Theater block.

## BRITISH BANQUET.

### Commemoration of the Queen's Birthday By Englishmen in Portland.

### A FEAST OF REASON AND A FLOW OF WINE.

### Speeches Made in Response to After-Dinner Toasts by Members of the British Benevolent Society and their Invited Guests.

The banquet given at Eppinger's last evening, in honor of the birthday of Queen Victoria, by the Portland British Benevolent Society and attended by the members and many invited guests, was an unqualified success. The banqueting hall was profusely draped with British and American flags, hanging in folds upon the walls and mingling with twining ivy overhead. A brilliant light was thrown upon the festal board by means of two large electric lamps. Covers were laid for seventy-six persons, but owing to the unavoidable absence of several members and prominent persons, only about fifty sat down to the feast. Among those present were: Hon. Matthew P. Deady, General H. A. Morrow, Hon. Ben Stark, W. S. Sibson, Donald Macleay, Hugh Roger, C. H. Dodd, Rev. J. Rosenberg, George A. Chance, Paul Schulze, James Laidlaw, Matt Sibson, H. G. Macdonald, D. C. McKercher, Carl Spuhn, W. H. Kinross, C. P. Church, J. B. Fithian, A. B. Stanson, Jas. Gleason, Captains Brown and Goddard, of British ships now in port, Captain White and Messrs. McCrea, Percy, Macbeth, Wright, Dockrill, Wither, Kuhn, Steeves and McKenzie. Following was the

MENU.

SOUP.
Mock Turtle and Consome.

RELISHES.
Anchovy Salad, Olives, Beets, Radishes, Pickles.

FISH.
Boiled Salmon a la Hollandaise.
Potato Croquettes.

COLD MEATS.
Ham with Jelly. Chicken Salad. Roast Turkey a la Belvue.

ENTREES.
Spring Lamb with Green Peas. Stewed Oxtail a l'Espagnole. Loin of Veal a la Comte.
Romain Punch.

VEGETABLES.
Asparagus. Green Peas. Cauliflower. New Potatoes.

ROAST.
Ribs of Beef a l'Anglaise. Spring Chicken with Truffles.
Lettuce Salad.

DESSERT.
English Plum Pudding. Ice Cream. Assorted Cakes.
Rum and Madeira Jellies. Macaroon Monte.
Fruits of the season. Nuts and Raisins. Black Coffee.

WINES.
Delmonico Champagne. Claret. Haut Sauterne.

When ample justice had been done to several courses the president of the society and master of ceremonies, Mr. W. S. Sibson, proposed the health of

#### THE QUEEN.

In so doing, he spoke of her most gracious majesty's 65th birthday as one upon which all loyal Britons, in consideration of the recent bereavement of the royal family, would heartily mingle sympathy with patriotism. All then joined in singing "God Save the Queen," and the toast was drunk after three hearty cheers had been given.

#### THE PRESIDENT.

This toast was next proposed and without any further introduction the ringing words of "The Star Spangled Banner" burst in song from the throats alike of Americans and Englishmen. Again were three cheers given with a will as the sparkling wine once more went around.

#### THE PRINCE OF WALES.

"The Prince and Princess of Wales and the rest of the royal family," was the next toast proposed by the president. The song "Old England's Future King" was sung in response, and again the hearty cheers and flowing bumpers testified to the respect of loyal hearts.

#### THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Was proposed by Jas. Laidlaw, British vice consul, and responded to by Judge Deady.

Mr. Laidlaw said that in proposing the toast he was overwhelmed with the grandeur of the subject. It was useless to go back to the time when the United States became a separate nation from England. During the years of intercourse between mother and daughter since that time, each has learned to know the other's peculiarities. We that are Britons feel that the glories of the United States are reflected upon our country, and we trust and believe, that Americans feel the same. We join the country in which we live. It is the home for the oppressed of all nations, and in return only asks aid in the improvement and developing of her resources. Let us then fill our glasses and drink this toast with combined interest, friendship and kindred love.

In response Judge Deady arose to speak, and was received with long-continued applause. He said:

Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Society and Invited Guests:—My idea of responses is that they should be short. Brevity is always their best recommendation and I shall not detain you long. At the same time it occurs to me that I can say something upon this subject. Go back with me if you will to the period between the 16th and 17th centuries, the most fruitful period in the world's history. Europe had just awakened from the deep sleep or rather the incubation of the middle ages. The first important event was the invention of gunpowder. It changed the weapon of battle from the sword of the mailed knight to the cartridge of the common soldier. Then came the discovery of the art of printing, by which the thought of the few was diffused throughout the world and made the property of the many. This was followed by a revival of learning; and then came the crown of all—the reformation. Thought was made free and man was taught to think for himself. Society was stirred to its utmost depths. Old customs were overthrown and old ways and old fashions were constantly assailed by the new.

It seems somewhat singular that just at this time a new world should have been discovered, which afforded a refuge for all the new thoughts and eccentricities of the old world. At the very moment of the seething turmoil in Europe which poets and painters are pleased to term the renaissance period, the new world was prepared for the overflow that was sure to come. In this way the United States came about.

The judge closed his interesting speech with a description of the various people who combined to settle this country, and how they wandered across the continent into Oregon and California.

#### THE ARMIES AND NAVIES.

In response to the toast "The armies and navies of Great Britain and the United States," General Henry A. Morrow made a short speech replete with wit and eloquence, paying a glowing tribute to the power of England's stoutest bulwark her navy. In conclusion he gave a short history of the establishment of the English army. Loud applause and hearty laughter paid tribute to the general's talents as an after dinner speaker.

#### THE STATE OF OREGON

Was proposed by George H. Chance, and was responded to by Paul Schulze. The former believed Oregon, where he was born, to be a great and good country, fitted for all. In southern Oregon was the place for Frenchmen, for there they raised grapes; eastern Oregon for Jersey Dutchmen, for there there was plenty of sand, and the Willamette valley for the Englishmen, on account of the heavy, wet weather.

Mr. Schulze's remarks in response were very forcible, and the picture he drew of Oregon in the future was extremely bright.

Judge Deady here proposed the "Early history of Portland," and called upon Hon. Ben. Stark for a response. The latter gave a brief history of early times, telling how he landed on the bank of the Willamette at the place now the foot of Stark street, when there was not a sign of a settlement in this vicinity.

#### THE COMMERCIAL INTERESTS OF OREGON

Was proposed by Captain White in a few words and responded to at some length by C. H. Dodd, who said:

Mr. President and gentlemen of the society: In replying to this toast, gentlemen, it would seem the least difficult of all those to whom so many gracious replies have been made this evening. The commercial interests of Oregon are to me like the sun—their presence are so self-evident and their influence so genial that all who are brought in contact are enriched and benefited by them. Of all the diversified interests of a state, there is no interest to my mind so important as the commercial interest. The widening and deepening of this interest is the speaking power that addresses itself to the world outside and tells of the ability, the skill and energy of the citizen of the state and the power he would represent. Our farmer friend may talk of agriculture and horticulture and the wonderful products of the plow yet if here his triumph ended, the trophy would be poor, indeed. But commerce comes to his aid with her white wings and the ships leave the waves and bring the minted tokens of success in exchange for his golden grain.

Agriculture and commerce are twin brothers, and it is impossible to think of them as separated from each other, but they grow on and on from strength to strength in the development of the resources, one of the other and together develop the resources of our state and make her what she is. The intelligence and thrift of the gentlemen around me speak plainly of the ability of those to whom the commercial interests of Oregon are entrusted. Oregon with its mighty river, the lordly Columbia, and its Willamette sweeping majestically to the sea, bearing on its broad bosom the ships of the world, occupies a commercial position far in advance of many of her elder sister states, and it is with a feeling of honest pride and self-reliance when we so view it. The quarrels or misfortunes of transportation companies, the crashes of Wall street stock-built castles, have but little meaning to us here. Our river and our harbor are free, and if we but maintain them as nature gave them to us, and if we improve them as art can improve them, we can dictate what we will pay and what we can afford to pay to fetch and carry our wares and products to the ports of the civilized world.

The cities of the Mississippi basin may cavil at what they call discrimination in favor of Portland; the cry falls unheeded as we echo back, we are on the banks of the grandest stream of North America, placed by bountiful nature to command the situation, therefore we will be strong and quit ourselves like men, and success shall be our watchword.

Commerce is universal. All men unite in its labors; all speak its praise. St. Paul, in commending the virtues, praised charity, commending it as the highest of all the virtues. Commerce, then, is charity for a consideration, and in this same we should contribute to its development with a strength and steadfastness of purpose that will not stop short, but go on and on until we have brought it up to the highest state that energy, honor and integrity can bring it. To this end as a people we should address our first care. The removal of all obstructions from the path that leads to commercial supremacy, this we have within our power, by cleansing away the sand bars of the Columbia, by deepening and shaping its channel, and thus give a clear way, easy of access, open to every stranger who may see fit to visit our port.

How shall we do this? By depending as far as possible on our own efforts, never forgetting that God helps those who help themselves; then by demonstrating what we can do by our own labor we can convince the national councils that we have something to develop that not only promises well but performs all the development makes possible.

Our pilotage system now is on a fairer, better basis than ever before. There are no complaints as to the service or the price demanded for them. If Portland merchants can secure this, which they certainly have done, they can by united effort build a permanent work at the mouth of the Columbia river that would insure the reasonable ingress and egress of all classes of vessels at all times, summer or winter, day or night; they can remove the deposits of silt between our city and the sea; they can and will maintain the rightful position of Portland as the metropolis of the Pacific northwest.

#### THE BENCH AND BAR

was proposed by C. P. Church as follows:

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the British Benevolent Society:

I bought the privilege early in the day from the eminent judge who is down on the programme to address this learned body on the subject of the bench and bar, but I had so much difficulty in getting the purchase ratified by the committee who supervise the speeches that I was not certain that I would be permitted to orate until 2 o'clock to-day. I hope, therefore, that no one will discover that what I say is in manuscript; but that you will admit that our fervid words on this subject—which is so near my heart—are inspired by the occasion.

The bench was about the first invention for man to sit on—other than the natural provisions of nature—from the beginning of time. Why should it not be hallowed, then; if for no other reason wear and tear? Were it not for the bench man's assiduity in labor would not be alleviated unless he took a seat on the bar, which many are inclined to do. The first bench we read about in American history came over in the Mayflower and is now silvered over by age in the Massachusetts Historical Society rooms in Boston from which that city derives its name of the "seat of culture." But gentlemen, you will pardon my reference if I say that I am closer attached to the bar than I am to the bench. While all my earlier recollections inscribed in basswood relief in school-room torture is of the bench, still in my later years I have imbibed a liking for the bar, which far transcends any other pleasure; the bottled decorations behind its portals seem like a fringe of glory around its sacred precincts, and like many of my companions here to-night, the associations there are more homelike than elsewhere. I feel that you, like me, have a kindlier interest in the bar. The immortal Gray has asked, "Can storied urn or animated bust?" The disposition shown here to go on a bust is complete answer; and while this is so, how opposite is the toast, "the bar and then the bench," a sort of "a posteriori," to use a Latin phrase, denoting from cause to effect—the bench a safe haven for the posterior—after the bar.

Old Joe Meek used to say in his homely backwoods vernacular, "Whenever you see 'bar' it is your duty to 'tree-it,'" and just whether he meant a brew or a bruin I never exactly knew, so I do not know whether it is entirely to my text or not. But seriously speaking, gentlemen, you see before you what the law in all its majesty of bench and bar has been able to do for one of your number. I came to this country at an early day, and have been dispensing with justice ever since; that I have not progressed on the road further than to be just ce of the peace, is not my own fault; but I point with pride to a full jail and penitentiary and the bench and bar swooping down on about everybody that is not already in, and with every prospect of their immediate capture.

And so, gentlemen, I have the distinguished honor to propose "The Bench and Bar."

In response X. N. Steeves said:

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—To-night is not the first time I have enjoyed a season of pleasure at a banquet of the British Benevolent Society. Among a company of gentlemen who, like myself, have known and experienced what it is to live under and at ease in the protection of the Royal Ensign and Union Jack—to see the cross of St. George float over our heads, and assure us that the safety of our life, liberty and property is guaranteed by a nation of more than 90,000,000 of people. You, like me, have known what it was to feel a great pride of country—to feel that you are a part of a nation the great civilizer of the world.

We meet to-night many miles from our native soil. In Oregon a new state, lying on the Pacific slope, and yet in embryo—her commerce and lines of portage are but now developing, as it were, her arteries of life, to infuse into her a life blood. Doubtless we have all adopted this country as our own—have become a part and parcel of it, and at the same time of its constitution, its laws, and of its "bench and bar."

We meet to-night to celebrate the 65th birthday of Queen Victoria in the 47th of her reign. The birthday of one of the hereditary sovereigns of Britain. That her sovereigns should be hereditary, is the result of experience in her government. The sovereigns of Britain, long years ago, were chosen, and like our chief executive had no hereditary claims. Experience taught Britain the folly of such a course. The electing of ours is even yet almost an experiment. But let us hope it may continue as it is, and that we may at no future time be compelled in order to protect it to resort to greater force than to the bench and bar.

Every nation owes much to its bench and bar. They occupy the position of having others manufacture tools for them. The members of the bar are of course subject to many thrusts and volcanic eruptions of ill will, jealousy and strife for supremacy.

These elements serve to work a great good, and cause careful action and continued diligence in business on their part. This works for the good of the community. The citizen at large receives the benefit of these purifying elements.

It is often said by persons at random that lawyers are dishonest, and citizens declare they will never go to law. As to never going to law, I apprehend none of us can safely entertain such a pledge. The best citizen of our community is liable to some accident or oversight, in his conduct or business. Some other citizen is liable to commence an action or prosecution against him, and he is in law and must have a lawyer, willing or unwilling. Once having the lawyer it is meet that he have the implicit confidence of his client. And here begins the great power of the bench and the bar. The property and personal liberty of the citizen is thus made to become as absolutely at the mercy of the bench and bar as the life and health of the patient is in the hands of the physician. Is it not then absolutely necessary that we have and maintain the greatest integrity in our bench and bar. Is it not a sure true that the bench and bar forms an important part among our institutions of civilization? But this is not the growth of a day. It is fraught with the accumulated wisdom of ages.

It is marked by six distinct epochs in British history—the first reaching down to the Norman conquest, the second to the time of King Edward I, the third to the reformation, the fourth to the restoration of King Charles II, the fifth to the revolution of 1688, when King Charles' deluded brother attempted to enslave the nation and found it beyond his power; the people both could and did resist him, and in consequence of such resistance obliged him to quit his enterprise and his throne together. The sixth epoch reaches down to the present time.

To the bench and bar of Britain much of the liberty and protection of the citizen under our system of civilization—the best on earth—is due. It is to the bench and bar of Britain we trace the origin of the common law, from a system of common law. To it we owe the system of bankruptcy, alike a punishment for the fraudulent and a relief of the unfortunate trader. To protect and uphold our bench and bar is a duty we owe to ourselves who enjoy them, to our ancestors who transmitted them down, and to posterity who will claim them at our hands.

#### THE PRESS

was proposed by Mr. McKenzie, and responded to by Allan B. Slauson of THE OREGONIAN, and James Gleason.

Mr. Slauson said:

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Society: It is not befitting that one with so little experience in the field of journalism as myself should be called upon to respond to the toast which has just been proposed. In my narrow range of observation I have but seen what others have seen before me, and it is in their words that I can best speak. I remember best that apostrophe which Thackeray puts into the mouth of Warrington, as he and Arthur Pendennis are passing the office of one of the greatest of the London journals.

"There she is—the great engine—she never sleeps. She has her ambassadors in every quarter of the world—her couriers upon every road. Her officers march along with armies, and her envoys walk into statesmen's cabinets. They are ubiquitous. Yonder journal has an agent at this minute, giving bribes at Madrid; and another inspecting the price of potatoes in Covent Garden. Look! here comes the foreign express galloping in. They will be able to give news to Downing street to-morrow; funds will rise or fall, fortunes be made or lost." And what was true of that journal then is also true of all the great newspapers of the world to-day; and although the press of Oregon may not yet have attained such wide prominence, yet none can say that in her own field she is not all her readers can ask.

Mr. Gleason made the witty speech of the evening and fairly convulsed his hearers with laughter. It was a succession of brilliant sallies, anecdotes, etc., and the reporter pleads his aching sides as an excuse for his idle pencil while the speaker was talking.

The toast "Our Absent Friends" was drank in silence, and the banquet then broke up.

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### A Plantagenet Cobbler.

The Athenæum.

The rapidity with which royal blood may, under adverse circumstances, filter down to the lowest strata of society is strikingly exemplified by the following facts: The last male Plantagenet Edward, Earl of Warwick—nephew of Edward IV., and son of George, Duke of Clarence, who was popularly supposed to have been drowned in a butt of malmsey—was beheaded in 1499. In him and his sister, Margaret Pole—the Countess of Salisbury, who was beheaded in 1541—several royal descents converged. Margaret Pole left a daughter, Ursula, whose husband, Henry, Lord Stafford, could also boast of several royal descents through both his father and mother, being son and heir of Edward de Stafford, third duke of Buckingham, by Eleanor Percy, daughter of Henry, fourth earl of Northumberland. Richard, the third son of Henry, Lord Stafford, and Ursula Pole, had a son Rodger, and a daughter Jane. The latter married a joiner, and had a son who was a working cobbler at Newport, in Shropshire, in 1637, in which year her brother Rodger became entitled to succeed to the Stafford barony, though compelled by Charles I. to relinquish his claim to it on account of his poverty.

### Mozart and Sullivan.

The composer of "Pinafore" and "Patience," as well as the writer of the libretto of those charming works, have not only won golden opinions from their delighted countrymen but a golden harvest has rewarded their labors. In Mozart's time it was usual for the composer of an opera to receive 100 ducats, and the librettist was given fifty. The income of Mozart's household in 1788 was 800 florins. In 1833 Mendelssohn accepted the post of musical director at Dusseldorf at a yearly salary of 600 thalers (£90.) In our days a song that becomes really popular brings in large sums to its fortunate possessor. "Nancy Lee," for instance, brought over £4000. The demand for novels is so large that Messrs. Mudie issued in 1883 a new novel for each day in the year while rejecting many. The excess of letters that passed through the general post office last Christmas week approached 20,000,000 over previous years. Probably most of these letters contained a Christmas card. The sums spent in these pretty trifles are now considerable.

### The Indians Condone a Fault.

Correspondence Globe-Democrat.

An Otoe scandal of the first water has just occurred. A school girl was recently married to a man older than herself, much against her wishes. She soon after ran away with her former youthful lover. The deserted husband was irate and about to rush on the warpath. A council was called, and many of the friends of the runaway couple sat up with him all night attempting to allay his anger. One of them gave him his finest moccasins and leggins, another a brooch, and others still other presents, till he said "his heart felt better; his heart was not so bad as it had been," and he finally said his "heart was all right now," and they might come back. "She was dead." This Otoe custom might be a sensible one in some white communities.

**Eminent Medical Testimony.**

19 EAST 32D STREET,
NEW YORK, March 15th, 1883.

I have used ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS in my practice with remarkable success, and found them peculiarly efficacious, when applied to the back, for Weak Spine and Nervous Exhaustion. They afford almost instant relief in Coughs, Colds and Liver Complaint. I cordially recommend them as the best and safest Plaster ever made, and would caution the public against the numerous other so-called Porous Plasters that are sought to be palmed off on a credulous public; they are worthless and oftentimes dangerous.

ROBERT S. NEWTON, M. D., L. R. C. S.

Ladies would you retain or induce freshness of complexion, use Pozzoni's Powder.

**GRAND PICNIC, TROTTING RACES AND BASE BALL GAME!**

**CITY VIEW PARK, SUNDAY, MAY 25th.**

A FULL BRASS BAND will be in attendance, under the leadership of PROF. T. M.

RACE! ROCKAWAY.

TROTTING RACE. Best 3 in 5, mile heats, to harness, for a purse of $20. Entries—M. Butler names Johnny Bite; English Bill names Pedro.

MATCH TROTTING RACE—Best 2 in 3, mile heats, to harness, for $250 a side, between Joe Bechtel's mare Florence and Jim Mills's roan horse Kitty.

The first race will commence at 2 o'clock sharp, and will be succeeded by an exciting

**Base Ball Game between the Stars and the Portlands.**

Steamers will leave the foot of Taylor street every half hour after 10 o'clock A. M. for the Park. Returning, the last boat will leave the grounds at 8 P. M.

Round Trip 25c. Tickets good on either steamer. Admission to the Park—Gentlemen 50c; Ladies and Children free.

Pools will be sold Saturday night at the Cosmopolitan Saloon. CAPT. H. SCHNEIDER, Prop'r.

**DECORATION DAY EXCURSION**

—TO—

**VANCOUVER AND RETURN.**

The elegant steamer "LURLINE" will leave

ALDER STREET DOCK, PORTLAND,

At 9 A. M. Friday, May 30,

and arrive at Vancouver in time to witness the most imposing Memorial services ever held in the Northwest. Refreshments [illegible] will take the Lurline.

Only a limited number of tickets will be sold, at F. H. PAGE'S, corner Washington and Front streets, and on the dock.

**EXCURSION TO VANCOUVER ON DECORATION DAY.**

THE LADIES OF ST. DAVID'S GUILD, EAST Portland, have secured the steamer A. A. McCULLY, and Barge, which will leave Brazee wharf, J street, at 9 A. M. [illegible]. Returning, will leave Vancouver at 5 P. M.

Round Trip 50c; children under 12, 25c.

Lunch will be served on the boat.

**SOMETHING NEW.**

—AT—

**Lipman's**

**SAMPLE SALE**

—OF—

**Single Pairs**

—IN—

[illegible]

**Imported Goods.**

Our Mr. S. Lipman in New York purchased for us, from one of the largest importers, his entire line of foreign samples in Hosiery and Fabric Gloves, at a price enabling us to dispose of them at

**Ridiculous Low Figures.**

We will offer them for sale on Monday, May 26, and assure the public that the above invoice will be almost next to

**GIVEN AWAY!**

Being determined not to put any of these goods in our regular stock, and at the prices they will be sold at,

**NONE WILL BE EXCHANGED.**

S. Lipman & Co.

Full line of trimmed Hats, Bonnets, etc. Large assortment of trimmed Children's Hats, at

**25 C. 25 C. 25 C.**

All the latest novelties of the season. Also a complete and beautiful line of Eastern and French Flowers.

Large Cartwheel Hats, and other styles, in endless varieties.

Cor. First and Main streets, PORTLAND, OREGON.

**Suits, Cloaks, Dolmans, etc.**

**DRESSMAKING TO ORDER.**

A SPECIALTY.

Cutting, Fitting, [illegible]

**MME. M. STEPHAN, Manager.**

[illegible] First st., Portland, Or. [illegible]

Enclose 10 cents and the address of an acquaintance to this office for our [illegible] medium to circulate in this case.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Marechal Neil Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

Weak Back, Rheumatism and all Local Pains are relieved and cured by ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. One trial will convince you, but see that you get the genuine, as all other so-called Porous Plasters, with a single exception, are worthless imitations.

Brown's Bronchial Troches will relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases. They are used always with good success.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

### DOWN BROADWAY.

The shadows lay along Broadway,
'Twas near the twilight tide—
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she; but, viewlessly,
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And Honor charmed the air;
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair—
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true—
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo—
But honored well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair—
A slight girl, lily pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail—
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way!—
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
By man is cursed alway!

—*N. P. Willis.*

## A BAD BOY AND A TELEPHONE.

I was the happiest man in the city as I folded and laid away in my pocket book a letter from the dearest girl in the world and jumped on the horse car on route for my office.

Some months had passed since I saw my Agnes for the first time at a dinner at the Peytons. I had frequently met Miss Georgie Peyton in society, and had been several times invited to her receptions, so I was not surprised to receive one day an invitation to dine with her "informally," to meet a young lady from Aiken, South Carolina. Of course I presented myself at this informal dinner in full evening dress, where I met some other gentlemen in similar attire—Clarkson was one of them—and a few young ladies, and was introduced to my Agnes. If I could only make you see her as she appeared to me that night—so fresh and blooming; the blue of her clear, peaceful eyes; the delicious curve of the delicate lips! But enough that then and there I yielded, and became her ardent adorer.

From the first she distinguished me with her favor. I was allowed to claim the best dances; they were always my flowers that she carried, and finally for she returned to Aiken, I was her accepted lover.

The year had flown swiftly, and now a brilliant prospect seemed to open before me. My firm were about to establish a branch department in another part of the city, and proposed to make one of their clerks a junior partner and manager of the new concern. I had been the longest in their employ, and had reason to think I was regarded with favor by "Old Gruff"—as Mr. Gruffland, the senior partner, was called—and he would be the one to make the promotion and settle the question of salary.

Indeed, for some weeks I had seen that he was working the management into my hands, so I felt justified in writing to Agnes, urging our immediate union. The dear girl consented; and in the letter received that morning she told me she was coming again, to make a long visit at the Peytons, to "do some shopping." Entrancing words!

Well, she came. There was a demure but delightful meeting at the station, and an enchanting twenty minutes, until I delivered her to Miss Georgie's arms at the Peytons' door.

Then followed days of devotion to work, followed by evenings of unalloyed bliss. I say "unalloyed," but there was one drawback. The Peyton family were very considerate, Miss Georgie especially so, but my darling Agnes was haunted with the fear that they would think her visit to them was only to enjoy my society, and was constantly suggesting that we should "join the family in the sitting room." Old Mrs. Peyton was a bore, but a mild one—pater familias an unmitigated one; Miss Georgie was benignant, but slightly tiresome. There was only one other member of the family, a pretty little fellow named Ralph, but the girls had taken to calling him Raphael, from some fancied resemblance to one of the Sistine cherubs. He seemed a quiet little chap, with a sweet innocence of expression and demeanor who posed a good deal of the time with his cheek on his hand after the manner of the cherub aforesaid.

Agnes had been in the city a few weeks when one morning, the telephone bell in our office rang sharply. This was of frequent occurrence and Clarkson's desk was stationed near it to save time in answering the call. The rest of us scarcely looked up as the familiar "Hallo" was shouted, or the concluding "All right! I'll tell Mr. Gruffland. Good by!" But this morning Clarkson turned to me with: "This is for you Dixon!" Accordingly I shouted "Hallo!" and in return heard Miss Georgie's voice:

"Is that you, Mr. Dixon? Agnes is here and wants to try to speak to you."

Then I heard her giving directions. "Stand a little nearer; press this close to your ear—so."

"Good morning," I called.

In return I heard a giggle, and my Agnes' voice exclaiming: "Oh, oh! It tickles my ear!" Then more directions from Miss Peyton, and at last the sweetest voice in the world began in as nearly as might be a stentorian roar:

"Is that really you, Harry? Isn't this perfectly sweet? Are you sure they can't hear in the office, Georgie?"

"Well," from Georgie, "I should say they could, if you shout like that."

"Harry," in a half whisper, "if you are sure it's you, and that no one else can hear, I want to tell you something. Do you remember that dear Miss Blake in Aiken? Do you hear me, Harry?"

"Yes," I returned.

Then another little giggle. "Isn't it too funny? Do you know, Harry, now that I see how to use it, I'm going to talk to you over so often. Won't it be fun? But where was I? Dear me, how stupid! Oh, I know, Miss Blake. Well, she has just sent me the loveliest——"

Here Clarkson muttered, "Old Gruff's coming," and knowing he would ask an explanation of my receiving the telephone messages, I was obliged to abruptly interrupt: "I must go now"—I had almost said "my darling." "Tell me the rest this evening."

"But, Harry!" I heard in a grieved little voice; but Mr. Gruffland's footsteps were too near, and I hung up the receiver upside down and hurried back to my desk.

All day I worked in nervous desperation. Would she try to resume the conversation? Every time the bell rang I glanced at Clarkson. The thought that it might be her voice whispering in his great red ear, covered me with cold perspiration. The fear that in Mr. Gruffland's hearing I might be called upon to answer some of her chatter was still worse. I made up my mind that I must make Agnes understand that very night that she could not amuse herself in that way, and I did so gently, but resolutely. I described Clarkson's ear, and I took some liberties with it. It would be just like the wretch to receive all her little confidences and retail them for the amusement of the clerks.

Old Gruff was an ogre, capable of dismissing me without warning, if I did not attend every minute to my business. Our hopes of happiness depended upon his good pleasure. Miss Peyton was cool and dignified. I suppose she knew I was exaggerating. Agnes looked hurt. Her sweet lips trembled a little, and her eyes were suspiciously dim. I longed to have her alone for a little while to comfort her, as I knew I could; but there was no chance, for although Miss Georgie relented sufficiently to go up stairs to write an "important letter," Raphael was there, resting his elbow on the table and looking up at Agnes with an expression of deep pity in his beautiful but sleepy dark eyes.

And yet the next day the same thing occurred. Mr. Gruffland was there, and looked up from his papers with a glance of disapproval as I took Clarkson's place at the telephone. My "Hullo" was rather savage.

"Oh, Harry, do forgive me! Indeed, indeed I felt so sorry last night, and wanted to tell you so, but, you see, Ralph was there. I'm all alone now. Oh, Harry, won't you forgive me?"

"Of course," I returned, feeling Gruff's eyes burning unpleasantly on the nape of my neck.

"Oh, Harry, dear, don't talk like that to me. Do say you love me."

Was there ever such a child? I felt like a cold-blooded wretch as I hurriedly replied:

"All right. I'll come up as soon as I can. Very busy now. Good by."

I felt, rather than heard, a little sob at the other end of the wire. Gruff said nothing, but I was doomed to another miserable day. I managed to ask Clarkson, if I was called again to say I could not attend, and five times I heard him give this message, and each time he turned away with a mighty grin. What might Agnes have said to him?

Of course, I hurried to the Peytons, determined to see her alone. She came running into the hall to meet me, bright and loving, but the annoyances of the day had made me cross, and I said, curtly:

"Really, Agnes, it is very strange you don't understand that a man cannot take his business hours to talk with his friends. After all I said last night, I must say I was surprised to be called up again to-day."

Agnes stopped abruptly, and said, with dignity:

"I do not understand you!"

"Why, my dear little girl," I said, sobered by the change in her manner, "I do not mean to be cross, but how could I talk to you about my affection and forgiveness through the telephone, with all those fellows listening, to say nothing of old Gruff?"

"But I have not touched the telephone to-day, Harry!"

"What!" I exclaimed.

"Georgie!" called Agnes, stepping back to the sitting room, and I followed to tell the story.

"It is very strange," said Miss Peyton; "but of course it is some mistake. The lines are out of order or crossed in some way. But mamma and Agnes and I have been out shopping all day, and we lunched down town, so we can prove an alibi."

It certainly was very strange, but we all concluded that it might be as Miss Georgie suggested, and the pater at once began to spin long yarns about queer messages till at last I coaxed Agnes into the conservatory alone, and the close of the evening was all the brighter for the shadow with which it began. The dear girl sympathized with me and forgave my impatience, and was so sweet that before I knew, I found myself telling her the one event of my life I had determined to keep secret—the little entanglement I once had with Lucretia Chase. Of course she had been the most to blame, and Agnes thought her very horrid and forward, so I had to admit that Cretia had misunderstood some things I had said to her when a mere boy, and then Agnes asked me if I really, really loved her best. Ah me! what a happy evening it was!

Again the next day the telephone annoyances began, but I felt sure of my ground, and told Clarkson he could refuse to listen. Imagine my surprise when he turned to me with a clever imitation of Agnes' voice, saying:

"She is quite sure Harry will come when he knows she wants to talk to him about Cretia."

I was thunderstruck. Lucretia Chase lived in Vermont; I was morally sure no one in the city knew of her existence—no one but Agnes. I rushed to the instrument. It was the same girl's clear voice. How could any one have known that Cretia possessed some idiotic lines I had once written her—any one but Agnes? Yet now I heard them repeated:

Oh Cretia, fairest valentine!
Wilt thou accept this hand of mine?
A sum for gift my soul forbids;
But take the number of my kids!

I turned away in anger and surprise, only to meet old Gruff's grim glance.

"If this thing goes on, Mr. Dixon, it might be well for you and Mr. Clarkson to change desks."

I knew what that implied, and my heart sank to my boots.

"I do not understand it myself," I replied, "I assure you, sir, that I am exceedingly annoyed. I will not answer it again."

"I will, myself, sir," he growled, and I went back to my desk to upset my ink bottle, make mistakes in my accounts and torture myself with the conviction that since no one but Agnes could have sent this message, she was teasing me without realizing the fatal consequences to our happiness. And all day Mr. Gruffland would answer that confounded telephone. That some of the messages were meant for me I could tell, and that they must be utter nonsense I could conjecture from his occasional comments: "'By Jimminy Johnson'" is a remarkable expression for a young lady, Mr. Dixon."

It would be to long to tell the story of these days in detail. Sometimes there would be respite, and then the nonsense would begin again. It was larks for Clarkson and the rest, but to me it seemed as if the bell of the telephone was ringing the knell of all my bright hopes. Agnes assured me of her innocence and Miss Peyton was ready with explanations; they had been shopping, or calling, or practicing duets. But I could see that a coolness had come between Agnes and me. She feared that I doubted her, and I—what could I think? Again and again the messages referred to what I had said to her when quite alone. Could she have repeated my confidences?

At the office, preparations for the new business were being hurried on, and not one word had been said to me of promotion. To crown all, Agnes informed me one evening that she was going to shorten her visit; she had heard of friends going directly to Aiken, and thought it best to secure their escort. I passed a wretched evening, but left determined to make a desperate effort to clear the mystery. Agnes had told me that they were all to be out the next day, so I begged off at the office, reached the house at 10, and, persuading the servant that I wanted to rest, and would let myself out when I was ready, I managed to conceal myself in a closet in the hall, where I waited four mortal hours. At last I was rewarded. A light step came through the hall, a chair was drawn to the telephone, and a clear voice, wonderfully like Agnes' called: "Please connect with Gruffland & Co."

Waiting only long enough to let him actually begin conversation in his usual style, I rushed out, and, catching the culprit by the arms, bestowed a resounding box upon the ear of the astonished Mr. Raphael. The little imp! This was his revenge for his well deserved snubs. I have no doubt he had heard every word of my conversation with Agnes.

Of course the Peytons were distressed and apologetic, and Agnes was persuaded not to hurry away, and old Gruff relented and I got the promotion in due time but I never could endure the sight of that cherubic boy. I verily believe that the box I bestowed upon him was his only punishment, and I rejoice to think that it was such a stinger.

If this story has a moral it is a short one. The more innocent and guileless a boy looks, the less he is to be trusted.

### Mrs. Gen. Brewster.

New York Mail and Express.

The wife of Attorney General Brewster has experienced more ups and downs in the city of Washington than most people know anything about. She is extremely handsome—indeed, of the cabinet ladies she is the only one, except Mrs. Robert Lincoln, who is not ugly enough to stop a Chinese funeral—and is the daughter of Robert J. Walker, once secretary of the treasury. Her early days were all luxury. She married a young man from New Orleans, one Deslandes, the brother of General Beauregard's second wife. He turned out to be a regular hard case. He deserted her after much bad treatment, and she came to Washington, got a clerkship in the treasury and had to support herself and her two children on a clerk's salary—a very nice calculation. Then Brewster, the beruffled, who was an old friend of her father's, fell in love with her, got her a divorce from the worthless husband and married her the day after the decree was pronounced. He adopted her two Deslandes children and gave them his name. She now presides over a cabinet officer's house, and receives more attention than the wives of any other of the president's official family in the town where she once worked at a clerk's desk from 9 until 4. Brewster is in some respects quite an absurd old person. He likes foreigners and finds their society his solace when exiled from the sober festivities of Philadelphia. He manages to spend about half his time in Philadelphia, though.

### No Straws for the Drowning.

China Mail.

As an illustration of the regardlessness of the Chinese for their female offspring, a child of tender years was observed to fall from a sampan into the river near Foochow, recently, when no attempt whatever was made to effect its rescue. The infant, however, fortunately became entangled in the cordage of a broken spar, which, whilst drifting down the river, was picked up by the crew of another boat, and the child restored to its parents, who, as is customary, administered a sound thrashing to the semi-drowned infant. The theory held by the natives is that by preserving a fellow-creature from a watery grave, the rescuer is answerable in the next world for all the sins afterwards committed by the person rescued, which literally means that a dispensation of Providence has been frustrated.

Mr. Vanderbilt is still trying to break his neck on the road to and from the Fleetwood race track, New York. One who saw him during a race on Monday thus pictures him: "Vanderbilt was in dead earnest. He leaned over the dashboard, with a firm grip on the reins, a wild look in his eyes, which fairly projected from their sockets and his whiskers bristling over his shoulders. As he dashed by one of the roadside hotels in the lead a wild yell went up from the crowd of spectators gathered at that point."

A cruel paragrapher asserts that Governor Butler wants a bow-legged eye.

## SWEET VIOLET.

When the school trustees of the town of Cornalbin received from New York an application signed "Violet Mathisen," for the position of head teacher of the town school's intermediate department, which had been advertised as vacant, they formally replied by post that the applicant could appear before the board at a specified time, if she could do so at her own expense. But the trustees wrote, further, that it was only fair to Miss Mathisen to inform her that there were sixty applicants for the position, some of them being well and favorably known at Cornalbin, and that the advertisement had not been published because the board lacked material from which to select, but merely in accordance with one of the by-laws governing the board.

Yet Miss Violet Mathisen went from New York to Cornalbin; and within five minutes of her trembling entrance into the presence of the board her success was assured. As she had traveled two hundred miles to present herself for examination, each one of the five trustees thought it would be simply courteous to ask her a question or two by way of formality, particularly as she looked like a sweet, helpless little thing, and thus she was enabled to capture each member in turn. She picked apart Squire Bloker's test problem in the rule of three—and it was a very knotty one—so quickly that the squire forgot where he was, and admiringly murmured, "Well, I'll be darned!" She answered correctly a question or two in chemistry, put by Dr. Pestle, the village apothecary, who never forgot the shop on such occasions. She wound the editor of the *Sentinel* around her finger during a drawn battle over a grammatical puzzle, and when asked by Schofler, who sold beer and represented the German population, whether she knew any language but her own, she repeated a Platt Deutsch couplet that caused Schofler's eyes to twinkle. The most obdurate member of the board was young Fallis, rector of the fashionable church at Cornalbin; he regarded all witching women, as this creature seemed to be, as emissaries of Satan; so [illegible] bring the other trustees to their senses he put a few questions of a serious and personal nature; but when Miss Mathisen changed the cheerful look of her large eyes to one of [illegible] that appalling deep solemnity, dropped her curly brown [illegible], crossed her breast and began to repeat the [illegible] creed as an answer; the young clergyman caught his breath quickly and removed [illegible] glasses as if to get a better view of this unfamiliar character.

Before Miss Mathisen left the room she had in her possession an appointment as head teacher of the intermediate department; it was in writing, and duly signed by the chairman and the secretary of the board. After she had thanked the members for their kindness and assured them that she should be obliged to depend upon them, collectively and individually, for counsel, she departed to look for a boarding place. The members of the board looked at each other sheepishly for a moment, and then Squire Bloker said:

"I shouldn't wonder if we'd [illegible] we'd made fools of ourselves."

"Don't mention it," said the [illegible] ruggist, "for I know we have."

"Perhaps," said the clerical member, seizing his hat in some haste, "if the gentlemen will excuse me, I may be able to assist her in finding a Christian home."

The young rector found Miss Mathisen in the ante-room among the other candidates; she had not been there five minutes, but she had already succeeded in becoming acquainted with nearly every one; she had said that she believed that she had succeeded. She could hardly understand why—she would never have come had she imagined there were so many applicants—she hoped none of them would hate her—and so in, until each of the disappointed ones felt it was better to be defeated by this sweet little thing from the city than by any of their life-long acquaintances. And before the young clergyman had an opportunity to broach the subject of a boarding place, one of the unsuccessful competitors for the teachership, but nevertheless a girl smart enough to know that young men would congregate wherever Violet Mathisen might live, had secured the new teacher as an inmate of her own home.

The maiden who had thus obtained Miss Mathisen as a fellow lodger found that she had been entirely right in her conjectures. Nor the little boarding house of which the two were inmates, soon had the liveliest parlor in the town. Miss Mathisen's faculty for finding acquaintances was simply unequaled; she seemed to have no preferences, she certainly was not forward or in any way indelicate, yet her manner was so full of appeal and trustfulness that every man she met adored her as soon as she spoke to him. She lost one Sunday at church by the non-arrival of her trunks, for which she had telegraphed as soon as she received her appointment; but when on the next Sunday she entered the church just before service began, the entire congregation surrendered at discretion, for although her cloak and hat were at least fifty degrees too gay for the occasion, according to Cornalbin standards, their fit was perfect, and they were in entire harmony with the figure and face of the wearer.

For a fortnight the whole town was in accord with Miss Mathisen, who had been known almost from the first as "Sweet Violet;" afterward everybody was almost at sword's points about her. Some young men hated all other men who spoke to her, many young women accused her of coaxing their sweethearts away. Whenever Miss Mathisen heard any of these complaints she made haste to disown any intention to disturb anybody's peace of mind; she was only a school teacher and a stranger; she was devoted to her work and she had no claim of any kind upon the time and attention of any gentleman in the village.

This explanation satisfied some young women, but when the young men heard of it at least a score of them resolved that "Sweet Violet" should not long remain able to disown all ties tendered than that of mere acquaintanceship.

Among these were Rector Fallis, Dr. Pestle and Squire Bloker; the latter was not exactly a young man; but as he was a widower, owned considerable property and no gray hairs, he naturally considered himself quite young enough for the matrimonial market. All three felt that they had some advantage over the general crowd by reason of their official positions, for they could frame proper excuses for calling on Miss Mathisen at almost any hour of the day, and even at the school house, where no one else dared go. Against one another, however, they were rather evenly pitted, and outsiders hardly knew which was the most fortunate—the rector, who could talk with "Sweet Violet" about church and Sunday school work, or Pestle, of whom the young lady purchased stationery, toilet articles and occasional medicines, or the squire, who kept the best stocked general store in the village, and consequently saw Miss Mathisen frequently in the way of business.

The young rector was the first to try conclusions with fate. He made a special call for the purpose and talked of the church having been likened to a bride, because a bride was the most desirable and lovely creature on earth. Miss Mathisen listened demurely and sweetly; she agreed with him entirely, but she dashed his hopes to fragments by going into ecstacies over the theory that the church should be the only bride of the clergy, for did it not demand and deserve their every thought. As she said afterward to the young lady who had found her a boarding place, a clergyman with only a thousand dollars a year should not think of any bride who could not be like the church, self-supporting.

Then came Dr. Pestle, and whenever he came he brought pockets full of bonbons as hints of the sweetness of his regard. But somehow Miss Mathisen had managed to earn a great deal at Cornalbin in a very short time, and among the bits of information digested was that the town was so healthy that Dr. Pestle had been unable, by ten years of close attention to business, to pay off a $3000 mortgage on his shop.

The squire was slow, but terribly in earnest. He felt that in appearance he did not compare favorably with his two official rivals, to say nothing of those who participated in the general demonstration. He also felt, whenever he regarded himself in the mirror, that his broad shoulders, bluff face and stubby hair were not what should appear beside the dainty combination of grace, taste, sweetness and delicacy that Miss Mathisen always seemed to be. But the squire was a man of resources; if he could not hope to capture "Sweet Violet" by storm he might gain her by regular approach. He would adopt at first a fatherly manner; he would warn the girl or woman against excitable young men who were likely to make love and marriage proposals on no sounder basis than their feelings. If, in this way, he could gain her confidence he might become more successful at a later period.

So he made a special call for the purpose, selecting a moonlight evening, because he knew that on such evenings Miss Mathisen received her visitors on the piazza. He was fortunate enough to find the young lady alone; so, being a man of business, he proceeded promptly to develop his plan. Miss Mathisen listened attentively; she was very grateful, she was sure; she had never realized that in a town containing so many pretty women a quiet little creature like herself was likely to attract any special attention, and she still hoped Mr. Bloker might find himself mistaken. But as for his kind thoughtfulness—oh, there could be no mistake about that; it was such a comfort in a giddy world to meet some one who cared sincerely enough for a friendless woman to warn her against the blunders by which she might suffer. It seemed to her, she said, as if she had new courage to live, now that some one had shown himself so friendly. She was more grateful than she could say; would Mr. Bloker try to understand her if she merely took his hand and said, "I thank you?"

"Certainly—certainly," replied the squire with manly tenderness; but somehow when he felt a warm hand in his he extended his disengaged arm, drew close to him the trim little figure and said a good deal that led to a marriage within a fortnight.

A happier couple never was known in Cornalbin until one day a commercial traveler, of whom the squire frequently made purchases, entered the store as Mrs. Bloker passed out; he looked at her so strangely that the squire proudly asked:

"Do you know that lady?"

"No" said the man; "but I've known two of her husbands."

The squire turned white and trembling as he asked:

"Where are they?"

"Divorced—they don't suit her," was the answer; "I'll tell you all about them."

"No, you won't," hissed the squire, "and if you tell any one else in this town you'll never sell me another bill of goods."

Nevertheless the story got out in some way, and Mrs. Bloker, to live it down, was obliged to remain affectionate and true to the squire, which was probably the best thing that could have happened for both of them.

### A GEORGIA ROMANCE.

A Singular Story of a Man who Traveled over Three Continents—The Mystery of Robert Wright.

Globe-Democrat.

ATLANTA, April 17.—A curious story is told here of Mrs. Mary A. Robertson, the widow of a well-known Tennessee physician, and a lady of considerable wealth. About a year ago she was visited by a gentleman named Randall H. Wright, and received from him a proposal of marriage. In time, however, rumors began to circulate that Wright was already a married man, and the father of an interesting family. The lady narrated these rumors to her suitor, who, as she avers, gave her the following romantic story as an explanation: Mr. Wright's earliest recollection of himself was as the son of a well-to-do farmer. He had a brother named Robert—a boy singularly like himself in form, face and manner. The two brothers were inseparable companions. When they were in their fourteenth year it fell to their lot to assist in harvesting the pine-apples, which were singularly mellow and red-cheeked at that particular season. A friendly contest ensued, which degenerated into an unbrotherly fight, in which Randall severely belabored Robert. When rising from his victory he saw the advancing figure of his father, who, out of breath shrieked: "Ungrateful dastard, is this the manner in which you repay my kindness? Take that," giving the astonished boy a severe clip on the ear, "and never let me see you again."

Running to his mother, she told Randall the story of his infancy. Twelve years before an immigrant ship was wrecked off the coast. An infant was found lying upon the beach, the only living survivor of the disaster. This child Mr. Wright picked up and brought to his home, where being struck by its resemblance to his own infant boy, the couple decided to adopt him as their own. The only possible clew to the child's identity was a tiny little bracelet, on the inside of which was inscribed "Randall H." This article Mrs. Wright carefully put away for the future. Randall at once determined that the first work of his life should be to unravel the enigma of his birth.

This led to a singular succession of events. He traveled east, west, north and south, with no success. At last a desperate idea seized him. Taking ship for England, he went to Windsor castle, and eluding the vigilance of the guards and red tape connected with the presentations to royalty, he rushed into the presence of Queen Victoria and poured his sorrows into her sympathetic ear. She listened with interest to his story and put him in communication with a man who would assist him his search. After a series of failures which would have disheartened most men, he at last heard a story in a rural hamlet which gave him a clue sufficient to renew his hope. Years before, corresponding with the time since the wreck, there lived in the hamlet a worthy yeoman named Hunter, who had a wife, a daughter and an infant son named Randall. The family sailed for the United States; the vessel was wrecked, and Mr. Hunter alone, of the entire party, was saved. He returned to England, and after a season went to Australia, where he prospered and was at that moment a wealthy man. It did not take the young man long to decide on his course. He took steamer for Melbourne. As he stepped upon the dock there the first person upon whom his eyes fell was his foster brother Robert. There he stood, with the light of a devilish triumph in his eyes. Passing him by in quiet dignity, Randall sought out the home of Mr. Hunter and narrated to the old gentleman the story of his wanderings. Mr. Hunter listened with deep interest, and when the story was ended declared himself mystified. "The facts and details fit exactly," said he, "but my long lost child was restored to me a few months ago. Yet you look marvelously like him." Calling in the alleged son, Robert H. Wright appeared. "How am I to decide between you?" cried the father in despair. "By this sign," said Robert, drawing from his pocket the bracelet which his mother had kept.

The evidence was conclusive and the true son had to turn away in despair. He returned to America, only to find his troubles renewed. While walking the streets of an Ohio city he was met by a woman who threw herself into his arms, sobbing, "My husband; my long lost husband!" He attempted to explain by telling her his name—it was just what she had taken it to be. She was the real wife of his brother Robert, and her mistake in identity was natural. Out of pity for her he allowed the matter to stand, as she imagined it should. He paid bills of her contracting, and in this way became committed to the fact that he was her husband. Wherever he went in the vain hope of relief from her importunities, he found himself confronted with her. At last he determined, out of abundant caution, to secure a divorce, which would leave him absolutely free.

Wright is a dark-complexioned man with abundant side-whiskers, and a plausible manner, calculated to lend color to any story he might chance to tell. To ascertain the facts as sworn to in court, your correspondent to-day examined the libel for divorce filed in Fulton superior court. "R. H. Wright vs. Katie Wright," which is not quite so romantic as the one which Mrs. Robertson narrates. He alleges that on the 6th day of May, 1880, he was lawfully married to said Katie Wright, and that within ten months he became through her the father of a child; that said wife did not cook his meals regularly, she beat him on the head with sticks, and refused to let him play with the baby. For these trivial allegations he seeks divorce, and on them he has secured the first verdict. The second trial will come up in a few days, when it is likely the whole story will be ventilated.

### THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

When Grief shall come to thee,
Think not to flee.
For Grief, with steady face,
Will win the race;
Nor crowd her forth with Mirth,
For at thy hearth,
When Mirth is tired and gone,
Will Grief sit on.
But make of her thy friend,
And in the end
Three lovelier than she
Will come to thee—
Calm Patience, Courage strong
And Hope—ere long

—*Henrietta R. Eliot.*

### Tom Ochiltree not Happy.

I have no time to pay attention to the female cranks in Washington. Since I have acquired a little temporary fame in connection with the Lasker affair, I have been beset by women who imagine I can do something for them. Many of these ladies are ladies in the highest sense of the term. But, I hardly need to say that Washington is filled with a class of adventurers who make blackmail and intrigue a business. I am called out by the ladies more than any other man of the house. I have the whole state of Texas on my shoulders. I am annoyed to death by women callers. Congressional life is not a pastime, after all.

Up to date the almanac crop for next year promises to be a large one.

## OUR SUPPLY OF FRACTIONS.

M. De Lesseps' mother was a Spaniard.

Mrs. General J. K. Proudfit is missing from Wyandotte, Kan.

Not one French woman is to be found among the wives of Utah.

A female descendant of Mirabeau keeps a tobacco store in Berlin.

The queen's book is a failure. There is now no demand for it at London book stalls.

Mrs. David Davis is in Washington, on the way to her old home in North Carolina.

The women in the Isle of Man are allowed to vote upon proving the ownership of $20.

Mrs. Hunt, the wife of the late minister to Russia, was a bridesmaid of Mrs. Arthur.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts is president of a society for the care of lost and starving dogs.

General Israel Putnam's wedding ring is owned and prized by a woman in Omaha, Neb.

A Lowell girl who was asked if she ever had the mumps, said: "Yes; that is, I had one mump."

Mrs. General Sheridan's toilets are among the most admired for richness and taste in Washington.

Over 1000 women attended a recent execution at Columbia, Ky., and one of them has since become crazy.

Queen Victoria once suggested to her chaplain that he make his prayer not more than three minutes long.

"You Russians do have such funny names," was a remark made by a Miss Hogg to a diplomat at Washington.

In China a son is obliged to divorce his wife if she displeases his parents. Mother-in-law means something in China.

Miss Davis, daughter of Jefferson Davis, was confirmed as a member of the Episcopal church at Mobile last Sunday week.

Mrs. Carlisle has already returned 750 calls, and yet the croakers keep on howling that this congress hasn't done anything.

It is said that Mrs. Frank Leslie's new husband-elect, the Marquis de Leuville, paid $6000 for his title to the Portuguese government.

Lord Tennyson's wife has been an invalid for the past twenty years and never mixes in general society, as she is unable to leave her sofa.

Unless you desire to get yourself disliked, you won't tell the lady who has just stated her age that she'd be a good hand to sell maple sugar.

Two young women in New Orleans earn $48 a month by keeping books, and on this have bought a cozy little home for themselves and their mother.

Miss Sargent, daughter of the retiring American minister at Berlin, will remain in Germany to complete her studies, which will probably require another year.

The wife of Judge Reid of the supreme court of Kentucky, who was severely cowhided by a lawyer named Cornelison, is said to have threatened to shoot the latter.

Neither of the two living daughters of Gen. Robert E. Lee married. They both live with their brother, who succeeded his father as president of Washington university.

The second wife of the count of Cinchon is the person who introduced the use of Peruvian bark into Europe. Her husband was a viceroy of Peru in the seventeenth century.

The learned compiler of the Wagner festival programme book says, "Patti is the only living vocalist who can sing without a flaw the difficult fioriture of Rossini, Donizetti and Meyerbeer."

The empress of Austria is visiting Amsterdam incognito for the purpose of consulting distinguished physicians in regard to the nervous disorders with which she has been afflicted.

The cause of woman suffrage is growing apace, when a bill granting the weaker sex the right to vote comes within eight votes of passage, as it did in the New York senate a few days ago.

A Quakeress said recently to a friend, in reference to the Quaker formula of marriage: "It is true I did not promise to obey when I was married; but I might as well, for I have had to do it."

Chicago boasts of a lady, now 94 years old, who used to sit in George Washington's lap. It is comforting to know that, even if George couldn't tell a lie, he used to have some fun with the girls.

"I can't afford but one flower on my hat," she said to the milliner. "Well, where will you have it?" "As I sit next to the side wall in church, you can put it on the side next to the congregation," was the reply.

"How in the world did they come to name you Susannah?" asked Mrs. Interrogationpoint. "Really, I don't know precisely," replied the young lady very demurely; "but I suspect it was because I happened to be a girl."

"I'm glad Billy had the sense to marry a settled old maid," said Grandpa Winkum at the wedding. "Girls is hity-tity, and widders is kinder overrulin' and upsettin'. Old maids is kinder thankful and willin' to please."

"Fifty young and good-looking women have sailed for New Caledonia to be married to well-behaved convicts," says a recent London letter. As it is leap year and the prisoners cannot escape, they will probably be successful.

The eldest daughter of the present Lord Lytton, aged 13 years, has had in private circulation a story which gives evidences of literary ability. The Longmans sought to become the publishers, and the proposal was declined.

Large numbers of fashionable ladies now do their own millinery, owing to the fact that the small bonnets now in vogue require so little trimming. A pin here and a stitch or two there does the whole business.

A woman says very few men have the slightest idea how to hold a baby, and we don't suppose that one in one hundred has the slightest desire to hold one. If it's a female baby he is willing to hold it after it reaches the age of 17 years.

Fashionable society in Washington seems difficult to suit. The white leaders refuse to receive Mrs. Douglass since her marriage to Fred. Douglass, and the elevated darkies of all shades, from cream to chocolate resolutely close their doors against Douglass because he married a white woman.

A Baltimore mother, supposing she was dying, gave her baby to her nurse and told her to take it to an asylum until after her death. The nurse pocketed the child's board money and left it on the asylum doorstep. The mother has recovered, but cannot identify her baby among a hundred other waifs.

Aimee is learning English. She intends to play English comedy for the future and show us the capabilities of our language when in the mouth of a clever Frenchwoman. But the th sound bothers her, and to repeat for half an hour, as her teacher requires her to, "I thrust the thick of my thumb through thirty thousand thistles," she describes as a torture worthy of the inquisition.

Probably the first suit for divorce ever asked for in this country by a Chinaman has just been begun in the New York courts. Charley Hee Sing, one of the wealthiest and most prominent celestials in America, asks to be separated from his wife, Miss Mamie Pepper, a young English girl, whom he married in London, on the ground that she has deserted him for one Fon Que, with whom she is now living.

Mrs. Edward Mix, a negress of Torrington, Conn., is dead. Many claimed to be healed in answer to her prayers. Her correspondence was vast. "There is no doubt of two things," says the *Christian Advocate*, "that she was sincere, and that many recoveries took place. Also, many for whom she prayed did not recover. Also, many who supposed themselves cured relapsed and died. Facts are one thing; their explanation is another. On the latter, at this time, we say nothing."

The smelling-bottle craze has been a very fashionable one with young girls in Washington in the past few months. It is a costly fashion. One belle now has her second bottle presented within three months, each of which cost $60. The first was crushed under her carriage wheels in coming from a party one night, and its gold with her initials on it alone escaped destruction. Another young lady carries one at least a foot in length, and being of very thick cut glass, it is particularly ponderous. A bottle of this kind, even of moderate size, costs $40.

The head of a Chicago dry goods house tells this story of high life in that city: "When the opera came I noticed there were two or three expensive lace shawls sent home on approbation and returned the morning after the performance. This set me thinking, and when Mrs. B. came in the day of an opera night and asked to have one of the most expensive wraps sent home to look at I just stepped out to old Swan's, the ticket speculator, and bought seats immediately behind those of Mr. and Mrs. B. When I came in a little late there was Mrs. B. seated in front of me with the elegant lace wrap sent home in the morning over her shoulders. When she turned I greeted her politely, and said I was delighted the wrap had suited her. She looked rather unhappy during the performance, but the shawl was not returned to the store, and I charged my opera ticket to expense account."

An Arkansas woman whose husband was recently sent to the penitentiary wrote the following letter to her loved one: "I don't like to shake you, now that you are in trouble, but under the circumstances it is the best thing I can do. The man you stole the hog from has proposed to me, and I have consented to marry him. I'm getting tired of the neighbors throwing it up to me that my husband is in the pen. I am going to marry this fellow quietly, an' when they come around and say 'your husband's in the pen,' I can call 'em a 'liar an' have em' arrested for slander."

In the old days no woman was allowed to desecrate the monastery of San Augustin, Mexico, by so much as putting her foot within its walls. A noble lady of Spain, wife of the reigning viceroy, was bent on visiting it. Nothing could stop her, and in she came. But she found only empty cloisters, for each virtuous monk locked himself securely in his cell, and afterward every stone in the floor which her sacrilegious feet had touched was carefully replaced by new ones fresh from the mountain (up before the pollution of her presence was considered removed. But times are sadly changed and the house has been turned into a common hostelry.

### SEVENTY YEARS' GROWTH.

Progress of Steamboating on the Mississippi River and Tributaries.

In a late number of the *Marine Journal*, published at Cincinnati, we find a list of steamboats trading out of New Orleans to river and bayou ports. It is amusing to read it over and realize how steamboating has since grown and developed; and to think of what proportions it would have attained but for the policy of giving the public lands to build up railroads before they are actually needed.

Soon after the battle of New Orleans the barge Eliza was built and owned by Messrs. James & Douglas, merchants, at Cincinnati. Alanthin Buter, then an experienced Mississippi navigator, was her captain up to when she was altered into the steamboat Comet, when, in 1819, the large steamer Vulcan was built by the same owners, and Captain Buter commanded her. After the first season he was pilot on the Vulcan. Up to about the year 1850 he continued piloting steamboats between Louisville and New Orleans, when he quit the river and was appointed warden of the penitentiary at Jeffersonville, Indiana. He died at New Albany, aged about 75 years. Steamboat Vesuvius, built at Pittsburg 1814, owners Livingston & Fulton; master, John DeHart; measures 340 67-95 tons. This steamboat burned at the port of New Orleans in 1816; was rebuilt at this port in 1817, and measured 390 38-95 tons. She had the same engine as she had originally. Steamboat Ætna, built at Pittsburg, 1815, owners Livingston & Fulton; master, Robinson DeHart; measured 360 91-95 tons. This boat ran for many years.

Steamboat Washington, built at Wheeling, W. Va., in 1816, and altered in dimensions and tonnage at Louisville, Ky., in 1820, Captain H. M. Shreve, measured 211 50-95 tons. This was the steamboat that made the first quick time to Louisville in twenty-four days, in 1817.

Steamboat Ohio, built at New Albany, Ind., 1818; master, H. M. Shreve measured 354 40-95 tons.

In Nile's Register of September, 18, 1818, it is recorded that "the first steamboat arrived at Kaskaskia on the 19th ult. It was the Franklin, from New Orleans, in eighteen days, running with a cargo of groceries, and her whole freight worth $8500." We suppose the word "freight," which is italicized in the Register, means the freight money, and not the cargo. That was two-thirds of a century ago, when there were only very few steamers on any of the rivers. Who, at this day, would think of loading a steamboat at New Orleans with groceries for Kaskaskia, a place now almost wholly unknown?

And yet, at the time, Kaskaskia was a place of but little less importance than St. Louis, although St. Louis was growing much more rapidly. Kaskaskia was the seat of the territorial government, and had a postoffice, a land office, for the sale of public lands, and a printing office from which was issued a daily newspaper entitled the *Illinois Herald*. The same authority says it was settled more than 100 years before that time. St. Louis was settled in 1764, more than fifty years later than Kaskaskia.

The names of Franklin occurs in "a list of steamboats trading to New Orleans" published in "Niles Register" of October 24, 1818. As the names of the boats may interest some of the few persons yet living, who had their homes on some one of our western rivers, I copy it:

| | Tons. | | Tons. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Vesuvius | 390 | Cincinnati | 157 |
| Washington | 403 | Harriet | 154 |
| Ohio | 364 | Gen. Jackson | 142 |
| Ætna | 360 | Franklin | 131 |
| Orleans | 324 | Kentucky | 112 |
| Napoleon | 315 | Constitution | 112 |
| Buffalo | 249 | Gen. Sirelly | 106 |
| Vete | 203 | Louisiana | 102 |
| G. Madison | 138 | | |
| Total number of tons | | | 3642 |

Eagle, lately arrived. Pike, sunk. James Monroe, sunk; now repairing.

If I am right in my conjecture that the freight receipts of the Franklin, a little one hundred and thirty-one ton boat, were $8,500, how it would gladden the hearts of the owners of some of the boats of this day to make a trip from New Orleans to Kaskaskia at such prices.

Respectfully,
J. F. COVINGTON.

### The Bosom Friends of Louis Napoleon.

Temple Bar.

Persigny and Walewski, with General Fleury, who was never a minister, were the emperor's amis de cœur; his purse was open to them; their power was enormous and subject to no fluctuations, and whatever indiscretions they committed these never led even to a passing estrangement between them and their master, because the emperor, knowing them intimately and being quite alive to their faults, was not afraid to scold them. DeMorny's influence was of a different kind, and has been generally misunderstood and exaggerated abroad. The emperor disliked this witty, polished, astute and ambitious statesman. It is no secret that DeMorny was connected very closely to him by illegitimate blood relationship, and in 1852, just after the coup d'etat, the future duke, who was then minister of the interior, was so incautious as to boast of this kinship in a speech at a public dinner. It was owing to this that he had to resign. The resignation was generally attributed to the minister's repugnance to the decree which confiscated the property of the Orleans family; but this was a mere pretext. The truth was that Louis Napoleon deeply resented De Morney's presumption, and marked it for ever afterward by maintaining a strict punctiliousness of manner even in his most confidential relations with the statesman, who was to do the empire such good and showy service in many ways. With Persigny and Walewski, on the contrary, the emperor was on such terms that he addressed them as "Tu," and Persigny was a man of so passionate and impulsive temper that he sometimes forgot himself to the point of saying "Tu" in return.

### Vanderbilt's New Tomb.

New York Sun.

William H. Vanderbilt has deeded to the United Brethren or Moravian church society of New Dorp, Staten Island, ten acres of land in consideration of $7000. The land it part of a tract that formerly belonged to Commodore Vanderbilt, and adjoins the Moravian cemetery, in which is the Vanderbilt mausoleum that was built some years ago, and which will be replaced this summer by the new mausoleum that Richard M. Hunt has designed. The latter will cost $70 000. The ten acres have lately been laid out in driveways, walks and plots, and contain a pretty miniature lake. The price is considered nominal, as the improvements that have been made on the land have cost more than the price paid. It is believed that the new tomb of the Vanderbilts will be placed in this tract, on a prominent mound, and will have plenty of room around it. The present Vanderbilt monument, a plain granite structure, is only a few feet from other graves, and the plot owners about that immediate vicinity, knowing that the Vanderbilts wanted more space about their plot, have asked, it is said, unreasonable prices for ground.

Adolph Dongleré, who died in Paris a fortnight ago, had only a Parisian reputation, but in certain circles he ranked very high indeed. He was a cook. The best part of his life he had devoted to directing the Baron de R[illegible] cuisine, and when he withdrew from that engagement it was to take office as the grand chef supreme of the Cafe Anglais. In his earlier years he had been the friend of Millet, Diaz and Couture, and had rendered these painters many a service in times of adversity.

The scaffold upon which John Brown was hanged has been bought by a "relic syndicate," and will probably be worked up into cuff buttons, charms, etc., for sale.

NEW YORK, May 23.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| N. P. common | 20¾ | Western Union | 53¾ |
| N. P. Preferred | 45¾ | Pacific Mail | 35½ |
| Or. & Trans. | 13 | North Western | 98¾ |
| Or. Imp. Stock | 18 | Lake Shore | [illegible] |
| Or. Imp. Bonds | [illegible] | New York Central | 109⅝ |
| O. R. & N. stock | 73¾ | Erie | 14⅝ |

CLOSING QUOTATIONS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Western Union | [illegible] | Transcontinental | 12½ |
| O. R. & N. stock | 73¾ | | |

MONARCH [illegible]
SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS.

MANHOOD RESTORED.
A victim of early imprudence, causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., New York.

ZAN BROTHERS,
Manufacturers of
BROOMS AND WOODEN WARE, AND
IMPORTERS OF WILLOW WARE.
Nos. 15 and [illegible] North Front St.

Will be sent by mail on receipt of price in stamps.
HORLICK'S FOOD CO., Racine, Wis.

Enclose 10 cents and the address of an eastern friend to this office for the statistical OREGONIAN. The best medium to circulate in the east.

—The Century.

## A WIFE'S CHARM.

the red lips of Gerald S.n- —unmistakably a pout wife of almost two years, husband had for the to an openly ex-

of the season, a grand assemblage, was to take absence, and he had prefer she would not

beauty. Let this much of the two great to the brown eyes and down the pretty face, the dainty morning dress, the dainty form, re- its graceful outlines. had no reason to feel of her children. only stooped the glistering drops in a perhaps to hide his

wife; I'll make it time." but she sat still, her wedding ring, It was a curious with five large

her talisman, her anger until soul but this morning If it failed to scat- failed to bring back the

came round for missed his thought he heart, and said day, be started on

my dear?" ex- bursting in up- morning of the

replied Mrs. Sinclair of wifely dignity, in itself suffi-

make any differ- Mrs. Martin; a bewitch- few years her I'll share my escort Belzoni."

looked up amazed, mentioned had into society, and disliked and

seen his eye herself, and the bird might glare of the

answer?" con- "Will you go?" trying to speak Besides, I do not admire the count."

'll prejudice. most charming I think I should agree to share as I have heard pretty things

retorted Mrs. Sin-

slipping be-

not said positive- necessary after his disapproba-

would be Besides, she would would know her, would for- thought came over

at last, after looking at the brightest lights, "on is that no one is count. Say friend to no- to remain un- to your house, and thus gain no

in spite of her as she con- beneath a large on her mantel Sophie that every

to obey it, Ellen; and, after it was well for themselves.

the Count Bel- upon the bril- not seemed entity. She singular sense of

as the clock night, but for light and gayety hundred times she

I have already whispered to her- alone in

than a who had forsworn than a siren to destruction," said a to the latter

indignantly, the count

do not know you, disguise you wore, to remove a

eyes his down- rested on sooner accord costume. away, with her."

," she said, "we will not further play a part. To the others we are masks; to ourselves we are ourselves."

"Ah, madame," he whispered, "let us rather say to the world we are ourselves, to each other we are masks. Can men, think you, look coldly on such beauty as you possess? Can ——"

Indignant and alarmed she checked his further speech by starting forward to escape him. His hand closed on hers as in a vise. She wrenched it from him, sprang among a crowd of maskers, and so made her way to the door.

"Call a carriage for me," she directed.

Ten minutes later she was within her own home. Her first impulse was to tear off the hated costume which had caused her such trouble; her next to throw herself on the bed and sob out her excitement and contrition. The morning sun, streaming into her room, awoke her.

With a shudder she remembered the events of the past night. She looked down at her hand which had been polluted by another's touch—as though in some way she expected to find the contamination branded on its soft white surface. It was all unmarred, but—she looked again, she rubbed her eyes and looked, the color meanwhile fluttering out of her cheeks and her pale lips quivering, as if her heart seemed to stand still in a sudden agony of fear, for from the third finger was missing the talismanic ring.

When and where had she lost it, and how could she find the courage to confess all to Gerald? She rose and dressed, revolving this problem in her mind.

At any hour her husband might return. For the first time she dreaded to meet him—dreaded to look into his kindly, handsome eyes and read there all his unconscious reproach, mingled, perhaps, with scorn and anger.

The day wore on. Her friend, Mrs. Martin, ran in to scold her for her desertion; but her pale face and trembling tones made good her plea of sudden illness.

At nightfall Gerald arrived. She threw herself into his arms in a burst of nervous weeping; but when he wonderingly asked its cause, her courage failed her.

Why was it she never imagined that he might look stern until to-day?

A week passed, when one evening, sitting in the twilight, a step sounded close beside. She looked up to discover the count.

"Pardon!" he began, in answer to her indignant, questioning look. "Why must you be so cruel? May I not now see you?"

"Sir, I command you to leave me. I am now under the protection of my own roof."

He was about to answer when a latch-key was heard inserted in the outside door.

In an instant he had sprung into some place of concealment, but the fact that he was near lent to the young wife a sudden courage born of the moment's desperation. Her husband, entering, approached her, but she motioned him back.

"Gerald," she said. "I have a bitter confession to make. It is fitting you should hear it now."

He listened with arms folded across his breast, while she told him all the story of that fated night.

"And is this all?" he questioned, bitterly, when she paused.

"No, not all," she continued, raising her voice. "My confession has another witness, who has forced his hated presence again upon me. The Count Belzoni is here again, Gerald."

As she spoke she drew aside the curtain, but the form she expected to disclose was gone, the open window attesting to the flight.

Silently the husband drew a paper from his pocket, and showed her a paragraph offering a reward for the arrest of a thief and swindler known as the Count Belzoni.

"My darling," he said, "my little wife has earned a lesson she will never forget. I have known this story all the time, but have waited until you come to tell it to me. I returned the night of the ball to take you with me, when I found you had gone. Imagine what I suffered, and my added suffering when, arriving at the scene of enjoyment, where I had followed you, I discovered who was your companion. I stood near you and heard the words he addressed to you—heard with joyful heart your answer—saw you wrench your hands from his hold and also saw what you did not, the sparkle of the ring he drew from your finger. Poor little girl! I watched you hasten through the crowd, and knew that you had already met your bitterest punishment. It has been through my efforts that the count has been traced and exposed. Only this morning I received your ring from the man whom he had pledged it as security. Once more I place it on your finger. But remember, darling, it is only the outward charm. A wife's true talisman is her husband's honor."

## Two Ideas of an American Gentleman.

The truth is that there are many different qualities called by the name of vulgarity. We have had the misfortune of coming across many vulgar Americans, and the pleasure of coming across many the same nation who were gentlemen in the very highest sense of the word, and the same experiences, of course, we have had of our own countrymen. But the particular form of vulgarity that is the most offensive is not that of Mr. Washington Adams (of the Grant White papers in the Atlantic), but that of Mr. Mansfield Humphreys. The one is lacking in good breeding and good manners, he is coarse and unpleasant, and offends our taste in a thousand different ways. But the other, underneath an artificial polish, contains not a single quality of true refinement of mind. He is always thinking of his own good and other people's bad behavior, and he is—the worst sign of all—aggressively touchy. He has studied the part of gentleman as an actor does. But with one real touch of nature he always shows his real self. He is always parading the fact that his part is real, but he never talks in his audience. He is often most pleasant and agreeable on the face, but however much people may like to be amused by him, they never wish him to be connected with them by marriage. And all the time he is gloriously unconscious that the surface-polish is known to be surface-polish by every one who has the slightest insight. Such is the man whom Mr. Grant White has placed before the world as the type which he wishes to compare with the "old English gentleman." It is most unfair to the character of America that such a man should be represented as the best type it can produce.—London Saturday Review.

young man was going home with two young ladies in Bath, Me., the other evening, and remarked casually, in the course of the chat on the way, that one of his weaknesses was that he couldn't say no. One of the girls, seizing upon this clue to his character, proposed to him after the other had been left at her door and was accepted.

## Water in the Desert.

The Soudan campaign, from first to last, has been a comment on the vast value of water in the east. One of the most terrific episodes ever recorded in history is the flight of the Torgote Tartars from the Russian frontiers to those of China about a century ago. Throughout this awful journey across the pathless, waterless desert the Bashkirs and Khirghises followed on the heels of the flying Kalmucks, and the continuous trail of corpses told a fearful story of unceasing conflict and perpetual massacre. The desperate persistence of the escaping hosts in pushing on was equalled by the frenzied cruelty of those who pursued them, until the scenes of carnage and brutality that ensued were such that it seemed as "if a nation of madmen were flying before a nation of fiends." But the horrible climax was only reached at the end of the 2000 miles of their pilgrimage, when, after a loss of 400,000 of their number, the Kalmucks, mad from thirst, came in sight of the lake of Tengis. Hundreds of the pursuers and pursued had already lost their reason from their dreadful sufferings. Thousands were being borne along upon camels and horses, helplessly exhausted by two days' want of water. But as soon as the lake came in view the Bashkirs and Kalmucks alike seemed to forget pitiless hatreds, and the vast hosts, reduced now to about two hundred thousand, rushed in a body, with frantic eagerness, to the anticipated solace. In DeQuincy's terrific pages the story is told with consummate tragic force. The Chinese emperor, happening with a force of cavalry to be at the very spot, saw what was happening, and sent out his soldiers to protect his returning subjects. But there was time enough before the horsemen reached the scene for one of the most ferocious conflicts ever recorded against man.

In the general rush toward the saving water all discipline and command were lost—all attempts to preserve a rear guard neglected—the wild Bashkirs rode in among the encumbered people and slaughtered them by wholesale, and almost without resistance. Screams and tumultuous shouts proclaimed the progress of the massacre; but none heeded, none halted—all alike, with faces blackened by the heat and with tongues drooping from the mouth, continued with maniacal haste toward the lake. The Bashkir was affected by the same misery as the Kalmuck, and into the lake the whole vast body of enemies rushed, forgetful of all things but one almighty instinct. The absorption of their thoughts in one maddening appetite lasted for a single half hour but in the next arose a final scene of parting vengeance. Far and wide the waters of the solitary lake were instantly dyed red with blood. Here rode a party of savage Bashkirs, hewing off heads as fast as the swathes fall before the mower's scythe; there stood unarmed Kalmucks in a death grapple with their detested foes, both up to the middle in water. Every moment the lake grew more and more polluted, and yet every moment fresh hosts came up and rushed in, not able to resist their frantic thirst, and swallowing large draughts, visibly contaminated with slaughter. Wherever the lake was shallow enough to allow of men raising their heads above the surface, there for scores of acres, were to be seen all forms of ghastly fear, of agonizing struggle, of spasm and death, and fear of death—revenge and the lunacy of revenge—until the martial spectators, of whom there were not a few, averted their eyes in horror, as they rode down to the lake to the rescue of the hapless fugitives.

This undoubtedly is one of the most striking instances of catastrophe arising from the absence of water in the desert ever chronicled, but who cannot recall, from works of travel, or indeed, from history, numerous other illustrations of the same fierce peril of thirst? We ourselves cannot have failed to note how, in the recent campaigns in Egypt everything hinged upon the water supply. The army moved in detachments, so as best to economize it; camps were pitched so as to utilize it to the utmost; the hours of battle were arranged in obedience to its inexorable and all-important demands. It was at the wells of Teb and of Tamai that the Arabs fought their fiercest. Our soldiers in Egypt were astonished, when tramping along the apparently hopeless desert to see how luxuriant crops and gardens alternated with bare sand, how a mere rill of water turned the wilderness into furnished and charmed up to the surface of the soil all the latent magic of its fertility. In the Saharas of the earth, whether in the eastern hemisphere or the west, water is indeed a magician, as wonderful in the suddenness and completeness of its work as any genii of lamp and ring. It has the potency of the philosopher's stone, and is striven for as the sum of all that is to be desired. Industry without it is a paralysis, a cripple. With it, it possesses a talisman that transfigures everything, makes man a giant, and blesses every work of his hand. Speaking of parts of Western America, a recent writer says: "Water here is everything that is precious. Without it, the sage brush laughs at man, and the horn of the jack rabbit is exalted against him. With it, corn expels the weed, and the long-eared rodent is plowed out of possession. Without it, grease-wood and gophers divide the wilderness between them. With it, homesteads spring up and gather the orchards about them. Without it, the silence of the level desert is broken only by the coyote. With it, come the laughter of running brooks, the hum of busy markets and the cheery voices of the mill-wheels by the stream. Without it, the world seems a dreary failure. With it, it brightens into infinite possibilities. No wonder then that men here prize it, exhausted ingenuity in obtaining it, fought about it. I wonder they do not worship it. Men have worshiped trees, wind and sun with no greater cause." Change the phrases here and there, and the passage might stand for Asia, for nothing is so striking in many parts of the east, notably Arabia and the eastern provinces of Africa, as the supreme importance of water.—London Telegraph.

## American Kitchens.

Said a French restaurant keeper the other day: Your waste in the kitchen is great, inexcusable. In the average American household there is more meat, for example, used and wasted than would supply three ordinary French families of the same size. Why is this? Your cooks, as a rule, are not cooks at all. Where do they come from? From the poorer classes of your people, who do not know how to live, and have never learned the art of cooking. In France it is a part—and a very important part—of the education of every girl that she be taught the art of cooking; for it is an art in which the learner must gather her knowledge from the experience of others as much as in any branch taught in schools. Inspiration in making new and acceptable dishes never comes to the novice, but only to the accomplished cook. Therefore, from the highest to the lowest, every Frenchwoman is supposed to be either proficient in the art of cooking or to have enough knowledge of it to direct the work of her kitchen. Here, how few know anything about cooking. How many even know how to cook potatoes? The French cook their meats and vegetables thoroughly, and waste nothing. They make them palatable by appetizing sauces and gravies, and more easily digestible by the manner in which they cook and manipulate them.

Take the article of beef, for example. I can cook it a hundred different ways—yes, more than a hundred. The dishes I could make of it would make one-half the amount of meat satisfy the appetite and leave no dyspeptic symptoms to contend with. Dyspepsia—that is an American disease, which comes from eating too much heavy, indigestible food. In France we have no dyspeptics. Sometimes great eaters have indigestion, but it is only a temporary trouble which can be remedied by abstinence, not a disease like dyspepsia. Well, you can boil, broil, stew, roast, and in fact cook beef in a variety of ways that would take a long time to describe. When beef is cooked it is usually combined with things that will give it a flavor—boiled, for example, with onions, a stick of cinnamon, thyme, laurel leaves, eschalot, a clove, etc., etc.,—not all of these, but such things as are needed for what is designed. The meat, after boiling, is taken out and prepared in various ways which I need not name. The water is made into soup. If the beef is roasted it is served with an appetizing sauce, as roast beef, cold roast beef, etc. Then what remains is stewed with vegetables of various kinds. Then the cold roast or boiled beef may be made into a salad. What remains can be hashed and the bones used for making soup along with soup stock. Even the meat taken from the soup stock can be served up with a sauce which contains enough of stock to supply the food substance which have been extracted from it. In France the substance in the bones is largely extracted by boiling, and even the marrow is saved and sold at a comparatively high price in that country to be used as a toast dressing. Then there is beef a la mode, a la provencal, a la trianon, miranton, gratin, etc., all being the result of peculiar ways of cooking, and all having distinctive characteristics; but all palatable, and all nutritious, and none that will distress the stomach after eating. For soups we have them in all variety—their name is legion. Our cooks even make most palatable and very nutritious soup out of vegetables, with only a little fat added. Pea-soup, bean-soup, lentil-soup, and soup with onions, carrots, etc. are wholesome and nourishing.

And, by the way, let me tell you that in France when meat is served it is accompanied with only one kind of vegetables. Here you lose the distinctive flavor of any one by having a number. The fact is, in France we attach more importance to what we eat than you do in this country, and yet we do not consume as much good meat as you do, and waste nothing that can be eaten. But we put our art into making it palatable and digestible; we put work and skill into our cooking! Did you ever eat Hamburg steak? No? Well, you take a piece of good lean beef, grind it up fine, put in salt, pepper and onions chopped fine; then break in eggs sufficient and mix the whole up together. Flatten into a cake like mass and fry it until done in sweet butter.

In making other dishes each has its peculiarity, but all are made, first, to be palatable; second, to be satisfying to the appetite; and third, to be easily digestible. Then, we study economy. We waste nothing that can be used for food. The result is, that we can live much cheaper than Americans do, and much better. Your people waste because they do not know how to cook. If you have a roast turkey—after a meal or two from it, what remains is thrown away. We would then make a stew, or a soup of it, and in this way waste none of it. The same is true of most other meats, and especially true of vegetables which have been left over. The cooking in France, except, of course, in hotels and restaurants, is done mostly by women. Male cooks are what may be called professionals in France. They study cookery and practice it as a doctor would study and practice medicine. There is no way that I can see that the waste in American kitchens can be stopped but to teach your American girls, your cooks, how to cook properly and administer the affairs of the kitchen economically, and to accomplish this they must have the right kind of training by teachers who know and practice what they teach.—Boston Herald.

## How to Cook Rice.

A South Carolina rice planter describes as follows the way which his negro cook prepared rice:

First, he poured a pint of rice into a tin pan and picked it over carefully, throwing out any foreign substances. Then he poured into the pan some cold water, washed the rice poured the water off, and picked the rice again. A second time it was washed and the water poured off. Then Ned put the rice into an ordinary two-quart saucepan, covered it to the depth of a half inch with cold water, stirred in the salt, fitted on the top carefully, and put the saucepan on a quick fire of coals, and went to his other work. In just twenty minutes Ned returned to his rice and removed the lid. It was done, but not yet ready for the table. There was a little water left, which was carefully poured off; the rice was thoroughly stirred from the bottom; not the top, but a tin plate was laid tightly on the saucepan, and the saucepan set one side in the hot ashes, where it remained very slowly steaming one hour, or maybe two, when the rice was so dry that you might eat it with your fingers, and at the same time thoroughly done, and soft through and through. Nobody can like raw rice, neither can any one like it sobbed with water by an hour's boiling and no steaming.

Another southerner writes as follows on the subject:

To boil, say a pint, of rice, salt a half pint of water, to the taste, and after the water boils, add the rice. Boil over a "slow fire" until the water disappears, then cover the vessel (no particular utensil is necessary. I have known the thinnest tin, and the thickest iron pot to be used,) and place it on the top of the stove, or, at least, where only heat enough will be obtained to slowly steam the rice. Do not stir until after the rice has been steamed some time, and then very little. To be successful with pilau, it is necessary to know how to cook "plain" rice, as the only difference in the process is, that instead of water in one case, the broth or meat of the fowl is used. Rice cooked in the manner described is so easily digested and withal so nutritious, that it is surprising more attention is not given to the subject of cooking it properly. With us an invalid's diet includes plain boiled rice.

A poet asks in a few simple verses "Who will plant flowers on my grave?" We can't give names, but we can assure him that if we had published the lines, every subscriber to this valuable journal would feel it incumbent upon him to act as a committee of one on planting.—Merchant Traveller.

## THE JANITOR'S DAUGHTER.

Yes, our destination had been reached at last, and with a rush, and rumble, and roar, the train puffed into the great city depot, amid the confusion and noise, the orders of railroad officials, the calls of hackmen and express drivers the hurrying hither and thither of anxious passengers, and all the usual accompaniments of a train arrival at one of the metropolitan railway stations. But in all that surging crowd each was intent only on himself, and one without friends was as much alone as if on a desert. This was the first thought that came to me as I alighted from the cars, that among all these people no one cared aught for me save the landlord of the hotel to which I was bound, his anxiety ceasing when I had paid my bill for the time I was under his roof. But I had come with strong hopes of obtaining, as Mr. Micawber would phrase it "congenial and remunerative employment," and contrary to the usual fortune I am afraid, I did obtain it, and soon grew to feel like an inhabitant of the city which I had so recently entered as a stranger.

This, however, is not intended to be my own commonplace story, and I should retire into the background at once. From the first I tried to lay by a little of my weekly wages, placing it for safety in one of the great city banks. One afternoon I arrived a little too late for business, finding no one but the janitor who was sweeping and otherwise putting things to rights preparatory to locking up.

A civil fellow enough I had always found him, and to-night I stood conversing on different matters for some moments. Suddenly the door was flung widely ajar, a light step danced into the room—a lithe, fairy form, clothed in a long, light gray cloak, and dark sailor hat. "I'm here, father," a bell voice said, "and I suppose you are almost ready to go home." "Yes, my dear," he answered fondly. "Goodnight, sir" to me, and they were off.

I stood looking after them, for in the moment in which all this occured I had caught glimpses of a face of remarkable force and sweetness under the sailor hat—the face of a child, who, though seemingly a woman before her time, had not lost all her youthful vivacity in her more mature cares. The countenance haunted me, as one from a sea of faces will sometimes strike us on the crowded streets, and the next evening I planned my walk from my employer's office to pass the bank at the same hour.

To be sure, there she was again and I made an excuse for calling that I might steal another look at the sweet little face, for such it really was lighted by a pair of lustrous, trusting dark eyes, the features delicate and regular, the lips full, the lower part of the countenance strong and firm.

"Yes, Bertha," the father was saying, "it's a good many weeks, isn't it since you began walking home with me after banking hours?"

"Five—six—eight, father; I don't know just how long."

"Good evening, Mr. Norcross," I interposed. "will you please present me to your daughter?"

"I don't know but that she is rather young for such forms and ceremonies," he responded, with a tender smile that evinced the depth of his love for her. "But, Bertha, Mr. Carlyle requests to be made known to you. My daughter Bertha, Mr. Carlyle."

And while he was finishing his day's work we stood aside and conversed on matters as important as ordinarily engaged the attention of strangers. But even cursorily she evinced a careful home training, and I could not but help wishing, as I bade her good night, that I had here a home like that from which she must have come, and did not live at a dreary hotel where all my domestic life consisted in eating, drinking and sleeping.

She was only a child, therefore I was not "in love" with her in the ordinary sense of that phrase, and yet, too, I should have enjoyed the privilege of an old friend with her, to have won her innocent confidence, fondled her pretty hair, brought her little presents, and bestowed on her all those little attentions which lovers of children enjoy granting to their bright young favorites. With this end in view, I sedulously cultivated the acquaintance of her father—much to his surprise, I dare say—and it was not long before I received a modestly given invitation to call at the Norcross home, a small "flat" in a large tenement house.

It was a quiet and retired place, as I had expected, and my welcome was cordial and genial. Other callers were there, and telling my host I was very fond of the little ones, I rather neglected them for their offspring, there being a brace of boys younger than Bertha. To them I told stories and explained games, while to Bertha I talked of books and studies of various sorts, for I found that she was an earnest and enthusiastic student.

I was a young man then, and it soon became my habit to spend my Sunday afternoons with the Norcrosses—as an old friend might, "to have a taste of the sweet domesticity of home," as I told them, and little Bertha would greet me when I came and part from me as I went away, as a younger sister might have done. To use the common phrase, the Norcross family had seen better days, having come from England, where they had been of the middle class. There Mr. Norcross had failed in business as a small grocer, and wishing to begin life anew had emigrated, but, though possessed of many sterling commercial traits had not the knack of managing means so as to greatly improve his worldly condition, simply adopting his present employment, in which he bade fair to long continue.

Our lives flowed on in the same tranquil channel, and I had long since told Bertha of the plot I had formed to know her well, to her own considerable amusement.

One bright night, however, as I was journeying toward my hotel I heard the onward rush of the fire-engines, three of which swept past me on their way to a just discovered conflagration. People, too, were hurrying in that direction and I followed the crowd.

Ha! it was in the Norcross neighborhood! I must hurry forward and see that they, at least, were not in danger. My God! it was in the very block! Flames roared with inconceivable fierceness, too, and sweeping everything before them. I ran from one startled and homeless group to another seeking to know whether they had escaped from the burning buildings or not, all mentally devising many plans for their rescue. At last I found Mr. and Mrs. Norcross guarding a portion of their household goods, and my first inquiry was for Bertha. Mr. Norcross, whose nature was prone to sink under disasters, replied helplessly that she was safe, for he saw her leave their ruined home, and Mrs. N. added that she must have gone somewhere to take the boys to a place of safety.

At this time the flames rushed and roared with hungry voracity, leaping from one vulnerable point to another in the building, and [illegible] was not satisfied; she might yet be within. At all events I could find no trace of her elsewhere. Starting for the building I met one of her little brothers who said that she had gone in after Robbie, the other standing bitterly crying the while. This then, explained it, and I knew that in the terror and confusion Mr. and Mrs. Norcross supposed them all to be safe.

It was not a time to think but to act. "Men, men!" I cried to the firemen around me, "There are two yet in the burning building; a young girl and a little child. Five hundred dollars to any one who saves them! Work for their lives, men, work for lives!" I needed not however, to offer a reward, for the brave fellows at once started for the charred and blackened entrance. I followed but was firmly held back, and kindly yet curtly told that only those who were accustomed to such work must be allowed to try.

I waited and watched the entrance with a hungering agony words cannot describe. At last they came back—the two that had entered—each with a burden in his arms.

"Thank God" burst from my parched throat involuntarily, and I hurried forward to ascertain the details.

"No hope, sir, I'm afraid!" said one of them mournfully shaking his head at me. "We found them in the north hallway; the girl had been carrying the boy, but had sunk under the weight, stupefied by the smoke. I'm afraid they're both done for. It's such a pity; such a pretty creature, too, as she was!"

The fireman's rough consolation failed to reach me, and as I bent over her weeping, I hardly heard and did not heed the inquiries on the part of people around, if I was her father or brother. Hopelessness had—alas, too reasonably—taken possession of me, though a moment before I had been so buoyant.

The reviving influence of the open air was tried upon little Bertha, with stronger remedies, but all without effect, though her brother recovered. She had passed through the valley of the shadow of death fearing no evil, and through the smoke and fire of an earthly danger, her spirit had risen on the great white flame of eternal life.

We have missed her, though we know she has gone home, while we are still traveling on our journey to the grave. But many heard of her brave effort to prove that "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." She was widely mourned and long remembered as one should be who had been gentle and loving in her life, noble and heroic in her death.

## The Value of Trees.

A good lesson in regard to the value of trees as an agricultural product is now being taught the farmers of certain sections of Ohio and Indiana. As most of our readers know, this portion of the country has for many years been the principal source of the black walnut lumber, long so fashionable here and still very highly prized abroad. Twenty or thirty years ago the black walnut trees nearly covered the ground in some counties, and although the beautiful color and grain of the wood caused a steady demand for it, and at good prices, the process of cutting down and sawing the logs was too slow for the ignorant and improvident settlers, who burned over thousands of acres of forests to save themselves the trouble of thinking how to clear the land intelligently. The more sensible of them sawed and split the beautiful timber for framing their houses and building fences, which are worth to-day nearly as much as if they were of solid mahogany; but by far the larger portion was dispersed in smoke and ashes. As the supply of the timber diminished the value has advanced, and a combination of speculators is said to have been formed within a few months to secure all the remaining available stock and hold it at its own price. The agents of this combination, which is supposed to have been formed in England, are now engaged in buying the timber still standing, and are said to have secured already $5,000,000 worth of trees, which are being rapidly cut down and shipped across the ocean. The sudden demand caused by these extensive operations seems to have opened the eyes of the farmers for the first time to the irreparable loss which they have inflicted upon themselves in the reckless destruction of twenty years ago. One, in particular, informed a correspondent of one of the New York papers that he worked almost incessantly for eight years to clear the black walnut trees off his farm, burning more than eighty acres of timber on his own ground. During the thirty years since this wholesale destruction was effected the farm has been constantly cultivated, and is now valued at about $8000. If it could be put again in the condition in which it was before the clearing commenced it would be worth more than $100,000, so that the old farmer's eight years of toil were practically devoted to throwing away his money at the rate of $1000 a month. It is true that by this means his land was cleared for crops, but the experience of other countries shows that judicious thinning, in place of indiscriminate destruction, would have reduced the producing capacity of the farm very little if at all, and would have increased the value of the timber reserved so much as to compensate in a great degree for that cut away, so that the owner might have secured both profits instead of one. The advantage of such thinning, it must be remembered, would be greater with black walnut than with almost any other timber, for the irregular twists which are apt to affect a forest tree deprived of its companions, while they would injure the value of pine, much increase that of the so-called fancy woods, by the variety in grain which they produce, and the gnawing of cattle, or the effects of wind or lightning to which trees standing in the open fields are liable are all sources of new beauty, and consequent enhancement of price. As we have said before, we have seen a single black walnut log for which $5000 was paid, and one gnarled and crooked tree of this species to the acre would give such a farm a great value.

WAITING FOR CLAY TO BE PRESIDENT.—"Here's a curiosity I want to show you before you go," continued the veteran photographer. "It's the picture of a man who, some thirty years ago, made a vow that he would never shave or have his hair cut until Henry Clay was president of the United States. He has kept his vow until this day. His name is A. B. Norton, and he is the editor of a paper somewhere in Texas. His friends who came here with him called him 'General' Norton, but that don't signify anything down there. He was stopping in New York some time ago, and I made this photograph of him. You see his white beard lies way down on his breast, and his snow-white mustaches are hung up over his ears. That's what makes him look like an ape. His hair hangs way down his back, and he declared that scissors had not touched it since he first made the vow thirty years ago."

Six Indians were fined $10 each for trapping fish in the Little Spokane last week.

## Ingersoll's Palace.

This, however, has all been preliminary to a description of Ingersoll's log cabin in New Mexico, which Dorsey is building for him. The situation is one of the most beautiful in nature. Colfax county, northeastern New Mexico, is an elevated plateau, almost identical in area with the state of Massachusetts. The Palo Alto estate (commonly called Dorsey's ranch) is situated almost exactly in the middle of it. The whole country is one boundless and unbroken meadow. The estate proper consists of about twenty four thousand acres, in more than a hundred locations covering the springs that control the pasturage of more than a million acres. Dorsey's home ranch (his private property and not included in the Palo Alto estate) called Ojo del Monte—mountain spring—is situated on an elevation commanding a view of almost the whole country. It is next to impossible to convey the proper notion of western scenery to people unfamiliar with the optical effects of our rarified atmosphere. To say that when the air is warmed by the sun, between the hours of 9 and 4, a cow four miles distant will look larger, though the outline of form will be indefinite, than one ten paces off, is to assert what the eastern people (save perhaps a few on the coast) have not the data in their experience to verify. It seems impossible. To state that one can stand upon the veranda of Dorsey's residence in the balmy morning and gaze across endless meadows, upon mountain ranges 150 miles away and see the peaks towering into the clouds is to endanger your credibility by an assertion that almost makes imagination faint. In such a country, in the midst of such scenes, in an elevated position, yet sheltered by solemn pines and gnarled and twisted cedars, will be situated the summer home of Ingersoll. He has lately become a part owner of the Palo Alto estate, which, with its 45,000 head of grade cattle, is valued at $2,000,000. The house will be near Ojo del Monte—that is, a few miles away. Everything is "near" in a country where the natural roads are as smooth as race tracks and horses are as plentiful as chickens.

The building—or let us say buildings, for it is a great cluster—will be something unique in architecture, and I shall be greatly disappointed if the general plan is not soon extensively copied in New England, where the material abounds in profusion and where fanciful things in architecture are now the rage. Nothing more perfectly delightful for a seaside residence could be devised, especially for spots where land is cheap. Its size will be commensurate with the generous proportions of the man and the boundless hospitality for which his hearth has always been famous.

Ingersoll's immediate family consists of but four persons, a wife and two daughters; I am told that he rarely sits down to a meal with less than a dozen about his table, and frequently that number is doubled. His New Mexico residence will accommodate thirty persons, exclusive of servants, without crowding. He expects, as I understand, to occupy it from June to November of each year, and it is his purpose to withdraw himself so far from legal practice as to be able to devote that much of each year to the preparation of some books on religious and philosophical topics which he has long contemplated.

Learning that Mr. A. H. Young, of Raton, was the architect in charge, I called on him to obtain some facts for publication, and was permitted to take a draft of the plan, which I sent for reproduction in opinion. To get the proportion right, make the distance around the veranda 940 feet. Formed into one rectangular building, this would make a house 300 feet long by 150 wide. You will thus be enabled to judge of the amount of space under roof.

"When do you expect to have Col. Ingersoll's house ready for occupancy?" I inquired of the architect.

"By the 1st of July."

"Tell me how it will be finished—tell me all about it."

"Well, it will be built of logs entirely, on a stone foundation, and it will take twenty-five workmen from now till the time mentioned to finish it. Every log will have the bark scraped nearly smooth, but left on, and then the whole will be well oiled. The rustic effect will be carried out by making even the window frames of slabs, with the bark on, and all the doors will be of unique pattern. As for the doors they will be of all shapes and sizes, those in no two rooms being alike and stained glass will be liberally used. The floors, and such of the rooms as are not lathed and plastered, will be done in mountain mahogany and hard pine, two kinds of timber growing in the vicinity. No paint whatever will be used about the building, but all the woodwork will be treated with hot oil. The chimneys, of which there will be many, both in groups and scattered, will be of red stone and red brick. Some will be inside and others outside the house, and may best serve effects in the general log-cabin design of the building. Every large room—and you see how spacious they will be—has a spacious fire place for wood. With the exception of the octagonal room, which will be 30 feet high and have an observatory above all the buildings (you perceive it is not one building, but a numerous and grotesque jumble all connected) will be but one story high. The roofs will be steep, semi-gothic, painted gule red, which I think, with all the clustering gables and the chimney groups, will make a charming ensemble there among the green cedars and pines. I am very enthusiastic about it, for you see all the gentlemen of the country are proud to have the colonel for a neighbor, and with the hosts of Eastern visitors he will have, my work is sure to be appreciated."

"What will the whole affair cost?"

"Well, the contract price for the house alone is $10,000, but the stable, fences, putting in the fountain (you see the spring above throws the water thirty feet high at the house) will probably run the whole expense up to $15,000, and you are to take into account that much of the material costs nothing out there but the dressing."

As for society, Col. Ingersoll will not find himself among the barbarians of Colfax County. There is probably not another section in the whole Rocky Mountain section which contains a greater number of cultivated people than this.

An Austin boy kept on throwing his hat in the air and catching it, after his father had told him to keep his hat on his head. Finally his father lost patience. After a brief but painful interview, the parent threw away the strap and asked, "Now, do you know where your cap should have been?" "Yes, sir," sobbed the boy, rubbing himself where he needed it most, "it should have been under my clothes."—Texas Siftings.

A worthy lady offers the following advice to girls: "Whenever a fellow pops the question, don't blush and stare at your foot. Just throw your arms around his neck, look him full in the face, and commence to talk about the furniture."

will exceed $100,000. The work of rebuilding the destroyed works will be commenced at once.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Marechal Neil Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

Allcock's Porous Plasters.
Weak Back, Rheumatism and all Local Pains are relieved and cured by Allcock's Porous Plasters. One trial will convince you; but see that you get the genuine, as all other so-called Porous Plasters, without a single exception, are worthless imitations.

Brown's Bronchial Troches will relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases. They are used always with good success.

Nervous [illegible] Dyspepsia, Sexual Debility cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

Subsequently Lackawanna [illegible] dropped to 96½. [illegible] the general list which declined only ½ to ¾. At 1:30 the market was a little better again, under the leadership of Lackawanna. Brokers most prominent in depressing this stock in early dealings were also

on the Puyallup road. The committee [illegible] ed to the meeting that all but $400 of the $4000 required had been subscribed. The Puyallup subscription was not reported, but had reached above $2000 on Friday night.

# EASTERN DISPATCHES.

## Additional Particulars of the Wreck of the Senorine.

### SIXTY-TWO LIVES PERISH WITH THE VESSEL.

Not a Soul Escapes to Tell the Story—Trouble Threatened in Louisiana Over the Recent Election—General Notes.

### Boston Wool Market.

BOSTON, May 24.—[Special.]—The wool market is in a very unsatisfactory state, and seldom have manufacturers, dealers or speculators been more perplexed at the business outlook. Sales of California include 300,000 pounds spring at an average of 18 cents, and 270,000 on private terms. The market is quiet, and more or less old stock is on hand. Holders refuse to sell. There has been rather more doing in Texas, California, Kentucky and other points where new wool is available, but business is still quite small, compared with previous years. New Texas and California is also beginning to arrive, and a fair supply is on the way and near at hand. In San Francisco there has been some 400,000 pounds sold, at from 16 to 20 cents for good wools, and there is also more or less California wool on the way on consignment from San Francisco, which they are disposed to hold firm at prices which eastern dealers fear is far above the market.

### Filthy New Orleans.

NEW YORK, May 24.—[Special.]—As to the filthy condition of New Orleans, a clergyman telegraphs that he did not believe there was another city on the globe where such sights would be permitted, and could not understand how any municipal government, no matter of what party, could tacitly allow its citizens to be murdered, through negligence or ignorance. He had never before seen such filth in Cairo or Constantinople.

### Sad Effects of Yachting.

BALTIMORE, May 24.—[Special.]—Mrs. J. Randolph Mordecai, wife of one of Baltimore's most prominent merchants, has been removed to a private asylum. Mrs. Mordecai was one of a party of ladies and gentlemen, prominent in highest social circles, who went out yachting last Saturday. The sun was very warm and it is thought its rays affected Mrs. Mordecai. She was related to the Bonapartes.

### American Cattle Not Wanted.

ST. PAUL, May 24.—The St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroad Company was to-day notified by the collector of customs at Winnipeg that the shipment of cattle into Manitoba from the United States is forbidden, except under regulations providing for immediate slaughter.

### A Priest Sues a Newspaper.

BOSTON, May 24.—Father Boniface of the Italian society of St. Leonard's Catholic church, whose name was associated with certain alleged curious money transactions, has brought suit against the Boston *Herald* for $100,000.

### Stanford Preparing for Death.

NEW YORK, May 24.—[Special.]—An Albany dispatch says ex-Governor Stanford of California will erect one of the most elaborate family mausoleums in the country in an Albany rural cemetery.

## TROUBLE IN LOUISIANA.

### Military Ordered in Readiness to Prevent Bloodshed at New Iberia.

NEW ORLEANS, May 24.—To-day the adjutant general ordered a battalion of the Louisiana field artillery to hold themselves in readiness to move at a moment's notice to the scene of the trouble at New Iberia. The military, however, has not yet been ordered to move. It is understood there is considerable excitement in New Iberia, growing out of the contest for the judgeship in the Twenty-first judicial district, between Gates, claiming to have been elected over Fontinelleau, the present incumbent. This is one of the cases referred to in the resolution adopted by the republican state central committee last week. A senate committee is considering the petition and memorial to Gates, and will report impeaching Fontinelleau, who is a republican. Gates, after much delay and manipulation of votes, was declared elected at the recent election. As showing how this result was brought about, Fontinelleau's friends claim that at one precinct, known as Bayou Pigeon, which at the date of the recent election was overflowed, the election officers made no provision for the election there, as no voting had ever been done at that point, the fifteen or twenty voters residing in that section having heretofore voted elsewhere. At the last election, however, they decided themselves to hold election, and returned nearly 900 votes from that precinct for Gates, thus electing him. Fontinelleau's friends declare they will not allow Gates to preside in the district, and the state authorities have decided to seat Gates, by force, if necessary.

REPORTS EXAGGERATED.

NEW ORLEANS, May 24.—*Times-Democrat* New Iberia special: It seems that the report concerning the political situation in this and adjoining parishes are very much exaggerated. So far there has been no disturbance, except a few weeks ago, when a crowd of hoodlums, composed of Fontinelleau's backers, paraded the streets, firing cannon and pistols, and making threats that they would spill the last drop of their blood in seating Fontinelleau. The past two weeks has been quiet, but all sorts of rumors are afloat—one to the effect that Fontinelleau is organizing the negroes to defend him and help resist seating Gates. Rumors have run high the past few days, the cause of which is the supposed forming of a military company in St. Martin's parish. The attempt yesterday to burn the court house in St. Martin's parish caused some commotion, and a great deal of talk in both parishes. The incendiaries' object in firing the court house is unknown. Little damage was done. The rumors have greatly damaged the business of New Iberia, as country people are afraid to come to town, thinking a war is going on.

ELECTION FRAUDS DENOUNCED.

NEW ORLEANS, May 24.—The republican state central committee to-day adopted the following: "*Resolved*, That it is committee place the seal of condemnation upon the method employed in some parishes of this state to defeat the will of the people, and candidates, duly and legally elected, notably in the ninth and twenty-first judicial districts. That a committee be appointed to collect evidence, make a report of the same, and give it such publicity as in their judgment may seem proper." A resolution was also adopted, "That it is the sense of this central committee that republican members of the legislature use their best efforts to secure at the same time investigations of frauds committed in behalf of the democratic party at the late general election."

## THE SENORINE DISASTER.

### Sixty-two Persons Sink Beneath the Wave, not one Escaping to Tell the Awful Story.

NEW YORK, May 24.—A special from St. Johns says: The French brig Senorine went ashore on the grand banks Friday and was a total wreck in fifteen minutes. Fifty-three passengers and nine of the crew were lost. The Senorine was caught in a fog and the captain lost his bearings. He was making for this port, going slow. When the vessel struck, the wildest disorder prevailed, the officers and crew making for the boats, leaving the passengers to care for themselves. One boat, containing twenty passengers and some of the crew, was swamped after it got away from the steamer by the lurching of the vessel. The screams of the women were heartrending. Most of them sank immediately. The men struggled, but only a few succeeded, by catching floating spars, in keeping afloat. The captain was unable to maintain discipline among the passengers. Many clung to the rigging after the first shock, thinking the vessel would stand the strain, and thought they would be picked up when the fog cleared, but when the vessel went to pieces they were lost. Only about twenty were saved.

SIXTY-TWO LIVES LOST.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., May 24.—Following are the only details obtainable of the loss of the French brig Senorine. The vessel left St. Malo March 1, not the 5th, as previously reported, laden with salt, provisions, and a general cargo, and bound for Saint Pierre. She had a ship's company of nine hands, and all told fifty three passengers. About the 20th of April she was signaled in a drift of ice, on the eastern edge of the great banks. A few days after a strong gale arose from the south-southwest, and with various changes and veering continued into May. In the first week in May her sides were crushed in by the ice, and she sank without giving any warning. The British clipper schooner Consuelo passed by the ship shortly afterward and picked up sufficient debris and general wreckage to identify with a certainty both the missing vessel and her actual doom. The Consuelo took on board some beds, trunks, baskets and clothing, that has doubtless floated out and up from the crushed and collapsing vessel. No further particulars are ascertainable, nor ever will be. She sank and made no sign.

## THE TURF.

THE RACES AT LOUISVILLE.

LOUISVILLE, May 24.—Fleetwood stakes, 3-year-olds, mile heats—Ventore won in straights, Enos second (each heat), Ergot third. Time, 1:45½, 1:47¼.

Swigert stakes, mile—Long Knight won, John Henry second, Centerville third. Time, 1:44.

Purse of $400, all ages—Jose Philips won, Tom Barlow second, Lucille Dalle third. Time, 2:00.

Steeple chase, handicap, all ages, two miles—Captain Curry won, Ohio Boy second. Time, 4:19.

AT BRIGHTON BEACH.

BRIGHTON BEACH, May 24.—Five furlong dash, all ages—Little Minch won, Plunger second, Knight Templar third. Time, 1:02½.

Selling race, three-quarter mile—Bortlett won, Marsh Redan second, Mute third. Time, 1:18¼.

Mile, all ages—Little Fred won, Arsenic second, Flora third. Time, 1:46¾.

Hurdle race, mile and three quarters—Bucksaw won, Rochester second, Ike Bonham third. Time, 3:23½.

## CRIMINAL CALENDAR.

JOHNSON CONVICTED OF MURDER.

CINCINNATI, May 24.—Benjamin Johnson, who with Allen Ingalls was indicted for the murder of the Taylor family at Avondale, was this afternoon found guilty of murder in the first degree. The jury was out an hour. This was the case where the bodies were delivered on the evening of the killing to the Ohio medical college, and $15 apiece paid for them to Ingalls and Johnson. Ingalls hanged himself in jail a short time ago.

AN ALDERMAN DIES FROM HIS WOUNDS.

CHICAGO, May 24.—A German Michael Gaynor, shot by a tough named Jim Dacey in a saloon on the night of May 13, died this morning. Gaynor has been a member of the city council for four years.

PATCHING UP THE BREACH.

NEW YORK, May 24.—Tammany and Irving Hall and the county democracy are endeavoring to arrange their differences, so as to send a united delegation to the national convention.

An arithmetician computes that the hand of a compositor in setting type travels 350 miles a year. Yes, and it goes at least a hundred miles out of its way in addition for the purpose of making typographical blunders.—*Burlington Free Press.*

New York, May 24.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| N. P. common...... | 20¼ | Western Union.... | 61¼ |
| N. P. Preferred.... | 45½ | Pacific Mail...... | 37¼ |
| Or. & Trans....... | 13 | North Western.... | 95¾ |
| Or. Imp. Stock..... | 18 | Lake Shore....... | 82½ |
| Or. Imp. Bonds..... | 81 | New York Central.. | 109¾ |
| O. R. & N. stock... | 75¼ | Erie............. | 14¾ |

CLOSING QUOTATIONS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Western Union.... | 61¼ | Transcontinental... | 13⅞ |
| O. R. & N. stock..... | 75¼ | | |

# THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

## THE WEST SIDE BANK CLOSES ITS DOORS AFTER A BRIEF RUN.

Nothing Heard from the Absconding Officer—Another Decline in the Price of Stocks—Young Grant Interviewed.

NEW YORK, May 24.—[Special.]—Ward was visited in jail yesterday by his wife and Rev. Newman. As the latter was leaving he told a reporter: "I did not come here from General Grant. Mine is purely a friendly visit. I have known the Ward boys since they were children, and their father was an intimate friend of mine. He was a clergyman and a missionary to Madras, and consequently I take a friendly interest in his boys."

A reporter interviewed U. S. Grant, Jr., at the latter's office. He betrayed a troubled state of mind, and as he looked up from his work an expression of pain, mingled with fear, seemed to overspread his countenance. In answer to whether there was any foundation to the reports relative to himself or brother, Grant firmly replied: "There is not a word of truth in it."

"Have you any idea how these rumors got abroad?" was asked.

"No; there always are those that start them for little or no reason. I should like to trace some of them to their source. It might have an effect upon others. For instance, the rumor that I had escaped to Canada, to avoid arrest, was simply ridiculous. I live in the country, but shall be here in my office every day; and if any one wishes to see me, or I should be wanted, I can be found here."

"Do you know what the confession it is hinted that Ward is about to make will contain?"

"No; I have not heard of any such confession, nor can I imagine what its purport would be."

SUSPENSION OF THE WEST SIDE BANK.

In the West Side bank this morning Cashier Dobler refused to speak of the bank or its affairs. At 1:30 P. M. the bank suspended, and Dobler's silence was explained. President George Moore says it closed, because the American Exchange refused to clear for them. He said they had plenty of money to stand a run all day, but wanted to treat the depositors fairly. The books are being inspected by two bank examiners. The president says he will have their statement ready shortly. The bank paid no interest. The directors and officers of the bank were in the building all day, but refused to talk. All kind of rumors are about in regard to Hinckley's defalcation. One was that Hinckley did not content himself with $98,000. He has not yet been heard from. President Moore said he was sure that after the books were thoroughly examined no greater amount than $90,000 would be found missing, and that resumption of business would take place shortly.

It is stated that the total liabilities of the West Side bank are $1,800,000, and that the bank had to meet them $1,700,000 in business paper and $200,000 in money. Six hundred thousand dollars of the paper matures in the next three weeks. It is understood that some of the banks in the clearing house association were asked to share with the American Exchange the responsibility of assisting the West Side bank. The proposal was not accepted, however, and the American Exchange refuse to continue making its exchanges.

KEENE WANTS TIME.

NEW YORK, May 24.—[Special.]—Speaking of his offer Keene said he did not ask for any compromise, but for time. "I am not old," he said, "and my health is good. Indeed, I am feeling unusually well. It has been impossible for anyone to obtain what money he needed in these days, but I shall soon be on my feet again. I want to arrange these matters so that no one will lose anything, and I shall have time to pay them."

THE PENN BANK ALL RIGHT.

PITTSBURG, May 24.—The Penn bank is opened and doing an active business, with a steady gain in deposits, and no rush to secure funds. Its stock sold to-day several points above par.

A RUN.

There has been a small run on the West Side bank this afternoon, owing to the $90,000 defalcation of Hinckley, paying teller. A crowd of depositors flocked in and drew money. Many only drew a portion. The officers of the bank refused to say anything of the defalcation, but promised a statement. Hinckley has not been heard of yet. The bank does not anticipate much of a run, and has a surplus of many thousands.

It is reported the Union bank at Uhrichsville, O., has suspended.

A DENIAL.

CINCINNATI, May 24.—It was reported to-day from New York that the Union bank at Uhrichsville, Ohio, had suspended. Reliable advices late this afternoon are to the effect that no failure or bank suspension has occurred at Uhrichsville.

THE STOCK MARKET.

NEW YORK, May 24.—Governments, steady and stocks weak and depressed at the opening, and prices dropped ½ to ¾ with coal shares, Quincy, Northwest, Lake Shore, New York Central, New Jersey Central, Rock Island, Northern Pacific preferred and Union Pacific. Before 11 there was a rise of ½ to 3¼, and Missouri Pacific was especially prominent. The advance was partly based on reports that Commissioner Fink was intending to advance freight rates. The bank statement, which was unfavorable, brought about a general selling, and the market ruled irregular to the close. Some shares were well supported, and others depressed to the lowest point of the week. Prominent among the latter were Lake Shore, Illinois Central, New York Central, and Northwestern, while Missouri Pacific, Western Union, Union Pacific, Reading, Oregon and Transcontinental, and Pacific Mail were positively strong. Leading shares commanded 1-64 of one per cent. premium per diem.

MONEY, BONDS AND STOCKS.

NEW YORK, May 24.—Money was easy at 1@2; closed offered 1. Prime mercantile paper, 5@6. Sterling exchange, bankers' bills, quiet but steady at $4 84; demand, $4 84¾.

Wool—Steady with fair demand.

Bonds—3s, 101¼; 4½s, 113; 4s, 120¾; Pacific 25s, 126.

Stocks—American 90, Canada Pacific, 45½, Canada Southern 37, Central Pacific 40¼, Burlington 8¼, Delaware, Lackawanna & Western 84¾, Denver & Rio Grande 10¼, Erie 14¼, Hannibal & St. Joe 38¾, Kansas & Texas 14¾, Lake Shore 82½, Louisville & Nashville 30¾, Michigan Central 68, Northern Pacific 19, do preferred 41¾, New York Central 73¼, Oregon Navigation 73¼, Transcontinental 13⅞, Oregon Imp. 12, Pacific Mail 37, Panama 98, Rock Island 8½, St. Paul 25¾, Texas Pacific 12¼, Union Pacific 39, U. S. Express 48, Fargo 94, Western Union 61¾, Northwestern 95¾.

Petroleum steady at 62½.

BANK STATEMENT.

Loans, decrease, $13,461,800; specie, decrease, $10,804,100; legal tenders, decrease, $4,080,400; deposits decrease, $24,624,400; circulation, increase, $1,256,000; reserve, decrease, $9,734,150. Banks are $6,609,135 below the legal requirements.

No suspended Wall street firm has completed a statement of its condition. The creditors of H. C. Hardy & Sons have appointed a committee to suggest plans for settlement. No failures are reported at the stock exchange.

The export of specie for the week was $186,697, making for the year thus far $41,093,752, against $612,180 the same time in 1883.

## THE FIRE RECORD.

THE OIL FIRE AT PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, May 24.—The fire in the Atlantic oil works spread during the night, and is still sweeping over the works. A dozen storage tanks have burst. Efforts are being made to run off the oil in tanks. The refining works, consisting of several brick buildings, were destroyed. Loss, $200,000.

Fourteen tanks of oil are all ablaze, and several more are in great danger. The flames have spread over five acres and are likely to continue burning for some days. The firemen feel confident that they can keep it confined to the oil now burning. Since 4 A. M. several explosions have taken place. A change of wind may spread the flames. It is now said the loss will reach $600,000.

The situation is unchanged. There is no immediate prospect of the fire spreading. The oil is burning fiercely and a project of piercing a 25,000 barrel tank by cannon balls, to draw off the oil, is under consideration. A cannon has been placed in position, but the officials are cautious of surrounding property. The Belmont oil works and gas works are regarded safe.

## POLITICAL.

POLITICAL NOTES.

NEW YORK, May 24.—[Special.]—At the Tammany meeting last night, whereat Tilden was indorsed, Governor Cleveland and neither appeared nor wrote a letter of regret. The *World* says the committee on arrangements think that this is a snub, and it caused no little comment last night.

Carl Schurz, being interviewed, said he did not think there would be any organized battle by the independent republicans, even if Arthur or Blaine were nominated. They certainly had done all they could to honorably defeat both.

Washington dispatches say that General Sherman has written a letter to a prominent republican delegate positively refusing to allow his name to go before the convention.

### Governed by a Woman.

Chicago Current.

It seems that it was only after the French became masters of the Red River Delta in Tonquin that the old lady, Tsze-Ni-Twan-Yu K'ang-I, the Chinese empress-regent and her advisers discovered that China occupied a very ridiculous position before the world, and had actually been beaten and disgraced while Marquis Tseng was posing in England and Germany as an oracle optimistic. So keenly has the empress-regent felt the Tonquin business that she has, in the name of the boy emperor, caused several dignitaries to be disgraced or beheaded. Doubtless Tseng will be punished when he goes to Pekin, for if anybody deserves punishment it is Tseng, who has habitually closed his eyes on facts. Among the gentlemen degraded by Tsze-Ni-Twan-Yu K'ang-I was Prince Kung, an eminent adviser of the emperor, or rather the regent, who is brother of the emperor who died in 1860, and uncle of the predecessor of the present emperor, who died of smallpox about ten years ago. The wife of the latter, Ah-lu-te, was a rather weak minded and sentimental young woman, who was so overcome by the death of her husband that she forgot to adopt an heir to the throne, as was her duty, she having no children of her own. There were two old empresses then, one of whom had been the first wife of the old emperor, and the other his concubine. These two old ladies (one of them died in 1881) seized the opportunity, and Tsze-Ni-Twan-Yu K'ang-I selected her infant nephew, son of her sister, wife of Prince Chun, and he was formally declared successor. Prince Kung, who was one of the regency council in 1861, made an effort to control the succession and got rid of all his associates on the council except the two old ladies, and they were too many for him. The present regent must be a woman of extraordinary acute diplomacy and intriguing power. She has been at the head of affairs for some years, with the celebrated Li-Hung-Chang viceroy of Pi-Chili and foreign minister, and Prince Kung as advisers. The boy emperor is about 12 or 13 years of age.

A New York paper used a "G" instead of a "C" and printed it the "New York Gab Company." It is said that the members of Sorosis feel very much hurt about it and will boycott the paper.—*Norristown Herald.*

# AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

## Important Land Case Decision Against the Northern Pacific.

### CONGRESSMAN ROBINSON LOSES HIS TEMPER.

The Probabilities of an Early Development of Congress—"Calamity" Weller Made an Object of Amusement in the House.

### Important Land Case Decision.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—[Special.]—In the case of Jasper Priest vs. the Northern Pacific railroad, involving a tract in Vancouver district, Washington territory, the secretary of the interior has decided in favor of plaintiff. This is one of a great number of similar cases that have been held in abeyance in the department. The secretary now holds that where homestead entry existed at the time of withdrawal, within the indemnity limits, the homestead entry was canceled, and the tract did not fall within the protection of withdrawal, but was subject to entry of the first legal applicant.

### Takes Back the Goods.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—The secretary of the navy has decided to allow Orals Mater & Co. to withdraw their offer for the purchase of the United States steamship Colorado. This action is due to a misunderstanding on the part of the bidders as to the terms of purchase. The Colorado will be put up for sale again, together with naval vessels for which no bids were received at the last sale.

### House.

WASHINGTON, May 24.

Hatch (Missouri) presented the conference report on the bill to establish a bureau of animal industry. The house conferees recommend concurrence in all the senate amendments. The amount of the appropriation is $150,000, and the jurisdiction of commissioner of agriculture is limited to such investigation and such disinfection and quarantine measures as may be necessary to prevent the spread of contagious and infectious disease from one state or territory into another. The report was agreed to.

The first bill called up was the senate bill granting permission to Lieutenant Reynolds, United States navy, to accept the decoration of the royal and imperial order of Francis Joseph from the government of Austria, for gallantry in saving the lives of eleven Austrian sailors.

Robinson of New York opposed the bill, saying the "dudes" of the navy were continually asking permission to accept decorations.

Cox of New York said Reynolds saved lives at the imminent peril of his own, and for it had been insulted here to-day by this man Robinson.

Kasson said the gentleman from New York (Robinson) was persistent in dishonoring his own countrymen, by denying them the praise accorded to them.

Robinson (excitedly)—I want the words taken down, that I am a dishonorable man who violates the constitution and dishonors himself. I stand by the constitution. Let him withdraw.

Kasson—I withdraw nothing. I say the man who stigmatizes with the word "dude" a gallant navy officer, does a dishonor to the navy and its officers.

The bill then passed, Robinson being unable to muster a sufficient following to call for the yeas and nays.

The bill restoring Alfred Hopkins to the rank of captain in the navy gave rise to a long debate. Hopkins left Pensacola without leave when yellow fever prevailed there, and was dismissed from the service.

Lyman moved to strike out the enacting clause; lost.

The bill was laid aside for favorable consideration and when the committee rose was passed. Adjourned.

## CONGRESSIONAL NOTES.

WILL REPORT FORFEITURE BILLS.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—The senate committee on public lands to-day decided to report the bills forfeiting land grants opposite the uncompleted portions of the Northern Pacific, main and branch lines, and the Atlantic and Pacific railroads. Senator Plumb, chairman of the committee, says it is impossible to calculate the number of acres involved. In both cases some land was taken up before the charter was granted, and in the case of the Atlantic and Pacific the road was not constructed in the direction contemplated originally. The senator thinks the forfeiture of the Northern Pacific will amount to 13,000,000 acres, and the Atlantic and Pacific 35,000,000 acres. Senator Slater, author of the bill providing for forfeiture of the land grant of the Northern Pacific railroad, says the actual number of acres forfeited along that line will be 7,000,000, which is 3,000,000 acres less than proposed by the house committee on public lands. Senator Slater's bill further provides that lieu lands hereafter selected, if occupied by bonafide settlers, shall be sold at $1 25 per acre, for 160 acres.

A COMMITTEE CHANGE.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—[Special.]—At the written request of Senator Sabin of Minnesota, who is necessarily absent from congress, he was relieved from service as a member of the pension committee yesterday, and Senator Wilson of Iowa was appointed in his stead. This change will prove of great service to pensioners, and will relieve the committee of much unjust criticism. For several weeks past the committee have been unable to do anything with the number of important bills that are pending, as in the absence of Sabin the republican and the democratic members were tied, and the votes of the four democrats offset the votes of the four republicans, and every motion offered by the minority failed to carry. It is expected that bills increasing the pension of widows from $8 to $12 per month and equalizing the rate of pensions, the bullion bill, and legislation recommended by petition of the Grand Army of the Republic, will be reported favorably at an early day.

HEWITT'S TARIFF BILL.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—The committee on ways and means to-day continued consideration of that portion of the Hewitt tariff bill relative to the administration of the present law. While no vote was taken on the question of considering that part of the bill proposing a reduction of the tariff, members of the committee say positively that it will not be discussed in committee.

HONOR ON GRANT.

NEW YORK, May 24.—[Special.]—*World's* Washington: It is hardly probable that Grant will be placed on the retired list this session. A number of protests have been filed and it now looks as if the house committee will simply pigeon hole the measure.

## WHEN CONGRESS WILL ADJOURN.

### The Democrats Anxious to Get Away from the Capital at an Early Date.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—[Special.]—The hopes of representatives who expect to adjourn congress between the 15th of June and the 1st of July are based upon expectations that the appropriation bills will all be passed before the 20th of next month. Randall says that the legislative and sundry civil, the general deficiency and the river and harbor bills will be passed by the house within the next three weeks. There will certainly be a bitter fight between the two houses before the appropriation bills are passed, and the session will be either greatly protracted or congress will adjourn without voting the necessary funds for the next fiscal year. The severest contests between the senate and the house will be upon the consular and diplomatic, the naval, and the legislative and sundry civil bill. In the legislative bill the house has dictated to the senate how its contingent fund shall be expended, an intrusion which the senate will resent. The republicans are proceeding upon the assumption that the democrats will hardly dare to assume the responsibility of adjourning congress without passing all the appropriations, and that therefore the result will be victorious in all important contests.

THE LONG "STAYERS."

The policy of early adjournment does not meet the approval of western and southern representatives. They came here pledged to revoke unearned land grants, to legislate against monopolies, and to do all sorts of business that the futile attempt to revise the tariff has prevented. A quiet but influential lobby has been at work all winter to prevent the passage of any land grant forfeiture bills, and as the time for adjournment approaches these men are publicly boasting of their victory. They say it does not matter now what the house will do as adjournment is assured before the senate can act favorably upon any house bills. These boasts, however, may prove ill-timed. There are republicans as well as democratic senators who say that for the sake of saving a few weeks in adjournment congress should not neglect to act upon bills for the restoration of lands to the public domain. It is seldom, however, after the hot Washington summers begin that congress can be kept long in session, and the fact that the majority would be glad to get away before the democratic national convention is held, and that congressional campaigns in many of the districts will open earlier than usual this year lead to the impression that congress will adjourn not later than July 15.

## "CALAMITY" WELLER.

### The Man who Plays the Role of Congressional Crank to Perfection.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—[Special.]—"Calamity" Weller, of Iowa, is one of the curiosities of the house of representatives. His peculiarities are so marked that he is universally dubbed a crank, and those who are best acquainted with the man call him harmlessly insane. Weller is an object of great interest to the galleries, from his astonishing facial resemblance to the late Charles J. Guiteau, before that person shaved his chin whiskers, prior to hanging. The biography of Weller, which appears in the congressional directory, throws a flood of light upon his peculiarities. Weller says that he was born in Connecticut in 1833, where he received an academic education. He says he was born and reared a democrat of the Jeffersonian and Jackson school, but his early political training did not prevent his voting for Fremont, Lincoln, Grant and Greeley. He also voted for Tilden, and for a man named Weaver, who was once the greenback candidate for president. Weller, after moving to Iowa, worked on a farm by the day and studied law, politics and theology by night. He says he was admitted to politics at once. He was compelled to wait a few years before practising law, and at last he was admitted to the church. From 1867 until 1883 Weller was a chronic candidate for office, and with unusual frankness he tells in his biography the history of an unbroken line of ignominious defeats, until he was at last elected to the present congress as a national.

HE MAKES AN EXPLANATION.

Weller, who first voted for Peelle in the contested election case of English vs. Peelle, afterwards absented himself from the house, and allowed English to take his seat. Weller having been seen in close conversation with English senior, before leaving the house, he was very unfavorably criticised. In answer to a charge that he had been bribed not to vote against English Weller this morning arose to a question of personal privilege, and explained. Mr. Weller rises so often to make personal and other explanations that ordinarily very little attention is paid to what he says but this morning when he took the floor everybody knew what was coming, and the members were all attention. His explanation of his absence from the house, and his reference to his going home to change his shirt before going to meet his wife, caused much amusement among the members. His statement that he had been told by republican members that if he voted for Peelle he would cover himself all over with glory was loudly applauded by the democrats.

# FOREIGN NEWS.

## ENGLAND.

A PETITION TO THE QUEEN.

LONDON, May 24.—The marquis of Normanby, late governor of Victoria, Australia, has forwarded a petition to Queen Victoria, signed by sixty-eight chiefs of the island of Tanna, of the New Hebrides. It prays for protection against the French, and for annexation to the Australian colonies.

A WARLIKE ORDER.

LONDON, May 24.—The admiralty has ordered the torpedo flotilla at Chatham and Portsmouth to prepare for active service.

LIVERPOOL GRAIN MARKET.

LIVERPOOL, May 24.—The weather in England is brilliant. Breadstuffs are quiet, but there is fair inquiry. Corn, new, 5s 3d; old, 5s 4d. Wheat, prices are unchanged.

## SCOTLAND.

TWELVE MINERS SUFFOCATED.

EDINBURGH, May 24.—By a fire in a coal pit near here to-day twelve men were suffocated.

## THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

STARTED FOR KOROSKO.

CAIRO, May 24.—Major Kitchener has started for Korosko, across the desert, with 1500 Arabs. Major Al Assyrul is making preparations for a twenty days' desert march, with 500 Bedouins.

## MEXICO.

THE PRESIDENT WANTS TO RESIGN.

ST. LOUIS, May 24.—A dispatch from the City of Mexico, says the *National*, states that President Gonzales will ask congress to permit him to resign next month.

## CANADA.

INDIAN TROUBLE ENDED.

OTTAWA, May 24.—Piapot and other Indians have been persuaded to give up the sun dance, and return to the reserves.

# PACIFIC COAST.

## CALIFORNIA.

### Peculiar Accident.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 24.—Last night, while an unknown man was crossing the railroad trestle bridge between Oakland and East Oakland, a train approached him. He attempted to escape the danger of the approaching train by lowering himself between the ties, but owing to a bundle he carried his head became wedged between the ties and slightly protruded. The pilot of the engine struck his head and caused instant death. When the coroner arrived the body was still hanging, tightly wedged in its place, and was removed with difficulty.

### Suicide.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 24.—A. H. McDonald, who came from Montana recently, took a heavy dose of morphine early last evening, and was found in his room an hour later by the landlady in an insensible condition. He was removed to the receiving hospital. He assigned no reason for taking poison beyond making a remark yesterday afternoon to the effect that he was tired of living. He remained in a critical condition all night and at 9 this morning died.

### The Blythe Estate.

Judge Hunt rendered a decision to-day, on the motion to dismiss proceedings instituted in behalf of the attorney general, declaring the Blythe estate escheated to the state. He granted the motion for dismissal, but gave a twenty days stay of proceedings.

### Shipping Intelligence.

Arrived—Steamer Wilmington, Blackburn, 4 days from Departure bay, passengers and merchandise to Frank Barnard & Co.; barkentine Skagit, Howard, 8 days from Port Gamble, lumber, to Pope & Talbot; barkentine C. C. Funk, Glaser, 6½ days from Port Discovery, 650,000 feet lumber, to Moore & Smith. Cleared—Steamer Columbia, Bolles, Astoria, O. R. & N. Co.; steamer Amelia, Ross, Victoria, Master; barkentine Modoc, Bergman, Port Townsend, Charles H. Wells. Sailed—Barkentine Modoc, Christianson, Port Townsend; schooner Challenger, Hamilton, Port Townsend.

## UTAH.

THE A. O. U. W. EXCLUDES MORMONS.

SALT LAKE, May 24.—The grand lodge, A. O. U. W., to-day reconsidered its action in allowing Mormons to become members, and decided to exclude all members of the Mormon church from membership. Mormons are now excluded from all secret societies in Utah.

## ARIZONA.

### Sentenced to the Penitentiary.

TOMBSTONE, May 24.—J. R. Adams, formerly of Victoria, B. C., who killed Constable J. L. Roberts in February last, was to-day sentenced by Judge Pinney to five years in the Yuma penitentiary.

## EAST PORTLAND LETTER LIST.

The following letters remain in the East Portland postoffice, May 24, 1884:

WOMEN'S LIST.

Blake, Ollie
Bleardly, Bertha
Bosvert, Miss Violet
Butler, Mattie
Benson, Miss Pearly

Denton, Rosa

Eastman, Mary
Ehlers, Mrs E

Fry, Miss Emma

Guffin, Miss Kate

Howe, Mrs S E
Hoeyd, Miss E
Hughes, Mrs T
Hamill, Miss Emma
Havely, Mrs M

Johnson, Ella S
Jenkins, Mrs Leona
Jagger, Louis

Lewis, Sarah A
Lyman, Bessie

Myers, Mrs M
Morin, Miss Josie

Price, Mrs Walter A

Raskin, Mrs Mary
Ridgeway, Mrs Mary

Squier, Addie
Smith, Miss M
Smith, M
Smith, Annie M

Wells, Fannie
Wendell, Susie

Zimmerman, Hannah
Zimmerman, Laura
Zrobernepler, J

MEN'S LIST.

Adams, E J
Anderson, Rev C A
Ander, B B

Benedict, B
Bars, Wm W
Bonn, John S-2
Bowman, F

Coen, Charles W
Cole, Wm H
Carys, Leslie
Crafts, Davis
Crawford, James
Crane, Wm W
Crowe, John
Curtis, J E
Curtis, L W

Davis, Z H
Dean, Thomas
Donaldson, A J 2
Doren, Geo

Frost, Ben
Frainey, John
Forbes, S E
France, S J

Gilbert, J F
Ganway, G W
Gentry, Henry
Gallagher, Dennis

Howard, John-2
Howes, W J
Hamilton H
Harris, Thomas
Hallyn, Hetton
Hannechur, L
Hamilton, H S

Johnson, Henry
Johnson, W P
Johnson, Mason

Lonsberry M
Laudir, P J

Lambert, A W
Law, Robt-2
Livingston, Lyle
Leioard, J A
Ledyard, H P

McHolland, Jas
Meel, Johannis
Martin, C S
McNamee, John
McAvoy, Wm-7

Parks, Geo W
Pederson, Lars
Powell, Mrs Mary

Rodgers, Madison

Talbot, Daniel

Walker, J A

Zimmerman, L E

M. COUGILL, M. P.

## THE HOTELS.

ESMOND.

A T Jownson, Kalama
W L Kendall, do
J E Wilson do
F B Ross do
J R Richue & wf, do
E L Westwood do
Ken Brown, Seattle
F F Burton & ch do
E E Blair do
Chas Church, Louisville
G F Hale & 3 ch do
C R Jones do
N V Halsey, Oregon City
Ed Hentseng do
C Dutchburn do
C E Sibley do
P Leston, Salem
S Butz do
B J Olsen do
J F Mann do
D R Lander do
T Jube do
B L Willken, Milwaukee
Joe Pozanski, Frisco
Ale Crowley, Allenbury
Dave Menter, Salt Lake
Fred Mayer, New York
Barry Walling, Oswego
A D Wilson, Wash'gton, D C
J P Brant, Vancouver
J E Burrell, S F
Fred Cleaves do
Als Harris do
J J Chapman do
P L Toe & wf, Chicago
A Mitchell & wf, Michigan
M Mitchell do
Chas H Hyman & wf, A'ska
A F Zaslocb, Frisco
Ed Chapman do
E Dusenbury, Walla Walla
A Emanuel, San Francisco
D Lewis do
E Morown, U S A
W O Owens Jr, Stevens
Gabriel Hamburger, Nordlingen

Nathan May Holstein, Ger'y
Richard Wagner, Kalama
Louis Reis, Seattle
B Sweeney Spokane Falls
M King, Coeur d'Aleno
Geo Feel, Hilgard
Mrs Pfau, Seattle
N Herrman, Kalama
Nathan Hamburger, Ger'y
Wolf Levy, San Francisco
Theodore Fang, Kalama
Bouheld de Francois, Paris
Louis de Bouteville, Paris
Marquis de Louvre, Lond'n
Francois de Vaux, Lyons, Fr
R Hongart, Vienna
Mons our de Marchant, Versailles France
C H Post, Elgin
D Brownlee, Chico
R S Millard, Paw Paw
E Bamburger, Elboum, Ger
Julius Hacker, Portl'd, Me
E H Ellison, Ireland
A Hamburger, Ger
R Rothschild, Seattle
M Barrow, Oregon City
L Klein, Egger City
B Fredenburg, Greenville, Il
M B Alexander San Fran
Lehman Blum, Pendleton
L B Mayer, San Francisco
Rose Krumbein, New York
Herman Konig, Phila
Mrs Louise Worth, do
Theo Lang, Germany
M Oppenheimer, Chicago
Amanda Bauer Fr'k't, Ger
Philipp Hecht, Chicago
Geo Planet, London
Elra Klara Mar, Germany
Peter Rheinbrau, N Y
R Rheinland, Germany
Rosa Harris, Corvallis
Lena Harris do
Tilly Harris do
Felix Freidner, N Y

### An Elderly Athlete.

Chico (Cal.) Record.

Uncle A. H. Early of this city, who has reached the age of 84, and who is as well preserved in mind and body as a man of 40, has issued a bold challenge for a glove fight with hard gloves with any man in the United States 80 years of age; also a challenge to run a foot race with any old gentleman who has reached the ripe years of 70, or he will wrestle with the same man, catch-as-catch-can. Uncle Early has been guaranteed the sum of $1000 by his friends, and he hopes to be able to meet some one soon. He is tall and powerfully built, and has accepted a position as superintendent of a threshing machine for the summer. It would be an interesting as well as an amusing sight to see such ancient athletes in the P. R. Early would give any ordinary man a severe turn if he could get one to put on the gloves with him; and as for running, wrestling or jumping, there are few young men who can excel him in this part of the country.

"Don't Die in the House." "Rough on Rats" clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

# A SENSIBLE LETTER.

## FROM ONE WHO EVIDENTLY KNOWS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GAME AND MEAT.

Does the Game Law of Oregon Afford Protection and Security to Bears, Coyotes and Panthers.

SANDY, May 23.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

It might be well for Oregon voters to interrogate each aspirant for the legislature regarding his idea of a game law. For, if the Portland Rod and Gun Association have already put a ring in his nose, we might have a repetition of the old absurdity.

The Almighty placed, on the foothills of the Cascades his elk and his pheasant, not for the sport of gentry sportsmen, but for the use of the brave settlers, whose hard sinews are opening up the future thrift of Oregon. When our government becomes monarchial it will be time enough to reserve hunting grounds for the nobility. Sandyites received the announcement of the game law with displeasure. Many said at once that the law was gotten up by the gentry to confine deer hunting to a time of year when farmers are too busy for sport.

Our desperadoes muttered threats of strychnining the panthers when the Rod and Gun boys should arrive with their hounds. But that feeling entirely subsided when we realized that the law virtually was dead. Every settler between here and Mt. Hood kills game, if needed for food, at any time of year. But right here is the difficulty. In midwinter, with twelve inches of snow, now and then an expert will yield to an overwhelming passion for deer-shooting, murder a dozen every day, and bring home only the hides and horns. Now, in such a case, you must do the average settler the justice to believe that he feels vexed and mortified at such needless waste, and is just as indignant as you would be. But he cannot prosecute the thoughtless expert, because he himself has also broken the law. Every man who has killed even a quail out of due season is liable to fine or imprisonment.

Another item: A law for the protection of elk and deer induces many of our best hunters to dispense with the trouble of any longer keeping hounds. This inevitably protects every species of wild beast each of them more destructive of game than a dozen hunters would be. Nothing makes "varmints" so scarce as for them to hear now and then the baying of dogs. From every county reports are constantly arriving that wild beasts are plenty and getting fearfully tame. Of coyotes destroying sheep and calves and wild cats poultry. The panther shrieks in new vicinities, and bears are often seen. Two hound pups belonging to the Dukes boys, who live up Sandy river, were ranging the woods recently and probably disturbed some bear cubs, for they galloped home closely pursued by two bears. Old Mr. Dukes, almost blind and since deceased, was alone with his aged wife, but sallied forth with a clapboard to repel the marauders, who, without noticing him, circled around the house after the pups. "Why, confound the bears," said the old man, "I can't keep them out of the house."

Are our legislators willing to vote $20 bounty for panther scalps to induce ranchers to keep hounds? "No," say they, "the bounty should be paid in the county where the beast is killed." Well, then let each county make its own game law. Let our representatives study this matter in all its bearings, and then adapt the law to the wants of the people.

E. H. INGRAHAM.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are to publish a translation of the "Odyssey" by Professor George H. Palmer of Harvard college, with Greek text and translation on opposite pages. Professor Palmer is one of the ablest instructors in the philosophical department of the university, and his readings from Homer have long been famous among Cambridge people no less than undergraduates.

Herbert Spencer presents his views on protection and the general influence of paternal government in the second part of his paper on "The Sins of Legislators" in the June number of the *Popular Science Monthly*. His notions on these subjects are not likely to be acceptable to the average American Solon, whose ideas of our form of government is that it is the best under the sun because it enables him to legislate, or his own section. For what other purpose pray, do his constituents send him to Washington? Patriotism—pshaw! Johnson defined that noble but rather hazy word as the last refuge of a scoundrel; but we have changed all that, for now instead of being his last refuge it is generally his first.

The "Science Ladders" series, published by G. P. Putnam & Co., comprises a collection of six very interesting and instructive illustrated papers on "Forms of Land and Water," "The Story of Early Exploration," "Vegetable Life," "Flowerless Plants," "Water Animals" and "Armor Wearers." The author possesses a happy simplicity of style, and this, with the thoroughly elementary character of all he has to say on the great laws of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and the method he has adopted for awakening the powers of observation and reasoning, ought to make the book as invaluable to the teacher as to the pupil.

## THE ELECTION LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

Would you kindly answer the following: Can a foreigner, who, five years previous to a presidential election, declared his intention to become a citizen, vote for president without having secured his naturalization papers?

P. W.

He can in Oregon. The constitution of the state says that "every male of foreign birth of 21 years and upwards, who shall have resided in the state during the six months immediately preceding such election, and shall have declared his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States one year preceding such election, conformably to the laws of the United States on the subject of naturalization, shall be entitled to vote at all elections authorized by law.

"It is a little singular that so many of our public men are so near of an age," remarks a Washington correspondent. "Blaine was born in 1830, Allison in 1829, Windom in 1827. Garfield was younger than any of them having been born in 1831. Sam Randall was born in 1828. Senator Edmunds was born in the same year. Conkling came into this unworthy world in the same year, too. Allison, Windom and Randall are not gray, but Edmunds looks like a man of seventy.

### "John Gilpin's Ride."

London Magazine.

"John Gilpin's Ride" was composed by Cowper somewhere about the year 1780 or 1782, and under the following circumstances, as he told them himself: While on a visit to his friend and admirer, Lady Austen, he was suffering from excessive melancholy, which her ladyship thought to relieve by relating to him a funny story. It was a story she remembered from childhood, and which she had often related to the little ones gathered at her house. "John Gilpin's Ride" she denominated her tale, and she went on and told it in bright, sparkling, narrative style. Its effect on the fancy of Cowper was enchanting. On the following morning he appeared at the breakfast table with a countenance all smiles, and he told Lady Austen that he had been kept awake half the night by thoughts of her story and his involuntary bursts of laughter at the comical scenes flashed back upon him. And he furthermore told her that he resolved to put it into a ballad, the general construction of which he had already in mind. The ballad was written and given to Lady Austen, and she insisted upon giving it to the publisher of her favorite newspaper. So it found its way to the public; and afterwards Henderson, the actor, recited it in his public reading. There have been various surmises as to where Lady Austen obtained her hero. Some have thought that he was a real personage and have collated proof to sustain this position, while others have believed him to have been entirely fictitious—a creature of Lady Austen's brain, or, mayhap, of the poet's own fancy.

During the sermon one of the quartette fell asleep.

"Now's your chaunts," said the organist to the soprano. "See if you canticle the tenor."

"You wouldn't dare, dust," said the contralto.

"You'll wake hymn up," suggested the bass.

"I could make a better pun than that, as sure as my name's Psalm!" remarked the boy that pumped the organ.

# FISH OUT OF WATER.

## Land Journeys Made by Braves of Little Queer Fishes.

Longman's Magazine.

Most people have heard of the climbing perch of the Indian region, which gained its name from having been seen by its discoverer on the stem of a Palmyra palm, five feet above the ground, where it was apparently struggling, by means of the spines on its scales and gill-covers, to get higher. As that happened nearly a hundred years ago, and there is no authentic instance of the fish having since been detected climbing trees, the occurrence may fairly be regarded as incidental rather than habitual. There is no doubt, however, that it travels long and far by land, generally in the morning, when the dew wets its path, although on one occasion Mr. E. L. Layard met a number of them journeying along a dusty road under a mid-day sun. They are said to form a favorite food of the boatmen on the Ganges, who have been known to keep them alive for five or six days without water, and to find them at the end of that time as lively as when first caught. The typical fish cannot breathe out of the water; but the climbing perch can, because above its gills, and in the same cavity with them, lies an organ, composed of a complicated system of thin, bony plates, which acts as a lung. The fish was until lately supposed to fill this cavity with water, and to make use of the latter from time to time in wetting its gills, just as the camel in the desert draws upon its internal reservoir of water in order to quench its thirst. This theory, however, has not been able to survive the fact that those who have sought for water in this labyrinthine organ have never yet found it. Many fishes occur in the fresh waters of the Amazon basin which are thus truly amphibious. They all have gills by which they can breathe, like other fishes, in water; but they have also special contrivances for enabling them to respire atmospheric air as well. In some of these it is the intestinal tube that plays the part of lung; in others it is the air bladder, the efficiency of the latter in this capacity being seen in the fact that it is only necessary to close the passage which connects it with the atmosphere to suffocate the fish. One of those amphibious fishes of South America is in the habit of traveling by night in great droves, moving as fast as a man can walk, its only locomotive organs being the spiny rays of its pectoral fins and its tail. Another, inhabiting the swamps of Carolina, travels by leaps, and always, it has been observed, in the direction of the nearest water. Most of these fishes live in ponds and marshes which are liable to disappear in the dry season, and it is in search of fresh waters that they undertake those migrations.

### Vanderbilt's Treasure-Vault.

John Swinton's Paper.

I stood the other day in the vault of the formidable fortress of iron and masonry on Forty-second street, where last year the richest nabob in the world locked up his $200,000,000 in stocks, bonds and other securities. It is one of the most redoubtable works of defense on the American continent, though you may not be entirely certain of that by surveying the building from the outside. Its foundations were blasted out of the rock; the front wall is five feet in thickness, and the side and rear walls are three feet, the materials used being pressed brick with brown-stone trimmings. The beams, girders, and main pillars are iron, incased in fire-proof material. The doors, window-frames and minor partitions are iron, marble and glass. No wood is to be found in the structure. The great vault is 36x42 feet, of wrought iron, steel, and Franklinite iron, is imposing in strength and proportions, and is situated on the ground floor. Its four outer doors weigh 8200 pounds each, and have every effective and known improvement in defensive devices. A massive wall of masonry surrounds the ironwork. The vault, which is burglar, fire and water proof, constitutes a distinct building in itself. The armed watchmen who guard the building day and night are under the strictest discipline, their hourly movements being recorded by an electric clock connecting with various points on each floor of the structure, and there are also wires running to police headquarters and the offices of the district telegraph. In one corner of this great vault, behind heavy iron bars, are the heavier iron doors of the works containing the Vanderbilt securities, which can be opened only by skeleton keys held by the owner alone. I suppose that a hundred men in this building, with Gatling guns, could easily defend it against a mob of 100,000 assailants; it could be reduced by nothing less than the continued play of heavy artillery. It may be a year since Vanderbilt, then "worth" $200,000,000, put the larger part of his possessions in the vault. He could not, perhaps, put more than $200,000,000 under guard here at that time, but he has added over $12,000,000 to his fortune within the year, though it has been a poor year. Thus rapidly does the stupendous volume of his unparalleled pile enlarge. Nothing like such growth of any man's wealth was ever before known in the world. Every year, in the nature of things, the growth increases, so that the estimate of the best informed men is that by the year 1890 he will be able to pile up not less than $300,000,000 in his great iron vault behind walls five feet thick.

### Wheedling Alexander Stephens.

Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

Judge Harris of Virginia tells this story of a former day: "I was in congress with Mr. Stephens and we were booked for speeches on the same bill. My anxiety was considerable when I found that my time for addressing the house was assigned immediately after him. There was always much curiosity to hear what he had to say, and I feared that nobody, or very few, would remain to listen to me as a second-fiddle performer. In this emergency I resorted to a bit of delicate flattery. Approaching the old gentleman, with a most reverential aspect and engaging smile, I said: 'Mr. Stephens, I want to change places in the order of speaking with you. Any man can precede, but no man can afford to follow after you in oratory.' This stroke of compliment and diplomacy did the business. The Georgia sage beamed all over with pleasure and replied that I might lead off. So I contrived to get for myself a large audience assembled to do him honor, and I had the spectators when fresh, and turned them over rather wearied to the wonderful old man, who never could refuse any favor if asked in a dexterous way."

### The Art of Drinking Milk.

Popular Science Monthly.

Milk should not be taken in copious draughts like beer or any other fluids which differ from it chemically. If we consider the use of milk in infancy, the physiological ingestion, that is, of food provided for it, each small mouthful is secured by effort and slowly presented to the gastric mucous surface for the primal digestive stage. It is thus regularly and gradually reduced to curd, and the stomach is not oppressed with a lump of half-coagulated milk. The same principle should be regarded in case of the adult. Milk should be slowly taken in mouthfuls, at short intervals, and thus it is rightly dealt with by the gastric juice. If milk be taken after other food it is almost sure to burden the stomach and cause discomfort and prolonged indigestion, and this for the obvious reason that there is not sufficient digestive agency to dispose of it, and the better the quality of the milk the more severe the discomfort will be under these conditions.

### Historic Houses Gone.

American visitors to London are aware of that curious block of houses which occupied the Strand, with St. Clement's Danes church (Dr. Johnson's favorite place of worship) at the Temple Bar end, and St. Mary's-le-Strand at the other—one of them the house in which Daniel Defoe wrote part of "Robinson Crusoe"; the house next, that in which Jack Sheppard served his apprenticeship; the house next again, that in which Mistress Nell Gwynne, the actress, lodged, and where Charles II., with his friends Rochester and Killigrew, would sit with the fair frail one in the wooden balcony and exchange repartee with the toucher of the period; and the fourth, that where local tradition has it that Ben Jonson, Alleyn, and the divine William himself had a sort of a club, although it is more certain that Dick Steele wrote many a paper for the Spectator there. Well, within the last few weeks all this history in brick and mortar has been obliterated by the crowbar brigade, and the remaining records is doomed.

### The Boy and the Whale.

Not long ago a big whale got stranded on one of the Shetland islands. A venturesome small boy thought he was dead, and sat down on his snout. The whale showed that he objected to this liberty by giving a snort which sent the small boy flying into the water fifty feet away. When he swam ashore he knew more about whales than he ever did before.

The Rev. Mr. Savage of Boston says that many men think it is monstrous for a woman to attend clinical lectures, and yet they "think it is perfectly proper for her to recline on a lounge and get the facts of the clinical lecture out of a French novel."

MONARCH SPIRITS
SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS.

MANHOOD RESTORED.
A victim of early imprudence, causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., New York.

WHITTIER, St. Louis, Mo. ... Nervous Debility, Impediments to Marriage ...

ZAN BROTHERS,
Manufacturers of
BROOMS AND WOODEN WARE, AND IMPORTERS OF WILLOW WARE
Nos. 19 and ... North Front St.

VARICOCELE
or NERVOUS VEINS ... $3 AND $15.
CIVIALE REMEDIAL AGENCY, 160 Fulton St., New York.

Will be sent by mail on receipt of price in stamps.
HORLICK'S FOOD CO., Racine, Wis.
Also DR. HORLICK'S DRY EXTRACT OF MALT ...

Enclose 10 cents and the address of an eastern friend to this office for the statistical OREGONIAN. The best thing to circulate in the east.

THE GREAT CURE FOR ITCHING PILES
If allowed to continue ... SWAYNE'S OINTMENT is a pleasant, sure cure. Also for Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Barbers Itch, Blotches, all scaly, crusty Skin Diseases. Sent by mail for fifty cents; 3 boxes $1 25, in stamps. Address DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

# EASTERN DISPATCHES.

## Additional Particulars of the Wreck of the Senorine.

### SIXTY-TWO LIVES PERISH WITH THE VESSEL.

### Not a Soul Escapes to Tell the Story—Trouble Threatened in Louisiana Over the Recent Election—General Notes.

**Boston Wool Market.**

BOSTON, May 24.—[Special.]—The wool market is in a very unsatisfactory state and seldom have manufacturers, dealers or speculators been more perplexed at the business outlook. Sales of California include 300,000 pounds spring at an average of 18 cents, and 270,000 on private terms. The market is quiet, and more or less old stock is on hand. Holders refuse to sell. There has been rather more doing in Texas, California, Kentucky and other points where new wool is available, but business is still quite small, compared with previous years. New Texas and California is also beginning to arrive, and a fair supply is on the way and near at hand. In San Francisco there has been some 400,000 pounds sold, at from 16 to 20 cents for good wools, and there is also more or less California wool on the way on consignment from San Francisco, which they are disposed to hold firm at prices which eastern dealers fear is far above the market.

**Filthy New Orleans.**

NEW YORK, May 24.—[Special.]—As to the filthy condition of New Orleans, a clergyman telegraphs that he did not believe there was another city on the globe where such sights would be permitted, and could not understand how any municipal government, no matter of what party, could tacitly allow its citizens to be murdered, through negligence or ignorance. He had never before seen such filth in Cairo or Constantinople.

**Sad Effects of Yachting.**

BALTIMORE, May 24.—[Special.]—Mrs. J. Randolph Mordecai, wife of one of Baltimore's most prominent merchants, has been removed to a private asylum. Mrs. Mordecai was one of a party of ladies and gentlemen, prominent in highest social circles, who went out yachting last Saturday. The sun was very warm and it is thought its rays affected Mrs. Mordecai. She was related to the Bonapartes.

**American Cattle Not Wanted.**

ST. PAUL, May 24.—The St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroad Company was to-day notified by the collector of customs at Winnipeg that the shipment of cattle into Manitoba from the United States is forbidden, except under regulations providing for immediate slaughter.

**A Priest Sues a Newspaper.**

BOSTON, May 24.—Father Boniface, of the Italian society of St. Leonard's Catholic church, whose name was associated with certain alleged curious money transactions, has brought suit against the Boston *Herald* for $100,000.

**Stanford Preparing for Death.**

NEW YORK, May 24.—[Special.]—An Albany dispatch says ex-Governor Stanford, of California will erect one of the most elaborate family mausoleums in the country in an Albany rural cemetery.

## TROUBLE IN LOUISIANA.

### Military Ordered in Readiness to Prevent Bloodshed at New Iberia.

NEW ORLEANS, May 24.—To-day the adjutant general ordered a battalion of the Louisiana field artillery to hold themselves in readiness to move at a moment's notice to the scene of the trouble at New Iberia. The military, however, has not yet been ordered to move. It is understood there is considerable excitement in New Iberia, growing out of the contest for the judgeship in the Twenty-first judicial district, between Gates, claiming to have been elected over Fontinelliau, the present incumbent. This is one of the cases referred to in the resolution adopted by the republican state central committee last week. A senate committee is considering the petition and memorial to Gates, and will report impeaching Fontinelliau, who is a republican. Gates, after much delay and manipulation of votes, was declared elected at the recent election. As showing how this result was brought about Fontinelliau's friends claim that at one precinct, known as Bayou Pigeon, which at the date of the recent election was overflowed, the election officers made no provision for the election there, as no voting had ever been done at that point, the fifteen or twenty voters residing in that section having heretofore voted elsewhere. At the last election, however, they decided themselves to hold election, and returned nearly 900 votes from that precinct for Gates, thus electing him. Fontinelliau's friends declare they will not allow Gates to preside in the district, and the state authorities have decided to seat Gates, by force, if necessary.

REPORTS EXAGGERATED.

NEW ORLEANS, May 24.—*Times-Democrat* New Iberia special: It seems that the report concerning the political situation in this and adjoining parishes are very much exaggerated. So far there has been no disturbance, except a few weeks ago when a crowd of hoodlums, composed of Fontinelliau's backers, paraded the streets, firing cannon and pistols, and making threats that they would spill the last drop of their blood in seating Fontinelliau. The past two weeks has been quiet, but all sorts of rumors are afloat—one to the effect that Fontinelliau is organizing the negroes to defend him and help resist seating Gates. Rumors have run high the past few days, the cause of which is the supposed forming of a military company in St. Martin's parish. The attempt yesterday to burn the court house in St. Martin's parish caused some commotion, and a great deal of talk in both parishes. The incendiaries' object in firing the court house is unknown. Little damage was done. The rumors have greatly damaged the business of New Iberia, as country people are afraid to come to town, thinking a war is going on.

ELECTION FRAUDS DENOUNCED.

NEW ORLEANS, May 24.—The republican state central committee to-day adopted the following: "*Resolved*, That this committee place the seal of condemnation upon the method employed in some parishes of this state to defeat the will of the people, and candidates, duly and legally elected, notably in the ninth and the twenty-first judicial districts. That a committee be appointed to collect evidence, make a report of the same, and give it such publicity as in their judgment may seem proper." A resolution was also adopted, "That it is the sense of the central committee that republican members of the legislature use their best efforts to secure at the same time investigations of frauds committed in behalf of the democratic party at the late general election."

## THE SENORINE DISASTER.

### Sixty-two Persons Sink Beneath the Wave, not one Escaping to Tell the Awful Story.

NEW YORK, May 24.—A special from St. Johns says: The French brig Senorine went ashore on the grand banks Friday and was a total wreck in fifteen minutes. Fifty-three passengers and nine of the crew were lost. The Senorine was caught in a fog and the captain lost his bearings. He was making for this port, going slow. When the vessel struck, the wildest disorder prevailed, the officers and crew making for the boats, leaving the passengers to care for themselves. One boat, containing twenty passengers and some of the crew, was swamped after it got away from the steamer by the lurching of the vessel. The screams of the women were heartrending. Most of them sank immediately. The men struggled, but only a few succeeded, by catching floating spars, in keeping afloat. The captain was unable to maintain discipline among the passengers. Many clung to the rigging after the first shock, thinking the vessel would stand the strain, and thought they would be picked up when the fog cleared, but when the vessel went to pieces they were lost. Only about twenty were saved.

SIXTY-TWO LIVES LOST.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., May 24.—Following are the only details obtainable of the loss of the French brig Senorine. The vessel left St. Malo March 1, not the 5th, as previously reported, laden with salt, provisions, and a general cargo, and bound for Saint Pierre. She had a ship's company of nine hands, and all told fifty three passengers. About the 29th of April she was signaled in a drift of ice, on the eastern edge of the great banks. A few days after a strong gale arose from the south-southwest, and with various changes and veering continued into May. In the first week in May her sides were crushed in by the ice, and she sank without giving any warning. The British clipper schooner Consuelo passed by the ship shortly afterward and picked up sufficient debris and general wreckage to identify with a certainty both the missing vessel and her actual doom. The Consuelo took on board some bales, trunks, baskets and clothing, that has doubtless floated out and up from the crushed and collapsing vessel. No further particulars are ascertainable, nor ever will be. She sank and made no sign.

## THE TURF.

THE RACES AT LOUISVILLE.

LOUISVILLE, May 24.—Fleetwood stakes, 3 year-olds, mile heats—Ventore won in straights, Emor second (each heat), Ergot third. Time, 1:45¾, 1:47¾.

Swigert stakes, mile—Long Knight won, John Henry second, Centerville third. Time, 1:44.

Purse of $400 all ages—Jose Phillips won, Tom Barlow second, Lucille Dalla third. Time, 2:00.

Steeple chase, handicap, all ages, two miles—Captain Cuery won, Ohio Boy second. Time, 4:19.

AT BRIGHTON BEACH.

BRIGHTON BEACH, May 27.—Five furlong dash, all ages—Little Minch won, Plunger second, Knight Templar third. Time, 1:02¾.

Selling race, three-quarter mile—Bartlett won, Marsh Redan second, Mute third. Time, 1:18¾.

Mile, all ages—Little Fred won, Arsenic second, Flora third. Time, 1:46¾.

Hurdle race, mile and three quarters—Bucksaw won, Rochester second, Ike Bonham third. Time, 3:23¾.

## CRIMINAL CALENDAR.

JOHNSON CONVICTED OF MURDER.

CINCINNATI, May 24.—Benjamin Johnson, who with Allen Ingalls was indicted for the murder of the Taylor family at Avondale, was this afternoon found guilty of murder in the first degree. The jury was out an hour. This was the case where the bodies were delivered on the evening of the killing to the Ohio medical college, and $15 apiece paid for them to Ingalls and Johnson. Ingalls hanged himself in jail a short time ago.

AN ALDERMAN DIES FROM HIS WOUNDS.

CHICAGO, May 24.—Alderman Michael Gaynor, shot by a tough named Jim Dacey in a saloon on the night of May 13, died this morning. Gaynor has been a member of the city council for four years.

PATCHING UP THE BREACH.

NEW YORK, May 24.—Tammany and Irving Hall and the county democracy are endeavoring to arrange their differences, so as to send a united delegation to the national convention.

An arithmetician computes that the hand of a compositor in setting type travels 1366 miles a year. Yes, and it goes at least a hundred miles out of its way in addition, for the purpose of making typographical blunders.—*Burlington Free Press.*

NEW YORK, May 24.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| N. P. common...... | 20¾ | Western Union...... | [illegible] |
| N. P. Preferred...... | 45¼ | Pacific Mail...... | [illegible] |
| Or. & Trans...... | 14 | NorthWestern...... | [illegible] |
| Or. Imp. Stock...... | 18 | Lake Shore...... | [illegible] |
| Or. Imp. Bonds...... | 70 | New York Central...... | 100¾ |
| O. R. & N. stock...... | 75¾ | Erie...... | 14¾ |

CLOSING QUOTATIONS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Western Union...... | [illegible] | Transcontinental...... | 12¾ |
| O. R. & N. stock...... | 75¾ | | |

# THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

## THE WEST SIDE BANK CLOSES ITS DOORS AFTER A BRIEF RUN.

### Nothing Heard from the Absconding Officer—Another Decline in the Price of Stocks—Young Grant Interviewed.

NEW YORK, May 24.—[Special.]—Ward was visited in jail yesterday by his wife and Rev. Newman. As the latter was leaving he told a reporter: "I did not come here from General Grant. Mine is purely a friendly visit. I have known the Ward boys since they were children, and their father was an intimate friend of mine. He was a clergyman and a missionary to Madras, and consequently I take a friendly interest in his boys."

A reporter interviewed U. S. Grant, Jr., at the latter's office. He betrayed a troubled state of mind, and as he looked up from his work an expression of pain, mingled with fear, seemed to overspread his countenance. In answer to whether there was any foundation to the reports relative to himself or brother, Grant firmly replied: "There is not a word of truth in it."

"Have you any idea how these rumors got abroad?" was asked.

"No; there always are those that start them for little or no reason. I should like to trace some of them to their source. It might have an effect upon others. For instance, the rumor that I had escaped to Canada to avoid arrest, was simply ridiculous. I live in the country, but shall be here in my office every day; and if any one wishes to see me, or I should be wanted, I can be found here."

"Do you know what the confession it is hinted that Ward is about to make will contain?"

"No; I have not heard of any such confession, nor can I imagine what its purport would be."

SUSPENSION OF THE WEST SIDE BANK.

In the West Side bank this morning Cashier Dobler refused to speak of the bank or its affairs. At 1:30 P. M. the bank suspended, and Dobler's silence was explained. President George Moore says it closed, because the American Exchange refused to clear for them. He said they had plenty of money to stand a run all day, but wanted to treat the depositors fairly. The books are being inspected by two bank examiners. The president says he will have their statement ready shortly. The bank paid no interest. The directors and officers of the bank were in the building all day, but refused to talk. All kind of rumor are about in regard to Hinckley's defalcation. One was that Hinckley did not content himself with $95,000. He has not yet been heard from. President Moore said he was sure that after the books were thoroughly examined no greater amount than $96,000 would be found missing, and that resumption of business would take place shortly.

It is stated that the total liabilities of the West Side bank are $1,800,000, and that the bank had to meet them $1,700,000 in business paper and $120,000 in money. Six hundred thousand dollars of the paper matures in the next three weeks. It is understood that some of the banks in the clearing house association were asked to share with the American Exchange the responsibility of assisting the West Side bank. The proposal was not accepted, however, and the American Exchange refuse to continue making its exchanges.

KEENE WANTS TIME.

NEW YORK, May 24—[Special.]—Speaking of his offer Keene said he did not ask for any compromise, but for time. "I am not old," he said, "and my health is good. Indeed, I am feeling unusually well. It has been impossible for anyone to obtain what money he needed in these days, but I shall soon be on my feet again. I want to arrange these matters so that no one will lose anything and I shall have time to pay them."

THE PENN BANK ALL RIGHT.

PITTSBURG, May 24.—The Penn bank is opened and doing an active business, with a steady gain in deposits, and no rush to secure funds. Its stock sold to-day several points above par.

A RUN.

There has been a small run on the West Side bank this afternoon, owing to the $16,000 defalcation of Hinckley, paying teller. A crowd of depositors flocked in and drew money. Many only drew a portion. The officers of the bank refused to say anything of the defalcation, but promised a statement. Hinckley has not been heard of yet. The bank does not anticipate much of a run, and has a surplus of many thousands.

It is reported the Union bank at Uhrichsville, O., has suspended.

A DENIAL.

CINCINNATI, May 24.—It was reported to-day from New York that the Union bank at Uhrichsville Ohio, had suspended. Reliable advices late this afternoon are to the effect that no failure or bank suspension has occurred at Uhrichsville.

THE STOCK MARKET.

NEW YORK, May 24.—Governments, steady and stocks weak and depressed at the opening, and prices dropped ¼ to ¾ with coal shares, Quincy, Northwest, Lake Shore, New York Central, New Jersey Central, Rock Island, Northern Pacific preferred and Union Pacific. Before 11 there was a rise of ¼ to 3⅛, and Missouri Pacific was especially prominent. The advance was partly based on reports that Commissioner Fink was intending to advance freight rates. The bank statement, which was unfavorable, brought about a general selling, and the market ruled irregular to the close. Some shares were well supported, and others depressed to the lowest point of the week. Prominent among the latter were Lake Shore, Illinois Central, New York Central, and Northwestern, while Missouri Pacific, Western Union, Union Pacific, Reading, Oregon and Transcontinental, and Pacific Mail were positively strong. Leading shares commanded 1-64 of one per cent. premium per diem.

MONEY BONDS AND STOCKS.

NEW YORK, May 24.—Money was easy at 1@2; closed offered 1. Prime mercantile paper 5@6. Sterling exchange, bankers' bills, quiet but steady at $4 84; demand, $4 84½.

Wool—Steady with fair demand.

Bonds—3s, 100¾; 4½s, 112; 4s, 120⅞; Pacific 6s, 126.

Stocks—American 89, Canada Pacific, 45½, Canada Southern [illegible], Central Pacific 40¾, Burlington [illegible], Delaware, Lackawanna & Western 94½, Denver & Rio Grande 10¾, Erie 14¾, Hannibal & St. Joe 38¾, Kansas & Texas 14¾, Lake Shore 82¾, Louisville & Nashville 30½, Michigan Central 68, Northern Pacific 19, do preferred 41¾, New York Central 73¾, Oregon Navigation 72¾, Transcontinental 13¾, Oregon Imp. 12, Pacific Mail 37, Panama 98, Rock Island [illegible], St Paul [illegible], Texas Pacific 12¾, Union Pacific 39, U. S. Express 48, Fargo 94, Western Union 64½, Northwestern 95½.

Petroleum steady at 62¾.

BANK STATEMENT.

Loans, decrease, $13,461,800; specie, decrease, $10,604,150; legal tenders, decrease, $4,686,400; deposits, decrease, $20,095,400; circulation, increase, $1 266,000; reserve, decrease $9,784,150. Banks are $3,609,133 below the legal requirements.

No suspended Wall street firm has completed a statement of its condition. The creditors of H. O. Hardy & Sons have appointed a committee to suggest plans for settlement. No failures are reported at the stock exchange.

The export of specie for the week was $180,697, making for the year thus far $41,923,752, against $612,180 the same time in 1883.

## THE FIRE RECORD.

THE OIL FIRE AT PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, May 24.—The fire in the Atlantic oil works spread during the night, and is still sweeping over the works. A dozen storage tanks have burst. Efforts are being made to run off the oil in tanks. The paraffine works, consisting of several brick buildings were destroyed. Loss, $200,000.

Fourteen tanks of oil are all ablaze, and several more are in great danger. The flames have spread over five acres and are likely to continue burning for some days. The firemen feel confident that they can keep it confined to the oil now burning. Since 4 A. M. several explosions have taken place. A change of wind may spread the flames. It is now said the loss will reach $600,000.

The situation is unchanged. There is no immediate prospect of the fire spreading. The oil is burning fiercely and a project of piercing a 25,000 barrel tank by cannon balls, to draw off the oil, is under consideration. A cannon has been placed in position, but the officials are cautious of surrounding property. The Belmont oil works and gas works are regarded safe.

## POLITICAL.

POLITICAL NOTES.

NEW YORK, May 24.—[Special.]—At the Tammany meeting last night, whereat Tilden was indorsed, Governor Cleveland neither appeared nor wrote a letter of regrets. The World says the committee on arrangements think that this is a snub, and it caused no little comment last night.

Carl Schurz, being interviewed, said he did not think there would be any organized bolt by the independent republicans, even if Arthur or Blaine were nominated. They certainly had done all they could to honorably defeat both.

Washington dispatches say that General Sherman has written a letter to a prominent republican delegate, positively refusing to allow his name to go before the convention.

**Governed by a Woman.**

Chicago Current.

It seems that it was only after the French became masters of the Red River Delta in Tonquin that the old lady, Tsze-Ni-Twan-Yu K'ang-I, the Chinese empress-regent, and her advisers discovered that China occupied a very ridiculous position before the world, and had actually been beaten and disgraced while Marquis Tseng was posing in England and Germany as an oracle optimistic. So keenly has the empress-regent felt the Tonquin business that she has, in the name of the boy emperor, caused several dignitaries to be disgraced or beheaded. Doubtless Tseng will be punished when he goes to Pekin, for if anybody deserves punishment it is Tseng, who has habitually closed his eyes on facts. Among the gentlemen degraded by Tsze-Ni-Twan-Yu K'ang I was Prince Kung, an eminent adviser of the emperor, or rather the regent, who is brother of the emperor who died in 1860, and uncle of the predecessor of the present emperor, who died of smallpox about ten years ago. The wife of the latter, Ahlute, was a rather weak minded and sentimental young woman, who was so overcome by the death of her husband that she forgot to adopt an heir to the throne, as was her duty, she having no children of her own. There were two old empresses then, one of whom had been the first wife of the old emperor, and the other his concubine. These two old ladies (one of them died in 1882) siezed the opportunity, and Tsze-Ni-Twan-Yu K'ang-I selected her infant nephew, son of her sister, wife of Prince Chun, and he was formally declared successor. Prince Kung, who was one of the regency council in 1861, made an effort to control the innocent and got rid of all his associates on the council except the two old ladies, and they were too sharp for him. The present regent must be a woman of extraordinary acute diplomacy and intriguing power. She has been at the head of affairs for some years, with the celebrated Li-Hung-Chang, viceroy of Pi-Chili and foreign minister, and Prince Kung as advisers. The boy emperor is about 12 or 13 years of age.

A New York paper used a "Q" instead of a "O" and printed it the "New York Gab Company." It is said that the members of Sorosis feel very much hurt about it and will boycott the paper.—*Norristown Herald.*

# AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

## Important Land Case Decision Against the Northern Pacific.

### CONGRESSMAN ROBINSON LOSES HIS TEMPER.

### The Probabilities of an Early Adjournment of Congress—"Calamity" Weller Made an Object of Amusement in the House.

**Important Land Case Decision.**

WASHINGTON, May 24.—[Special.]—In the case of Jasper Priest vs. the Northern Pacific railroad, involving a tract in Vancouver district, Washington territory, the secretary of the interior has decided in favor of plaintiff. This is one of a great number of similar cases that have been held in abeyance in the department. The secretary now holds that, where homestead entry existed at the time of withdrawal, within the indemnity limits, the homestead entry was canceled, and the tract did not fall within the protection of withdrawal, but was subject to entry of the first legal applicant.

**Takes Back the Goods.**

WASHINGTON, May 24.—The secretary of the navy has decided to allow Isaac Mater & Co. to withdraw their offer for the purchase of the United States steamship Colorado. This action is due to a misunderstanding on the part of the bidders as to the terms of purchase. The Colorado will be put up for sale again, together with naval vessels for which no bids were received at the last sale.

**House.**

WASHINGTON, May 24.

Hatch (Missouri) presented the conference report on the bill to establish a bureau of animal industry. The house conferees recommend concurrence in all the senate amendments. The amount of the appropriation is $150,000, and the jurisdiction of commissioner of agriculture is limited to such investigation and such disinfection and quarantine measures as may be necessary to prevent the spread of contagious and infectious disease from one state or territory into another. The report was agreed to.

The first bill called up was the senate bill granting permission to Lieutenant Reynolds, United States navy, to accept the decoration of the royal and imperial order of Francis Joseph from the government of Austria for gallantry in saving the lives of eleven Austrian sailors.

Robinson of New York opposed the bill, saying the "dudes" of the navy were continually asking permission to accept decorations.

Cox of New York said Reynolds saved lives at the imminent peril of his own, and for it had been insulted here to-day by that man Robinson.

Kasson said the gentleman from New York (Robinson) was persistent in dishonoring his own country-men, by denying them the praise accorded to them.

Robinson (excitedly)—I want the words taken down, that I am a dishonorable man who violates the constitution and dishonors himself. I stand by the constitution. Let him withdraw.

Kasson—I withdraw nothing. I say the man who stigmatizes with the word "dude" a gallant navy officer, does a dishonor to the navy and its officers.

The bill then passed, Robinson being unable to muster a sufficient following to call for the yeas and nays.

The bill restoring Alfred Hopkins to the rank of captain in the navy gave rise to a long debate. Hopkins left Pensacola without leave when yellow fever prevailed there, and was dismissed from the service.

Lyman moved to strike out the enacting clause; lost.

The bill was laid aside for favorable consideration and when the committee rose was passed. Adjourned.

## CONGRESSIONAL NOTES.

WILL REPORT FORFEITURE BILLS.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—The senate committee on public lands to-day decided to report the bill forfeiting land grants opposite the uncompleted portions of the Northern Pacific, main and branch lines, and the Atlantic and Pacific railroads. Senator Plumb, chairman of the committee, says it is impossible to calculate the number of acres involved. In both cases some land was taken up before the charter was granted, and in the case of the Atlantic and Pacific the road was not constructed in the direction contemplated originally. The senator thinks the forfeiture of the Northern Pacific will amount to 13,000,000 acres, and the Atlantic and Pacific 35,000,000 acres. Senator Slater, author of the bill providing for forfeiture of the land grant of the Northern Pacific railroad, says the actual number of acres forfeited along the line will be 7,000,000, which is 3,000,000 acres less than proposed by the house committee on public lands. Senator Slater's bill further provides that lieu lands hereafter selected, if occupied by bona fide settlers, shall be sold at $1 25 per acre for 160 acres.

A COMMITTEE CHANGE.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—[Special.]—At the written request of Senator Sabin of Minnesota, who is necessarily absent from congress, he was relieved from service as a member of the pension committee yesterday, and Senator Wilson of Iowa was appointed in his stead. This change will prove of great service to pensioners, and will relieve the committee of much unjust criticism. For several weeks past the committee have been unable to do anything with the number of important bills that are pending, as in the absence of Sabin the republican and the democratic members were tied, and the votes of the four democrats offset the votes of the four republicans, and every motion offered by the minority failed to carry. It is expected that bills increasing the pension of widows from $8 to $12 per month and equalizing the rate of pensions, the Cullom bill, and legislation recommended by petition of the Grand Army of the Republic, will be reported favorably at an early day.

HEWITT'S TARIFF BILL.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—The committee on ways and means to-day continued consideration of that portion of the Hewitt tariff bill relative to the administration of the present law. While no vote was taken on the question of considering that part of the bill proposing a reduction of the tariff, members of the committee say positively that it will not be discussed in committee.

ROUGH ON GRANT.

NEW YORK, May 24.—[Special.]—*World's* Washington: It is hardly probable that Grant will be placed on the retired list this session. A number of protests have been filed, and it now looks as if the house committee will simply pigeon-hole the measure.

## WHEN CONGRESS WILL ADJOURN.

### The Democrats Anxious to Get Away from the Capital at an Early Date.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—[Special.]—The hopes of representatives who expect to adjourn congress between the 15th of June and the 1st of July are based upon expectations that the appropriation bills will all be passed before the 20th of next month. Randall says that the legislative and sundry civil, the general deficiency and the river and harbor bills will be passed by the house within the next three weeks. There will certainly be a bitter fight between the two houses before the appropriation bills are passed, and the session will be either greatly protracted or congress will adjourn without voting the necessary funds for the next fiscal year. The severest contests between the senate and the house will be upon the consular and diplomatic, the naval, and the legislative and sundry civil bill. In the legislative bill the house has dictated to the senate how its contingent fund shall be expended, an intrusion which the senate will resent. The republicans are proceeding upon the assumption that the democrats will hardly dare to assume the responsibility of adjourning congress without passing all the appropriations, and that therefore the result will be victorious in all important contests.

THE LONG "STAYERS."

The policy of early adjournment does not meet the approval of western and southern representatives. They came here pledged to revoke unearned land grants, to legislate against monopolies, and to do all sorts of business that the futile attempt to revise the tariff has prevented. A quiet but influential lobby has been at work all winter to prevent the passage of any land grant forfeiture bills, and as the time for adjournment approaches these men are publicly boasting of their victory. They say it does not matter now what the house will do as adjournment is assured before the senate can act favorably upon any house bills. These boasts, however, may prove ill-timed. There are republicans as well as democratic senators who say that for the sake of saving a few weeks in adjournment congress could not neglect to act upon bills for the restoration of lands to the public domain. It is seldom, however, after the hot Washington summers begin that congress can be kept long in session, and the fact that the majority would be glad to get away before the democratic national convention is held, and that congressional campaigns in many of the districts will open earlier than usual this year, lead to the impression that congress will adjourn not later than July 1.

## "CALAMITY" WELLER.

### The Man who Plays the Role of Congressional Crank to Perfection.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—[Special.]—"Calamity" Weller, of Iowa is one of the curiosities of the house of representatives. His peculiarities are so marked that he is universally dubbed a crank, and those who are best acquainted with the man call him harmlessly insane. Weller is an object of great interest to the galleries, from his astonishing facial resemblance to the late Charles J. Guiteau, before that person shaved his chin whiskers, prior to hanging. The biography of Weller, which appears in the congressional directory, throws a flood of light upon his peculiarities. Weller says that he was born in Connecticut in 1833, where he received an academic education. He says he was born and reared a democrat of the Jeffersonian and Jackson school, but his early political training did not prevent his voting for Fremont, Lincoln, Grant and Greeley. He also voted for Tilden, and for a man named Weaver, who was once the greenback candidate for president. Weller, after moving to Iowa worked on a farm by the day and studied law, politics and theology by night. He says he was admitted to politics at once. He was compelled to wait a few years before practicing law, and at last he was admitted to the church. From 1867 until 1882 Weller was a chronic candidate for office, and with unusual frankness he tells in his biography the history of an unbroken line of ignominious defeats, until he was at last elected to the present congress as a national.

HE MAKES AN EXPLANATION.

Weller, who first voted for Peelle in the contested election case of English vs. Peelle, afterwards absented himself from the house, and allowed English to take his seat. Weller having been seen in close conversation with English earlier, before leaving the house, he was very unfavorably criticised. In answer to a charge that he had been bribed not to vote against English, Weller this morning arose to a question of personal privilege, and explained. Mr. Weller rises so often to make personal and other explanations that ordinarily very little attention is paid to what he says, but this morning when he took the floor everybody knew what was coming, and the members were all attention. His explanation of his absence from the house, and his reference to his going home to change his shirt before going to meet his wife, caused much amusement among the members. His statement that he had been told by republican members that if he voted for Peelle he would cover himself all over with glory was loudly applauded by the democrats.

# FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

A PETITION TO THE QUEEN.

LONDON, May 24.—The marquis of Normanby, late governor of Victoria, Australia has forwarded a petition to Queen Victoria, signed by sixty-eight chiefs of the island of Tanna, of the New Hebrides. It prays for protection against the French, and for annexation to the Australian colonies.

A WARLIKE ORDER.

LONDON, May 24.—The admiralty has ordered the torpedo flotilla at Chatham and Portsmouth to prepare for active service.

LIVERPOOL GRAIN MARKET.

LIVERPOOL, May 24.—The weather in England is brilliant. Breadstuffs are quiet, but there is fair inquiry. Corn, new, 5s 3d; old, 5s 4d. Wheat, prices are unchanged.

SCOTLAND.

TWELVE MINERS SUFFOCATED.

EDINBURGH, May 24.—By a fire in a coal pit near here to-day twelve men were suffocated.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

STARTED FOR KOROSKO.

CAIRO, May 24.—Major Kitchener has started for Korosko, across the desert, with 1200 Arabs. Major Al Amyon is making preparations for a twenty days' desert march, with 500 Bedouins.

MEXICO.

THE PRESIDENT WANTS TO RESIGN.

ST. LOUIS, May 24.—A dispatch from the City of Mexico, says the *National*, states that President Gonzales will ask congress to permit him to resign next month.

CANADA.

INDIAN TROUBLE ENDED.

OTTAWA, May 24.—Piapot and other Indians have been persuaded to give up the sun dance and return to the reserves.

## PACIFIC COAST.

CALIFORNIA.

**Peculiar Accident.**

SAN FRANCISCO, May 24.—Last night, while an unknown man was crossing the railroad trestle bridge between Oakland and East Oakland, a train approached him. He attempted to escape the danger of the approaching train by lowering himself between the ties, but owing to a bundle he carried his head became wedged between the ties and slightly protruded. The pilot of the engine struck his head and caused instant death. When the coroner arrived the body was still hanging, tightly wedged in its place, and was removed with difficulty.

**Suicide.**

SAN FRANCISCO, May 24.—A. H. McDonald who came from Montana recently, took a heavy dose of morphine early last evening, and was found in his room an hour later by the landlady in an insensible condition. He was removed to the receiving hospital. He assigned no reason for taking poison beyond making a remark yesterday afternoon to the effect that he was tired of living. He remained in a critical condition all night and at 9 this morning died.

**The Blythe Estate.**

Judge Hunt rendered a decision to-day, on the motion to dismiss proceedings instituted in behalf of the attorney general, declaring the Blythe estate escheated to the state. He granted the motion for dismissal, but gave a twenty days stay of proceedings.

**Shipping Intelligence.**

Arrived—Steamer Wilmington, Blackburn, 4 days from Departure bay, passengers and merchandise to Frank Barnard & Co.; barkentine Skagit, Howard, 8 days from Port Gamble, lumber, to Pope & Talbot; barkentine C. C. Funk, Glaser, 8½ days from Port Discovery, 680,000 feet lumber, to Moore & Smith. Cleared—Steamer Columbia, Bolles, Astoria O. R. & N. Co.; steamer Amelia, Ross, Victoria, Master; barkentine Modoc, Bergman, Port Townsend Charles H. Wells. Sailed—Barkentine Modoc, Christensen, Port Townsend; schooner Challenger, Hamilton, Port Townsend.

UTAH.

THE A. O. U. W. EXCLUDES MORMONS.

SALT LAKE, May 24.—The grand lodge, A. O. U. W., to-day reconsidered its action in allowing Mormons to become members, and decided to exclude all members of the Mormon church from membership. Mormons are now excluded from all secret societies in Utah.

ARIZONA.

Sentenced to the Penitentiary.

TOMBSTONE, May 24.—J. B. Adams, formerly of Victoria, B. C., who killed Constable J. L. Roberts in February last, was to-day sentenced by Judge Pinney to five years in the Yuma penitentiary.

## EAST PORTLAND LETTER LIST.

The following letters remain in the East Portland post office, May 24, 1884:

WOMEN'S LIST.

Bland, Ollie
Blaesbly, Bertha
Brawerl, Miss Violet
Butler, Mattie
Benson, Miss Pearly

Donato, Rosa

Eastman, Mary
Ehlers, Mrs E

Fry, Miss Emma

Griffin, Miss Kate

Hove, Mrs R E
Hoeyd, Miss E
Hughes, Mrs T
Harsell, Miss Emma
Harely, Mrs M

Johnson, Ella S
Jenkins, Mrs Leona
Jagger, Lewis

Lewis, Sarah A
Lyman, Bessie

Myers, Mrs M
Morton, Miss Josie

Price, Mrs Walter A

Reskin, Mrs Mary
Ridgeway, Mrs Mary

Squier, Addie
Smith, Miss M
Smith, M
Smith, Annie M

Wells, Fannie
Wendell, Susie

Zimmerman, Hannah
Zimmerman, Laura
Zrebernepler, J

MEN'S LIST.

Adams, E J
Alderson, Rev C A
Alcoder, E B

Benedict, B
Bain, Wm W
Bohn, John S-2
Bowman, F

Cain, Charles W
Cale, Wm H
Cams, Leslie
Christie, Davis
Crawford, James
Crane, Wm W
Cowie, John
Curtis, J E
Curtis, L W

Davis, Z H
Dean, Thomas
Donaldson, A J 2
Doeen, Geo

Frost, Ben
Frainey, John
Forbes, S K
France, S J

Gilbert, J F
Ganway, G W
Gentry, Henry
Gallagher, Dennis

Howard, John-2
Howes, W J
Hamilton H
Harris, Thomas
Hallyn, Hatton
Hannescheri L
Hamilton, E B

Johnson, Henry
Johnson, W P
Johnson, Mason

Lonsberry, M
Landis, P O

Lambert A W
Law, Robt-2
Livingston, Lyle
Labourd, J A
Ledyard, H P

Mullholland, Jas
Mehl, Johannia
Martin, T S
McNames, John
McAvoy, Wm-7

Parks, Geo W
Pederson, Lars
Powell, Mrs Mary

Rodgers, Madison

Talbot, Daniel

Walker, J A

Zimmerman, L F

M. COUGILL, M. P.

## THE HOTELS.

ESMOND.

M B Lowson, Kalama
W D Kendall, do
E Wilson do
F S Ross do
E E[illegible]chue & wf, do
W D Westwood do
Miss Brown, Seattle
W F Burton & ch-do
H L Bair do
Chas Church, Louisville
G B Hale & son do
G L Jones do
N W Malsey, Oregon City
Ed Hanbeeng do
J Detchhorn do
O S Sibley do
F [illegible]zon, Salem
S Bitz do
B A Gison do
[illegible] Minn do
D R Lander do
T Pape do
J J Williken, Milwaukee
Ico Poslanski, Frisco
Als Crowley, Allentown
O ve Menter, Salt Lake
Fred Mayer, New York
Harry Walling, Oswego
A J Wilson, Wash'gton, DC
J V Brant, Vancouver
J H Powell, S F
Fred Reeves do
A S Harris do
J Chapman do
P L Tee & wf, Chicago
A Mitchell & wf, Michigan
M Mitchell do
O [illegible] Hyman & wf, A'ska
A F Zamloch, Frisco
Ed Chapman do
H Dusenbury, Walla Walla
A Emanuel, San Francisco
D Levin do
H Morrow, U S A
W O Owens Jr, Sylvania
Gabriel Hamburger, Nordlugan

Nathan May Helman, Ger'y
Richard Wagner, Kalama
Louis Rots, Seattle
R Sweeney, Spokane Falls
M King, Coeur d'Alene
Geo Heal, Hillsard
Mrs Pfau, Sea, do
N Herrman, Kalama
Nathan Hamburger, Ger'y
Wolf Levy, San Francisco
Theodore Fant, Kalama
Schloss de Francois, Paris
Louis de Boutelle Ile, Paris
Marquis de Louvre, Lond'n
Francois de Vaut Lyons, Fr
S Hungari, Vienna
Monsieur de Marchant, Versailles, France
J H Post, Elgin
O Brownlee, Frisco
E B Millard, Paw Paw
E Bamburger, Kalama, Ger
Julius Hadi Sr, Portl'd, Me
W H Ellison, Ireland
A Hamburger, Ger
R Rothschild, Seattle
M Barrow, Oregon City
L Klein, Oregon City
R Fredenburg, Greenv'lle, U
M B Alexander, San Fran
Lehman Blum, Pendleton
L B Meyer, San Francisco
Sena Brunsheim, New York
Herman Konig, Phila
Mrs Louise Werth, do
Theo Lang, Germany
M Oppenheimer, Chicago
Amanda Jinder Brkt't, Ger
Philipp Hecht, Chicago
Geo Flatner, London
Fitz Kim May, Germany
Peter Rheinbrum, N Y
R Rheinland, Germany
Rosa Harris, Corvallis
Lena Harris do
Tilly Harris do
Felix Frondnewich, N Y

**An Elderly Athlete.**

Chico (Cal.) Record.

Uncle A. H. Early of this city, who has reached the age of 84, and who is as well preserved in mind and body as a man of 40, has issued a challenge for a fist fight with hard gloves with any man in the United States 60 years of age; also a challenge to run a 100 yard race with any old gentleman who has reached the age of 70, or he will wrestle with the same man, catch-as-catch can. Uncle Early has been guaranteed the sum of $1000 by his friends, and he hopes to be able to meet some one soon. He is tall, and powerfully built, and has accepted a position as superintendent of a harvesting machine for the summer. It would be an interesting as well as an amusing sight to see such ancient athletes in the P. R. Early would give any old hairy man a severe turn if he could get one to put on the gloves with him; and as for running, wrestling or jumping, there are few young men who can excel him in this part of the country.

Don't Die in the House. "Rough on Rats" clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

# A SENSIBLE LETTER.

## FROM ONE WHO EVIDENTLY KNOWS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GAME AND MEAT.

### Does the Game Law of Oregon Afford Protection and Security to Bears, Coyotes and Panthers.

SANDY, May 22.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

It might be well for Oregon voters to interrogate each aspirant for the legislature regarding his idea of a game law. For, if the Portland Rod and Gun Association have already put a ring in his nose, we might have a repetition of the old absurdity.

The Almighty placed on the foothills of the Cascades his elk and his pheasant, not for the sport of gentry sportsmen, but for the use of the bravest settlers, whose hard sinews are opening up the future thrift of Oregon. When our government become monarchial it will be time enough to reserve hunting grounds for the nobility. Sandyites received the announcement of the game law with displeasure. Many said at once that the law was gotten up by the gentry to confine deer hunting to a time of year when farmers are too busy for sport.

Our desperadoes muttered threats of strychnining the panthers when the Rod and Gun boys should arrive with their hounds. But that feeling entirely subsided when we realized that the law virtually was dead. Every settler between here and Mt. Hood kills game, if needed for food, at any time of year. But right here is the difficulty. In midwinter, with twelve inches of snow, now and then an expert will yield to an overwhelming passion for deer-shooting, murder a dozen every day, and bring home only the hide and horns. Now, in such a case, you must do the average settler the justice to believe that he feels vexed and mortified at such needless waste, and is just as indignant as you would be. But he cannot prosecute the thoughtless expert, because he himself has also broken the law. Every man who has killed even a quail out of due season is liable to fine or imprisonment.

Another item: a law for the protection of elk and deer induce a many of our best hunters to dispense with the trouble of any longer keeping hounds. This inevitably protects every species of wild beast, each of them more destructive of game than a dozen hunters would be. Nothing makes "varmints" so scarce as for them to hear now and then the baying of dogs. From every county reports are constantly arriving that wild beasts are plenty and getting fearfully tame. Of cayotes destroying sheep and calves, and wild cats poultry. The panther shrieks in new vicinities, and bears are often seen. Two hound pups belonging to the Dukes boys, who live up Sandy river, were ranging the woods recently and probably disturbed some bear cubs, for they galloped home closely pursued by two bears. Old Mr. Dukes, almost blind and since deceased, was alone with his aged wife, but sallied forth with a clapboard to repel the marauders, who, without noticing him, circled around the house after the pups. "Why, confound the bears," said the old man, "I can't keep them out of the house."

Are our legislators willing to vote $20 bounty for panther scalps to induce ranchers to keep hounds. "No," say they, "the bounty should be paid in the county where the beast is killed." Well, then let each county make its own game law. Let our representatives study this matter in all its bearings, and then adapt the law to the wants of the people.

E. H. INGRAHAM.

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are to publish a translation of the "Odyssey" by Professor George H. Palmer of Harvard college, with Greek text and translation on opposite pages. Professor Palmer is one of the ablest instructors in the philosophical department of the university, and his readings from Homer have long been famous among Cambridge people no less than undergraduates.

Herbert Spencer presents his views on protection and the general influence of paternal government in the second part of his paper on "The Sins of Legislators" in the June number of the *Popular Science Monthly*. His notions on these subjects are not likely to be acceptable to the average American Solon, whose ideas of our form of government is that it is the best under the sun because it enables him to legislate for his own section. For what other purpose, pray, do his constituents send him to Washington? Patriotism—pshaw! Johnson defined that noble but rather hazy word as the last refuge of a scoundrel; but we have changed all that for now instead of being his last refuge it is generally his first.

The "Science Ladders" series, published by G. P. Putnam & Co., comprises a collection of six very interesting and instructive illustrated papers on "Forms of Land and Water," "The Story of Early Exploration," "Vegetable Life," "Flowerless Plants," "Water Animals" and "Armor Wearers." The author possesses a happy simplicity of style, and this, with the thoroughly elementary character of all he has to say on the great laws of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and the method he has adopted for awakening the powers of observation and reasoning, ought to make the book as invaluable to the teacher as to the pupil.

THE ELECTION LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

Would you kindly answer the following: Can a foreigner who, five years previous to a presidential election, declared his intention to become a citizen vote for president without having secured his naturalization papers?

P. W.

He can in Oregon. The constitution of the state says that "every male of foreign birth of 21 years and upwards, who shall have resided in the state during the six months immediately preceding such election, and shall have declared his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States one year preceding such election conformably to the laws of the United States on the subject of naturalization, shall be entitled to vote at all elections authorized by law.

"It is a little singular that so many of our public men are so near of an age," remarks a Washington correspondent. "Blaine was born in 1830, Allison in 1829, Windom in 1827. Garfield was younger than any of them, having been born in 1831. Sam Randall was born in 1828; Senator Edmunds was born in the same year; Conkling came into this unworthy world in the same year, too. Allison, Windom and Randall are not gray, but Edmunds looks like a man of seventy."

**"John Gilpin's Ride."**

London Magazine.

"John Gilpin's Ride" was composed by Cowper somewhere about the year 1780 or 1782, and under the following circumstances, as he told them himself: While on a visit to his friend and adviser, Lady Austen, he was suffering from excessive melancholy, which her ladyship thought to relieve by relating to him a funny story. It was a story she remembered from childhood, and which she had often related to the little ones gathered at her house. 'John Gilpin's Ride' she denominated her tale, and she went on and told it in bright, sparkling, narrative style. Its effect on the fancy of Cowper was enchanting. On the following morning he appeared at the breakfast table with a countenance all smiles, and he told Lady Austen that he had been kept awake half the night by thoughts of her story and his involuntary bursts of laughter at the comical scenes flashed back upon him. And he furthermore told her that he resolved to put it into a ballad, the general construction of which he had already in mind. The ballad was written and given to Lady Austen, and she insisted upon giving it to the publisher of her favorite newspaper. So it found its way to the public; and afterwards Henderson, the actor, recited it in his public reading. There have been various surmises as to where Lady Auston obtained her hero. Some have thought that he was a real personage and have collated proof to sustain the position, while others have believed him to have been entirely fictitious—a creature of Lady Austen's brain, or, mayhap, of the poet's own fancy.

During the sermon one of the quartette fell asleep.

"Now's your chance," said the organist to the soprano. "See if you can tickle the tenor."

"You wouldn't dare duet," said the contralto.

"You'll wake hymn up," suggested the bass.

"I could make a better pun than that, as sure as my name's Psalm!" remarked the boy that pumped the organ.

# FISH OUT OF WATER.

## Land Journeys Made by Droves of Little Queer Fishes.

Longman's Magazine.

Most people have heard of the climbing perch of the Indian region, which gained its name from having been seen by its discoverer on the stem of a Palmyra palm, five feet above the ground, where it was apparently struggling, by means of the spines on its scales and gill-covers, to get higher. As that happened nearly a hundred years ago, and there is no authentic instance of the fish having since been detected climbing trees, the occurrence may fairly be regarded as incidental rather than habitual. There is no doubt, however, that it travels long and far by land, generally in the morning, when the dew waters its path, although on one occasion Mr. E. L. Layard met a number of them journeying along a dusty road under a mid-day sun. They are said to form a favorite food of the boatmen on the Ganges, who have been known to keep them alive for five or six days without water, and to find them at the end of that time as lively as when first caught. The typical fish cannot breathe out of the water; but the climbing perch can, because above its gills, and in the same cavity with them, lies an organ, composed of a complicated system of thin, bony plates, which acts as a lung. The fish was until lately supposed to fill this cavity with water, and to make use of the latter from time to time in wetting its gills, just as the camel in the desert draws upon its internal reservoir of water in order to quench its thirst. This theory, however, has not been able to survive the fact that those who have sought for water in this labyrinthine organ have never yet found it. Many fishes occur in the fresh waters of the Amazon basin which are thus truly amphibious. They all have gills by which they can breathe, like other fishes, in water; but they have also special contrivances for enabling them to respire atmospheric air as well. In some of these it is the intestinal tube that plays the part of lung; in others it is the air bladder, the efficiency of the latter in this capacity being seen in the fact that it is only necessary to close the passage which connects it with the atmosphere to suffocate the fish. One of those amphibious fishes of South America is in the habit of traveling by night in great droves, moving as fast as a man can walk, its only locomotive organs being the spiny rays of its pectoral fins and its tail. Another, inhabiting the swamps of Carolina, travels by leaps, and always, it has been observed, in the direction of the nearest water. Most of these fishes live in ponds and marshes which are liable to disappear in the dry season, and it is in search of fresh waters that they undertake those migrations.

**Vanderbilt's Treasure-Vault.**

John Swinton's Paper.

I stood the other day in the vault of the formidable fortress of iron and masonry on Forty-second street, where last year the richest nabob in the world locked up his $200,000,000 in stocks, bonds and other securities. It is one of the most redoubtable works of defense on the American continent, though you may not be entirely certain of that by surveying the building from the outside. Its foundations were blasted out of the rock; the front wall is five feet in thickness, and the side and rear walls are three feet, the materials used being pressed brick with brown-stone trimmings. The beams, girders, and main pillars are iron, incased in fire-proof material. The doors, window-frames and minor partitions are iron, marble and glass. No wood is to be found in the structure. The great vault is 36x42 feet, of wrought iron, steel, and Franklinite iron, is imposing in strength and proportions, and is situated on the ground floor. Its four outer doors weigh 8200 pounds each, and have every effective and known improvement in defensive devices. A massive wall of masonry surrounds the ironwork. The vault, which is burglar, fire and water proof, constitutes a distinct building in itself. The armed watchmen who guard the building day and night are under the strictest discipline, their hourly movements being recorded by an electric clock connecting with various points on each floor of the structure, and there are also wires running to police headquarters and the offices of the district telegraph. In one corner of this great vault, behind heavy iron bars, are the heavier iron doors of the works containing the Vanderbilt securities, which can be opened only by skeleton keys held by the owner alone. I suppose that a hundred men in this building, with Gatling guns, could easily defend it against a mob of 100,000 assailants; it could be reduced by nothing less than the continued play of heavy artillery. It may be a year since Vanderbilt, then "worth" $200,000,000, put the larger part of his possessions in the vault. He could not, perhaps, put more than $200,000,000 under guard here at that time, but he has added over $12,000,000 to his fortune within the year, though it has been a poor year. Thus rapidly does the stupendous volume of his unparalleled pile enlarge. Nothing like such growth of any man's wealth was ever before known in the world. Every year, in the nature of things, the growth increases, so that the estimate of the best informed men is that by the year 1890 he will be able to pile up not less than $300,000,000 in his great iron vault behind walls five feet thick.

**Wheedling Alexander Stephens.**

Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

Judge Harris of Virginia tells this story of a former day: "I was in congress with Mr. Stephens and we were booked for speeches on the same bill. My anxiety was considerable when I found that my time for addressing the house was assigned immediately after him. There was always much curiosity to hear what he had to say, and I feared that nobody, or very few, would remain to listen to me as a second-fiddle performer. In this emergency I resorted to a bit of delicate flattery. Approaching the old gentleman, with a most reverential aspect and engaging smile, I said: 'Mr. Stephens, I want to change places in the order of speaking with you. Any man can precede, but no man can afford to follow after you in oratory.' This stroke of compliment and diplomacy did the business. The Georgia sage beamed all over with pleasure and replied that I might lead off. So I contrived to get for myself a large audience assembled to do him honor, and I had the spectators when fresh, and turned them over rather wearied to the wonderful old man, who never could refuse any favor if asked in a dexterous way."

**The Art of Drinking Milk.**

Popular Science Monthly.

Milk should not be taken in copious draughts like beer or any other fluids which differ from it chemically. If we consider the use of milk in infancy, the physiological ingestion, that is, of food provided for it, each small mouthful is secured by effort and slowly presented to the gastric mucuous surface for the primal digestive stage. It is thus regularly and gradually reduced to curd, and the stomach is not oppressed with a lump of half-coagulated milk. The same principle should be regarded in case of the adult. Milk should be slowly taken in mouthfuls, at short intervals, and thus it is rightly dealt with by the gastric juice. If milk be taken after other food it is almost sure to burden the stomach and cause discomfort and prolonged indigestion, and this for the obvious reason that there is not sufficient digestive agency to dispose of it, and the better the quality of the milk the more severe the discomfort will be under these conditions.

**Historic Houses Gone.**

American visitors to London are aware of that curious block of houses which occupies the Strand, with St. Clement's Danes church (Dr. Johnson's favorite place of worship) at the Temple Bar end, and St. Mary's-le-Strand at the other—one of them the house in which Daniel Defoe wrote part of "Robinson Crusoe"; the house next, that in which Jack Sheppard served his apprenticeship; the house next again, that in which Mistress Nell Gwynne, the actress, lodged, and where Charles II., with his friends Rochester and Killigrew, would sit with the fair frail one in the wooden balcony and exchange repartee with the mashers of the period; and the fourth that where local tradition has it that Ben Jonson, Alleyn, and the divine William himself had a sort of a club, although it is more certain that Dick Steele wrote many a paper for the Spectator there. Well, within the last few weeks all this history in brick and mortar has been obliterated by the crowbar brigade, and the remaining record is doomed.

**The Boy and the Whale.**

Not long ago a big whale got stranded on one of the Shetland islands. A venturesome small boy thought he was dead, and sat down on his snout. The whale showed that he objected to this liberty by giving a snort which sent the small boy flying into the water fifty feet away. When he swam ashore he knew more about whales than he ever did before.

The Rev. Mr. Savage of Boston says that many men think it is monstrous for a woman to attend clinical lectures, and yet they "think it is perfectly proper for her to recline on a lounge and get the facts of the clinical lecture out of a French novel."

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A victim of early imprudence, causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., New York.

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